

Licensed, Octob. 1. 1677.

*Roger L'estranger.*

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A  
COLLECTION  
O F  
Select Discourses  
Out of the most Eminent WITS of  
FRANCE  
AND  
ITALY.

A Preface to Monsieur *Sarasin's* Works by  
Monsieur *Pelisson*.

A Dialogue of Love, } by M<sup>r</sup> *Sarasin*.  
*Wallenstein's* Conspiracy, }

*Alcidalis*, a Romance, by M<sup>r</sup> *Vôiture*.

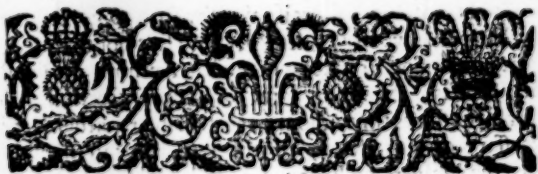
*Fieskie's* Conspiracy, by Signor *Mascardi*.

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L O N D O N,

Printed by S. R. for *Henry Brome* at the Gun in  
St. Paul's Churchyard, 1678.





A  
P R E F A C E  
T O T H E  
W O R K S  
O F  
M. Sarasin.



Y Friends, who have sometimes heard me speak against Prefaces, will wonder perhaps to see me undertake for the Works of Monsieur *Sarasin*, what I never advis'd any to do for his own: But let me apply to these things what a famous man once said of Funeral Poms and the Rights of Sepulchre, *'Tis honest to be careful for other mens, but*

*not to trouble our selves about our own.* And certainly if there be nothing less praise-worthy than to go in quest of that praise we have deserv'd, who sees not that these great number of Prefaces wherewith Authors do swell their Books, excepting some wherein Discretion and Judgment shines throughout, and which are either very necessary or very useful, all the rest, though strow'd with the Flowers of Eloquence, and highly pompous, deserve more blame than praise. For to what purpose is it to entertain the Reader at the Entrance with the excellencie of that which they present him, with the difficulties they met withal, and the qualifications necessary to surmount them; to intreat, to flatter him in some places; to scorn and defie him in others, to speak sometimes with submission, and sometimes with empire, as if we would force their liking; or else, as a *Spaniard* pleasantly says, *ask it with tears in our eyes*; discovering to the World a weakness by so much the greater as we are not able to dissemble it? If our Works are good, let us be assur'd upon the Faith of all Ages, and all that ever was wrote handsomly, that sooner or later the World will do us right, tho we free our selves from the shame of solliciting it: If they are bad or imperfect, let us think rather of suppressing then defending them; of correcting our Faults rather then excusing them: And let us not expect from our Eloquence what was spoken but in jest concerning that of the famous *Pirocles*, who, when he was worsted in Wrestling, perswaded the Spectators he had no fall, and constrain'd them to give more credit to his Speeches than to their own eyes. If it be so hard to know our selves aright, how much more difficult is it to speak of our selves as we ought? In which case, tho we think as we ought, we ought not always to speak of our selves as we think. Where open and declar'd Vanity is insupportable, excessive Humility always suspected of conceal'd Vanity, and the way between these

these so narrow and so hard to keep, that I know not for what reason, or rather through what error, so many without any necessity imbarck upon a Sea so full of Rocks, and famous for so many Shipwracks,

But we fear nothing of this, when we labour for a Friend that is no more. It becomes us to defend with heat the Fame and Praises which concern us not, to excuse Faults we have not committed, and to speak for him who cannot defend himself. Passion and transport show handsome here; and though we stretch the Truth a little, and of a great make an extraordinary man, those who condemn our Judgement will esteem our Affection, and wish to have Friends like us. Let us add one voice then to the noise of his Praises, yea begin amongst the People, and in the crow'd of his Admirers these first Applauses, which in all likelyhood will be seconded by those of all *France*.

His Works have not been collected without much pains, and doubtless would have appear'd handsomer, if he had had the advantage to publish them himself: And we must acknowledge that there is I know not what of a last hand, which cannot be given to the Works of the mind but by those that made them. We dare not handle the Writings of a dead Friend as we would our own; either through a respect we bear the *Genius* of another, or a distrust of our own, or fear by confounding two different ways of producing a bad one; and the more Judgment we have, the less Boldness. I assure my self notwithstanding, that these Orphans, unfortunate as they are in the untimely loss of their Father, will have the good Fortune to please their Country, that a small number of Defects shall be hid under the brightness and light of a great number of Beauties; that if any one will attain them, he shall labour only for their glory; and if they must fight, it will be only in order to triumph.

Amongst the divers Pieces whereof this Volume is compos'd, the *History of the Siege of Dunkirk* presents it self first, which having already seen the Light, and gain'd the publique Approbation, seems to refuse my Praises, and send them to some of its Fellows; however let me say to those that knew Monsieur *Sarasin* but by halves, and only by his Poems, That 'tis the Work of a Masterly hand that never abandoned Judgment to run after Wit, and sought not Flowers when 'twas the Season of Fruits: So that writing the History of a particular Action, which held much of bare Relation, he hath contain'd his style within a just mediocrity, not suffering it to raise it self too ambitiously above its subject, and hath deserv'd extream praise in that way wherein he seem'd not to have sought it.

But *Walsteni's* Conspiracy which follows, as it surpass'd this History for the richness of the matter, had infinitely surpass'd it for the beauty of the workmanship, if the Destiny of human things, which seems every where to deny perfection, had permitted Monsieur *Sarasin* to finish so excellent a Piece. However, if Antiquity thought fit to rank with Master-pieces some Pictures lest imperfect, yea some Lines drawn upon an empty Cloth; why should not we render the same Justice to this Fragment and its Author? He hath not done enough for us; but he hath done enough for himself, and to let us see that if he had lived a little longer he had got the Reputation of an Excellent Historian.

In these two words I pretend to have included a thousand praises, and represented a thousand great and rare qualities. Not to speak of that which depends in some sort on our Will or on Fortune, to be well instructed and to be faithful; not to imploy our Pains and Industry, whether innocently or on design, to abuse Posterity; a good Historian besides this ought to have an Universal Knowledge of the World, and of Affairs; a  
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mind subtil and penetrating, capable of unraveling the true Causes of human Actions from their pretexts and colours; an Imagination lively and judicious together, apprehending things as they are, and afterwards delivering them so as he hath conceived them: he doth not recount, he paints; and if he speaks of a Battel, a Negotiation, the Passions of Princes or their Ministers, his Readers think they fight or negotiate, are agitated with the same Desires, the same Inquietudes. He hath besides an exquisite taste in all that may please or displease, weary or entertain; and though he omits nothing necessary, he knows to extend or shut up his several subjects according as the beauty of his Work requires. He doth not show his Wit, but lets it be seen every where; he lies not in ambush on all passages to speak fine things, and apply Sentences of *Seneca*; he expresses sometimes a weighty matter in a word, or causes it to be understood without speaking it, as those that with the sole motion of their eye tacitly approve or condemn what is said or done in their presence. His style is clear, simple, familiar, but without lowness, and accompanied every where with dignity; for he still remembers that he entertains all Nations and all Ages, that all the Earth hears him, that he speaks, as we may say, in the publique Assembly of Mankind, where nothing ought to scape him which is not mingled with a Character of shamefastness, respect, and good manners. But that I be not accused to extend my self too far on this Subject, all these great things whereof I have spoken, are found in this Fragment: I have drawn the true *Genius* of an Historian, but have done it only by copying it from this Work.

After these two Histories we have put the Dialogue upon the Question, *If a young man ought to be Amorous*. Those who are not favourable to our Author will, I confess, find here something to object, and so oblige  
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me to employ the more pains to defend it. This kind of writing hath been hitherto little us'd by the *French*; Whether they have thought it hard to attain its perfection; or whether a Nation quick and impatient, as ours, cannot intirely relish Works, where much time is lost before we can arrive at the Subject, or find what we seek: Whence perhaps it is, that Dialogues have no where been in so much esteem as with *Greeks* and *Italians*, men of great wits and great leisure. For my part, to speak my mind, I think the less Dialogues are in use with us, the more honour 'twould be to bring them into publique liking, even against the inclination of the Age; which would infallibly come to pass, if we us'd all that Art and Wit they require. There seems to be three kinds of them, the character and use of each is different. The first are those we may properly call Didacticks, whose only end it is to instruct, and are contented with adding to solidity of Doctrine clearness and elegancie of Expression; they are chiefly useful in this, That representing to the life the doubts of an ingenious Scholar and the decisions of a learned Master, they show by the order of Questions and Answers, the order of Knowledge and the progress of Reason; and that more neatly, and in a way more lively and animated than a bare discourse could do. The second kind is oppos'd to this, and we may rank here Dialogues of raillery, which take only the flower of things, instruct by laughing, and go not to profit but by pleasure: They have their value too; and their ingenious, subtil, fine and delicate strokes descend sometimes deeper into our minds than the most grave and serious Precepts. But between these two there is a third kind, and may be esteem'd the perfectest, which not having all the austerities of the first, nor all the sportiveness of the second, holds something of each of them; for it handles solid matters, and handles them solidly, but brings a thousand kinds of Ornament to render



render them more acceptable. The Dialogue of Monsieur *Sarasin* is of this last kind, in which three things are necessary to its perfection; the choice of the Matter, knowledge and profound meditation of this Matter, and the Art of reducing it to Dialogue. The Matter ought to be some Science or some Art, but those Sciences and Arts which fall oftneft into Conversation, and do not wound the mind by their thornyness: Law matters, for Example, cannot be proper, less Geometry or Algebra; the great Waters we ought to drink of are, Morality, Politiques, Rhetorick and Poësie. Next follows a profound meditation of the Subject, either discovering something in it which hath not been by others touch'd at, or something new upon the common places of others; which (in my Opinion) is the greatest and most noble proof of human Wit: For what can be more excellent than to teach men by new ways those general Maxims whence springs their happiness; to add, as I may say, new rays, new brightness to those great and eternal Lights which guide the whole course of our life. In the last place, he must have the Art of Dialogue, that this Conversation he represents, though more learned and serious than ordinary ones be, yet a conversation, that is, a free, familiar, and natural entertainment strow'd every where with mirth and gaiety, and the civilities of honest men. The Dialogues of *Plato* and *Zenophon* do not only instruct us by the Discourse of their *Socrates*, but make us wish we had liv'd with him, and had seen with our eyes, I say not this Philosopher, but this living and animated Philosophy, so sublime and so humble, so divine and so human at once. And that inimitable Dialogue which *Cicero* hath left us, does not only teach us the Rhetorick of the World and of Affairs, different from that of the Colledges; but also shows us all the graces of *Roman* Conversation, and that Urbanity which our words of civility, gallantry, and politeness explain

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imperfectly, and which our Language hath not found a proper name for. To come now to our Author, of those three parts, which make up the perfection of a Dialogue, there are two wherein, if I do not deceive my self, we cannot reproach him : his Matter is a question of Morality not only handled, but cannot choose but be handled in ordinary Conversations : and for that Art of speaking things with the familiarity and liberty of a true conversation, it appears throughout, he hath followed the track of the Antients, and happily profited himself of their great Examples. There rests only to examine the things he hath us'd with this Art ; and here all that is oppos'd is, that there is too little his own ; that there is less Wit than Reading, more Memory than Invention. And certainly he himself knew, that having had divers occasions to show his Wit, this of introducing learned men seem'd favourable for him to display and pour out those rich Harvests he had made in the best Books of several Languages, and acknowledg'd he was carried to a desire of doing it with some excess, and was not the master of it. But his Dialogue, according to his project, should have had two parts ; and as in this he had given less to Reasonings than to Authorities and Examples, so he propos'd the contrary in the other. Besides, if we consider well, when a man is acknowledg'd Master of a Wit, great, noble, and fertile, and reproach'd to have taken from others what he might have found in himself, preferring the riches of strangers to his own : This Reproach, I say, carries with it praise as well as blame. I would he had done better : But shall it stand for nothing that he hath done well ? Because he hath not deserv'd all our praises, shall we refuse him those he hath deserv'd ? Should we not imitate *Virgil's* Hero, who at the Sports he celebrated in honour of his Father, after he had given the first prize to the Vanquisher, gave two others, sometimes three, to those that came nearest to Victory ?

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That we may the better comprehend what glory our Author merits by his Poems, let us make here a general reflection, which perhaps will be neither unpleasant nor unprofitable. Amongst those Reasons which cause us attribute to Poetry I know not what of Divinity, methinks I see two which are not the least important.

First, which indeed carries with it something great and marvellous, that in a Language so constrain'd as this, they can express thoughts the most subtil and the most delicate, high and sublime, with so much liberty. What Prodigy is this? when we speak in Prose, and all terms and all expressions of a Language are abandon'd to us, if some thought comes into our mind which is not common, we have difficulty to make it be understood, and often our words remain below our matter: whilst these men who seem truly inspir'd, after they have impos'd on themselves a necessity of using only certain fashions of speaking, and despising all the rest as too vulgar; to shut up their words in a certain measure, always like it self; add, if you please, to end always by Ryme; after, I say, they have submitted to so many hard Laws, and difficult to be observ'd, in spite of all these obstacles they make us understand all that they please, in a way more noble and more easie, than 'tis possible to do in common Discourse. One would think they could not say what they say otherways, though they would, so easie are their expressions; their words drop from their Pen without design, and each naturally takes its place: The Harp of *Amphion* did no greater miracle, when the Stones drawn by its harmony rank't themselves one by another to build the famous Walls of *Thebes*.

But in the second place, Poetry may be esteem'd Divine in regard of its Subject, which she draws from her self; whereas Prose borrows it elsewhere, and doth only beautifie and polish it. When we consider a House of Pleasure in the hands of a powerful and curious Master,  
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and see Mountains level'd to please him; Precipices fil'd up; Rivers turn'd out of their way; Springs, before hid under ground, sport it in the air; we admire mans industry, and cannot enough wonder that a Creature so weak in appearance should be capable of so great Designs: But if it should happen that in this vast extent of Air, where before was nothing to arrest our sight, we should discover in an instant a proud and magnificent Palace, spacious Fields, Mountains, Forests, Rivers and Seas, we should instantly cry out, That 'twas not the effect of any Human power, but something above our Nature. 'Tis much the same in Poësie and Prose; the one, as I said, takes its Subject elsewhere, changes it, embellishes it, 'tis true, beyond all we could expect; but the other asks nothing of any body, is content with it self, draws all its Matter from its own bosom, making of nothing something, by a kind of creation which seems to surpass Human power. Thus we may say that two things render Poetry admirable, the Invention, whence it hath its name; and the Facility, which is very necessary to it. I do not speak of the Facility of composing, which may sometimes be happy, but ought always to be suspected; I mean the Facility that the Reader finds in the Composition, which is often to the Writer one of the most difficult things in the World, and may be compar'd to Terras Gardens, whereof the expence is hid, and after they have cost thousands, seem only the work of Chance or Nature. He that doth not find in himself nor richness of Invention, nor this happy Easiness, let him not knock at the Muses Gate, for it is not necessary we make Verses. Now we should be unjust, not to acknowledge that they both meet in Monsieur *Sarasin*. As for Invention, he hath always something ingenious, new, and particular, which he hath not taken elsewhere, and which he owes only to himself: And for Facility, where is it to be found

found if not in his Works? never any thing was wrote more free, more easie, and more sliding: Nature not only appears every where, but, as a famous man said, appears every where at her ease.

I perceive I am gone farr, but how can I but say something of those several sorts of things of different nature, wherein this great man took pleasure to exercise himself? To excel in one kind of writing is much; to excel in many, and almost oppos'd, as Monsieur *Sarasin* did, is a certain mark of the greatness and beauty of a *Genius*. I will go further; 'twas once said, That an eloquent man had the same advantage over other men, that other men had over beasts. We can make without injustice almost the same comparison between him that is not able but for one sort of writing, and he that is excellent in many. For certainly, by what name soever we ought to call that Light which conducts Beasts, it produces so admirable effects, that our Reason, as proud as she is, is forc'd into wonder and acknowledgment that she knows not how to attain the like: But notwithstanding, because this Light which directs them so divinely in some things, wholly leaves them in others, and there remains not one ray, one spark of it, we admire what they so marvellously operate, but we esteem them much below our selves; judging that this principle, which often makes them act so well, hath something of the stranger in it; greater, 'tis true, than our Reason, but is not to them what our Reason is to us; that 'tis rather lent than given them; that it makes them go to their end without their knowledge, as an Arrow that flies to the Mark which it sees not, guided by the eye, and forc'd by the hand of the Archer: Whereas Man, as he hath for the things of the body an universal Instrument, which is the Hand, hath also for the things of the mind an universal Instrument, that is, Reason, which he employs continually in all sorts of occasions

occasions and to all purposes ; whose extent, rather than force, distinguishes it from that other and inferiour kind. By a like consequence when we see one excel in one kind of work, and not fit for any other, if we speak the truth, in what he doth so well, we admire rather Nature in him than admire him : For we conclude, That if he doth not act by chance, at least he acts by a blind Faculty, and only by Imagination, which is that part in us, we have common with beasts. But that which ravishes all our esteem and all our admiration is, to see one that acting by this general and universal principle, and possessing the Idea of several kinds of writing, passes from one to another with extream facility : As an able Printer, who having all his Characters before him, distinguish'd in their several Cells, chooses without hesitation and without mistake, the great, the small, the least, according as the beauty of his own Work demands. Whatever a Wit of this make goes about, he seems to have apply'd himself always and altogether to that thing ; the *Proteus* of the Fables, nor the conclusion of the Naturalists, change not more easily than he. He will be like that Philosophy expressed in *Boetius*, sometimes of the ordinary stature of a man, sometimes his head rais'd to the Clouds. He will imitate the suppleness of *Alcibiades*, who was at *Sparta* more laborious and more austere than a *Lacedemonian* ; in *Ionica* more voluptuous than the *Ionians* ; in *Persia* more pompous and magnificent than the *Persians*, changing manners as Climates and abode. His light will be as that of the Sun, which Philosophers say is of no colour, nor in it self a colour, but becomes any colour according to the object that receives it. He will accord things serious and witty ; Verse shall not hinder him to write well in Prose. Such are the Wits of the first Magnitude, and such will appear the *Genius* of *Montieur Sarasin* in this Volume.

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But now having given him these Praises, let us answer to what may be said in general against his Works. It is not my design here to reply to all that Envy or Ignorance can oppose: Now adaies, that men boldly tear in pices the most famous Authors living, who will wonder, if they treat the Dead after the same manner? There is not a more agreeable Consort, saith a Greek Poet, than that of two men, whercof one speaks all manner of Ill, and the other hears him without Answering; let our Age have the pleasure of this sweet musick without interruption, either in behalf of the Living, or the Dead. I shall only speak to three sorts of persons, that act on a better score, and whose Objections are most important.

The First are they, who would pass their Melancholy for Solidity and Vertue; and knowing that our Author hath been chiefly celebrated for his Works that are purely divertising, they refuse his Writings even without reading them, and accuse him for employing his Pen about things unprofitable. These severe Judges, more wise than God and Nature, who have made an infinite number of things for the meer pleasure of Mankind, would have men labour continually in Law, Physick and Divinity; telling us, That nothing deserves esteem, but what tends to publick benefit. In this last particular I am near to their opinion; but I cannot believe we labour unprofitably, when we labour agreeably for the greatest part of the World, and when without corrupting mens minds, we can divert and please them: Shall we call those unprofitable Works, whereby the Master of a Family eases himself of his Domestick toils; the Prince and Minister of their cares of State, a Magistrate of the tumult and noise of Courts; a Souldier of his pains, and the Artizan of his labour? that make one forget for a time, his poverty; another his disease; a third his cruel passions, and all in general

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their misfortunes? Those that judge so are grossly deceived, and take the means for the end, for want of going far enough, and penetrating to the bottom of things. Let us open our eyes, and let us not imagine that either the Exchange, destin'd to Commerce; or the Schools, where they teach and dispute eternally; or the Barr, where they plead particular Causes; or Councils, where they deliberate of publick affairs; or these Armies, or these Canons, or in a word, these great number of Engines, which move the vast body of the State, are things made for themselves, or have every one a particular end: they have all one general end, which is, that the Citizens may live together virtuously, peaceably, and pleasantly. These three things have, or ought to have met in the intention of Law-makers, and those that have founded Republicques: All that which contributes to the last without hurting the other two, far from being out of the way to publick good, as it may seem, take a more direct and shorter way thither: For example, The Writings of one well skill'd in the Law are profitable, who denies it? they instruct the Lawyer to defend his Cause; and the Lawyer well instructed, the Judge pronounces Sentence aright; the Judge doing Justice, the Citizens live in peace: but we often see, that the several hands of so many divers Artizans turn the Art from its natural intention; and it happens here as in those Machines, fair and of good invention in appearance; but being compos'd of many pieces, whereof some one is alwaies out of order, they are often useless, and sometimes overturn what they should bear. On the contrary, these other Writings, which treat commonly of Trifles, if they do not serve to regulate the manners, or to enlighten the mind, as they may, as they ought and as ordinarily they do, directly or indirectly; at least without having need of any thing, but themselves, they please, they divert, they sow and scatter



every where cheerfulness, which is after vertue the chiefest good. The man you blame finds perhaps, that to re-establish his ruin'd health, to defend himself from evil fortune, for the good of the Family whereof he is the stay, it is more profitable for him to make Songs, than to write of Morality and Politicks; if so, we may boldly affirm, that Morality and Politicks bid him make Songs; and 'tis an injustice without example to condemn what another does, without knowing the motives or the circumstances. But I go too far, and M. *Sarasin* hath no need of this defence; for we see by the different pieces of this Volume, that he reach'd at Fame by different waies, that he thought of great things as well as small, if any part of learning can be call'd small.

'Tis better that I now turn my self to those that are reconciled to the truth I apply to this kind of composition, but will not pardon the least fault in it; believing perhaps by their severe Criticisms to gain the reputation of men more quick-lighted than others. They are deceiv'd; and if there be no malignity in what they think, deserve to be disabus'd merrily, which I shall essay to do. I knew an ancient Gentleman, a great Wit and a great Courtier; Age seem'd to have reverenc'd these two rare qualities in him, and only to have attempted on his body; his sight began to weaken in such a manner, that he saw nothing but with difficulty; yet still he us'd an extraordinary diligence, not to cure this imperfection which he knew incurable, but to hide it even from his most intimate acquaintance: and if at any time he chanc'd to be at liberty with them, he would strive by all means to discover either some inconsiderable spot upon their Clothes, or a Ribband out of its place, or something of this nature; and when he had given them this proof of his sight, return'd with less regret to his first obscurity, and contented himself

with that troubled and confused light which Age had left him. Is it not by a like Artifice, that so many, little or meanly Learned, excuse nothing in productions of the Brain, and pretend that they are not able to support the least negligences? for, in a word, those that pardon these small defects in an excellent work, see them it may be better than those that will not. If there be any difference, 'tis, that they perceive the beauties much better, which are more sensible. A good Wit embraces them, as we may say, with his Love; all that is in them please, because they find a great number of things worthy to please. If it be told us, that this is a disease of the mind, 'tis at worst one of those diseases which are the signs of health, whereof *Hippocrates* makes mention, and amongst them reckons Hunger and Thirst, though they are two things purely Natural.

It may be I am preoccupied with a like passion for the Works of my Friend; however, in the last place, I cannot be friends with an Opinion which some others have taken up, and which I should have conceal'd, if their Discourses had not made it publick. But I must say, that I approach this point with trembling, for I see, or fear I see amongst those I am to combat, some whom I reverence, and whose Opinions are any where else so many Laws to me. For all this let us boldly venture either to defend the Truth, if we are happy enough to know it, or let the World see that we are deceiv'd, as it often happens to men from the least to the greatest. In one word, I would defend our Author, not from the Admirers of the deceased *Voiture*, for I am one of them; but from those that will admire none but him; who hold him for the only Original of brave things; and fear not to say, or suffer it to be understood, that all the rest, and in particular *M. Sarasin*, are but bad Imitators or mean Copiists. I say again, none admires *Voiture*  
more

more than my self; not excepting this excellent man, who being too unjustly condemn'd to an eternal silence, when he heard some attack the Memory of his Friend, burst, like the Son of *Craesus*, all the strings of his Tongue, and cried out (but, good God, with what a grace, and with what force?) *It is the King*. Only that I may be the Echo of this voice, I willingly repeat *It is the King*, and dispute not to *Voiture* the first place in many things, without examining whether he deserves it in all. But certainly the field of Fame is wide enough for all the World; there is more than one Lawrel and one Crown upon *Parnassus*. Can we not enough esteem *Voiture* without despising those that he himself esteem'd? let him ever enjoy the advantage to have been of the best and most gallant Society that ever was, from which he receiv'd much, and to which he contributed much; let him charm eternally all the choice Spirits of the World; let him be eternally inimitable; but let them not eternally accuse us for imitating him, and for being of the number of those men, or to speak with *Horace*, those Beasts given to servitude, who have, or so little Courage, that they dare not undertake any thing of themselves, or so much Rashness, that they pretend alwaies to do better than those that went before them. For my part I am of opinion, that a man who hath a Genius, high and noble, as *M. Sarasin*, will endeavour to equal all the Writers of his Age, but will not imitate one of them. However, let us see in what part of his Works he could be an Imitator of those of other mens. Is it in the History of the siege of *Dunkirk*, in *Walstein's* Conspiracy? this I think is not that they would say. Is it in his Dialogue, in his Funeral pomp, &c? there is little likelihood here neither. Courage then, we have sav'd half this Volume. *Voiture* wrote a great number of excellent Letters, and if we may judge by the pleasure they give, 'tis this part of his Works he lov'd and esteem'd most. *M. Sarasin* on the contrary

hath scarce wrote any thing of this kind with care; and when he was oblig'd by some reason of necessity or good manners, he apply'd himself to it with regret and discontent, for he could not endure that, when a man had got the reputation of Writing well, he should lose the liberty of writing as other men do; I have seen one of his Letters wherein he complains very pleasantly of it, and these words remain with my memory, *I envy the happiness of my Lawyer, who begins all his Letters with, I have received yours, and no body finds fault with him.* Not but that sometimes some Letters escap'd him of an excellent and particular Character; but he keeping no Copy of them, the most are lost by the negligence of his Friends, and we have found only four or five, which we have not been willing to publish, lest it should be thought that they were the best of a great many, and that by chooling them we condemn'd the rest.

I can pronounce then, that in all these two wrote in Prose there is so little resemblance, that one of them doth not give us the least occasion to think of the other. Let us come then to the Poetry, where I confess we shall have a task of it: And yet here we have a great advantage, for they cannot reproach us with the imitation of any particular Poem. But, say they, *you have imitated the chief, that is, the Style and Character; and that kind of Poetry Voiture had introduc'd, which renouncing Gravity without stooping to Buffonry, is most proper to entertain the ingenious part of the World.* To answer this Objection 'tis necessary to begin a little further off.

It hath been said, that Sciences travel through the World; and as they owe their light to all the Earth, after they have a long time shin'd on one Climate, they leave it in its first darkness to go and dissipate that of another. To this we may add, That in all Climates,  
and

and amongst every Nation, every Art and Science takes it turn, as we may say, to lose its ball upon this great Theater, and then retires to give place to another. Whether this variety proceeds only from the destiny of humane things, alwaies subject to change; or whether 'tis bred from the diversity of times, or the different genius of those who govern, whose Inclinations serve for Laws. Now these revolutions, as those of Commonwealths, are made by means of some reigning Wit, elevated above the rest, who not contented with the present state of things, finds out a new way to greatness and glory: But as soon as one of these extraordinary Wits appear, we see two other sorts which set out also; the first, who have nothing good, but a Wit to do well, follow the track, but afar off, and are only shadows and vain images, imitating him to little purpose; forgetting that there is no vertue, but hath two vices attending it, nor elevation, which is not environ'd with precipices. The other doth not 'tis true take a contrary way, for then they should oppose the gust of the Age, which greedily embraces the novelty, and perhaps they should oppose their own Inclination, which had carried them to the same thing, if they had not been prevented; but going the same way they open different paths, make new discoveries, sometimes they overtake, sometimes they pass him that was before them; and if they do nor the one nor the other, they make a different Character that hath its price and its proper value. 'Twould be easie for me to justify what I have said by Examples of most Nations, if that tediousness, which without doubt hath wearied my Reader, had not wearied me too. To come then to our particular Subject, *French Poetry* was gay and fooling in the time of *Marot* and *Melin*; and though since it hath sometimes appear'd with the same face, yet *Ronsard*, *Bellay*, *Perron*, more grave and serious, had refin'd it, and our Muses

began to be as severe as the Philosopher of Antiquity, who never was seen to laugh. *Voiture*, who can refuse him this praise? comes next with a Wit gallant and delicate, a Melancholy sweet and ingenious; he call'd to mind the liberty of our Ancient Poetry, and had before his eyes that of the *Italians*, and the most polite *Roman* and *Greek* Authors; of all these together, not following any, he compos'd a kind of Writing, which charms no less by its graces, than by its novelty. What should *M. Sarasin* do, who came into the World a little after him? if his inclination had led him from this kind of writing, I assure my self he would have forc'd it to accommodate with the time; but I think the contrary, and that he gave thanks to Fortune for being born in an Age whose taste was so conform to his own, and which 'twas so easie for him to satisfy. He began then to write in this free style, and finding himself rich in his own Inventions, no more imitated *Voiture*, than *Voiture* did *Marott*. Now if these ingenious and learned persons will confound these two so different manners of Writing, they wrong themselves; and should leave it to weak and obscure lights, to make no distinction between things that only have some resemblance. Take a man altogether ignorant, he will put all the Poets in the World in one rank, from *Virgil* to the makers of Acrosticks. Give him a little light, and he will distinguish between Heroick-Poem, Satyre, Epigram and Elegy; but will not be able to make any difference between *Statius* and *Virgil*; *Plautus* and *Terence*; *Juvenal* and *Horace*; *Martial* and *Catullus*: and for *Ovid*, *Tibullus* and *Propertius*, he will not suspect 'tis possible to distinguish their Genius and Character. On the contrary, he that hath an exquisite taste, and an exact knowledge of good Authors, will not only distinguish the Characters of these several Writers, but, as all things have their abuse and excess, he will sin on the other

other hand, and mistrust the testimony of Books and Manuscripts ; and finding in Works of the same Author some light difference of Style, he will attribute them to divers Authors; without considering that a man is sometimes as different from himself, as he is from another man.

If our Nation and our Age cannot produce in every kind, more than one man for our admiration ; if *Voiture* hath left nothing for others to do, unhappy they that follow him, let them renounce Poetry ; why should they engage in a business wherein there is no more Honour to pretend to ? but let us not so cruelly discourage so many brave persons that run the same career. I know some (and how many are there which I know not ?) whose Writings, though in the same kind, will pass one day, I believe, for Originals and not for Copies. One, with the Spirit of the World and of the Court, will have something of fine, subtle, labour'd, turn'd, united ; another will inspire his works with the Spirit of Love, and some tender and delicate passion not to be found elsewhere ; a third tho Sportingly, will have the art to strow his Writings with the most excellent Morality ; and who can recount the several Characters which are now to be found, or may appear hereafter, in these things, seeing that from the divers mixture of these qualities, as from so many Elements, an infinity of forms and different species may arise ?

Let us try if we can clear this by a Comparifon. There is something happens like this in all good Arts ; there is no one of them which hath not been cultivated by a certain number of excellent mensome have gone before, others have followed, and every one hath contributed something of his own to the perfection of the Art, so that we do not find the entire Art in one, but in all taken together. Let us consider the progress of Painting which hath so much affinity with Poetry. Amongst the Illustrious Painters of Greece *Apollodorus* was the most ancient ; but

but they said of him, that he only open'd the Doors of the Art, whereas *Zeuxus* was the first that enter'd by a more exact imitation of Nature. After him follows that crowd of famous Painters, *Parasius*, *Protogenes*, *Pamphilus*, *Aristedes*, *Nichomachus*, and several others, every one happy in certain things, which *Pliny* hath so exactly and pleasantly describ'd, one excell'd in Symmetry, another in the Invention and design; this was esteem'd for well representing the Hair and extremities of the body, that for hitting the Passions and Inclinations of men; another for admirably finishing his works; and some for ending in a short time. *Appelles* surpass'd every one for a certain inimitable grace, which he bestow'd on all that pass'd his hands; but this *Appelles*, this Great *Appelles*, as eminent for his Wit as for his Pensil, freely gave way to *Amphion* for order, and to *Asclepiodorus* for heightnings and due observance of distances. Let us on in this path, for 'tis all strow'd with flowers; and we cannot go amiss though we are out of the way; for we now discourse of those Painters whose Fame is fixt in books, and whose Names had been effac'd as their Colours, if the Works of Learned Pens did not last longer than those of the best Pencils. *Raphael* being the Disciple of *Pietro Perugino*, at first followed his Master by an imitation exact, and labour'd, as they say, but dry, and imitated his manner so precisely, that what the one and the other did could not be distinguish'd: but his Genius beyond compare greater than that of his Master, could not long be contain'd in the same bounds; he fortified it by the imitation of *Leonard* and *Michael Angelo*, and added Graces that these two excellent men, though consummate in the Art, never knew, he compos'd a new and charming way, infinitely beyond those he had followed. *Julius Roman*, the Scholar of *Raphael*, had a great Spirit, and was capable of the greatest designs and most noble capriccios



precious of the Art, but wanted the sweetness and graces of his Master, though he had labour'd all his life to profit himself of his Precepts and Examples; all his Figures were fierce and bold, and he discover'd how our resolution in vain carries us one way, when Nature draws or leads us another. *Jitian* on the contrary had an ordinary Painter for his Master, yet notwithstanding he surpasses all his Profession in the sweet mixture of his Colours, and in that love which reigns in all his pieces. *Correggio* ow'd less to others instructions, Nature form'd him her self, he was born and bred in Solitude, never imitated any, and yet by an admirable effect of his great Genius, his pieces have an universal way, which holds something of all the rest. Let us admire this diversity: One by far surpasses all those he imitates; another, though eminent in several things of his own, us'd all his skill to resemble others, and could not attain it; this, though he perfectly knew what all their several waies had in them of excellent, yet could not form a better; that knew it not, nor imitated any one, and one would say he had taken them all together. They followed one another, and instructed one another, and yet are all great Masters and not Copyists.

But why do we stay upon Comparisons, perhaps too far from our Subject, when we have such as are near at hand? Every one knows how much our Language owes to the admirable Wit of the deceased *Balsac*; nor can we dissemble it without too much ingratitude, it was not the same after he began to Write, but changed face and came about. All those that wrote after him are his Debtors for part of their Style: even those honest abused people, who when they say, to speak *Balsac* mean, to speak ill, if ever they speak handsomly, are oblig'd without knowing it, to him whom they outrage and abuse. The Fame of this excellent man will be without

without doubt great and immortal; yet not such as to obscure that of many illustrious Writers, who appeared after him; nor in particular that of *Voiture*, who yet is as much his Debtor for expression, as *M. Sarasin* is to *Voiture* for the Character of his Verse. To end this; *Voiture*, if we will believe his intimate Friends, was of very delightful Conversation, so was *M. Sarasin*; but 'twas, as all agree, in a different way; if Discourse and Writings are equally the images of the mind, why might not the like different Graces, which appear'd in their Converse, be found also in their Works?

After having bestow'd so many Praises on *M. Sarasin's* Works, let us a while speak of *M. Sarasin* himself. I know not by what ill fortune, the genius of Letters, and the genius for the World, are almost incompatible; those who consecrate themselves to study, are capable of little else but studying; the most part of them seem not to live but in their Works; to be Authors they cease almost to be men; they have their minds full of great knowledges, but when they would draw some present profit from them, they let us see how great a distance there is between the beauty of contemplation, and the vigour of action and practice; like that famous Gally of one of the *Ptolomies*, which had fourty ranks of Oars, and could carry Three thousand Souldiers, besides Four hundred Saylers, and Four thousand slaves; but so vast and unweildy, that 'twas impossible to set it to Sea, and it serv'd only to look upon. Let us not accuse Arts and Sciences for this, 'tis not their fault; 'tis the imperfection of humane Wit, not strong enough to bear them, or able enough to manage them; but as a sick or weak Souldier, is oppress'd or hinder'd with his own Arms. Our excellent Friend was none of these, and if there be need of an illustrious Witness, we will produce no other but that Prince, great by Birth, great for his Mind and Courage; a Prince who

who judg'd not by others Eyes or Opinions, but by his own, and who a thousand times, when environ'd with a croud of persons of quality and merit, found an entire Court in *M. Sarasin*; whether he was to deliberate, or execute; to negotiate important and publick Affairs; to rely upon him for the conduct of his private; or sought a Conversation solid and learned, or would relieve himself by a pleasant one.

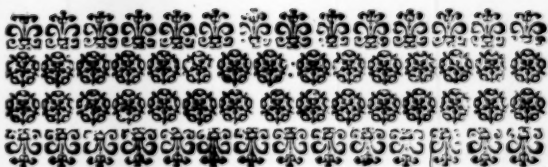
Could I but represent by some great and bold stroke of my Pencil the charms of his Conversation, as they are impress'd in my memory; but it happens here as in all other excellent things, it is easie to say what they are not, and hard to describe what they are. If it be asked me, What had *Monticour Sarasin* in him so universally to please? He had nothing of that which displeases in most Learned men, and in such as make profession of Letters. Some, either by a vertue too austere, or by a Scorn which renders them scorn'd, hold no commerce but with the Learned, and voluntarily renounce the Society of the greatest part of the World: they do wrong to Philosophy, for men instead of conceiving under this name, good sense and love of reason, which naturally hath a thousand charms, fancy something strange and barbarous, which renders men of bad humors, and will not ~~let~~ them be Sociable; they forget that *Socrates* their Founder and Father (if they are his legitimate Off-spring) would laugh, and dance as other men, and thought nothing unworthy of him, but Vice. There are others who have not this peevishness nor fierceness, but by a too strong application to their designs, are alwaies divided, and carry but half themselves to any place, still looking aside, as a Lover far from his Mistress. Others, that have but little experience of the World, though a great Judgment, stir not but with fear, as in a strange Countrey; they say nothing through a too curious choice what they should

should say, and we may divine their minds sooner than see them. On the contrary, others abuse the Reputation they have got; they speak well, but they speak a wales; they speak continually excellent things, but they will not let others do it; whereas they should do in Conversation, what that Ancient did in the Commonwealth, when he retir'd sometimes to let Vertues less bright than his own appear. What shall I say of those that can talk of nothing, but of their Works? of those that please at hand, but having still the same thing to say, grow as tedious the second time, as they were delightful the first? of those, who to shew their Wit are continually contradicting? those Opinionative men, who, whether it be through a foolish Pride, dispute against the Truth they know, which is a vice unworthy of an honest man; or whether it be that they can never know it, being once prepossessed, which is alwaies a great fault; or whether they sustain trifling matters unseasonably, or with too much heat, without complacency, without discretion, which is a great weakness. But this is a matter without bounds wherein I am engaged. I stop here, and it shall be enough to say, None of these weaknesses were discoverable in our Friend, and whether by this or by a thousand rare qualities, he pleas'd all different sorts of Spirits, as if he never thought of pleasing but one of them. The Ladies, the Learned, the Courtiers; in Affairs, in Pleasures; whether he held a place in a regulated and serious Conversation, or whether amongst his Friends and Acquaintance he was carried to those innocent debauches of mind, those sage Follies, wherein serious Discourses give way to the capriccio's and ends of Poetry, where every thing is in season, except cold and severe reason. But it is time to put an end to this long Discourse, wherein I fear to have taken pains for my own shame rather than

than for Monsieur *Sarasin's* honour; however, I have done what I chiefly desir'd to do, for I have given publick marks of the Esteem I had for him; may they be as immortal as his Works. I may be accus'd for having said too much, but when I consult the passion I have for his glory, I reproach my self for not having said enough; and I know well, that if I had not rejected several things that came into my mind upon this rich and abundant Subject, I had said much more.

A





A  
DIALOGUE  
O F  
LOVE,  
Out of *French*.

**B**Eing come to *Paris* to justify my Innocence and oppose the Calumnies of mine Enemies, whilst I expected answer of Letters written to the Court in my favour, and was in the mean time retir'd with my intimate Friend M. P. one day after dinner M. *Chappelein*, *Trilport* and *Ménage* came to visit me. These Gentlemen concern'd themselves infinitely in my disgrace, and acted in my behalf with a noble heart, not to be found in the Histories of *Orestes* and *Pilades*, and other Friends of antiquity. They found me in the Hall, where I was hearkning to an excellent Musician:

I believed, said *Monf. Chappelein* addressing himself to me, that in this your Retirement I should rather have found you fasten'd to *Seneca's* Treatise, which proves, that a wise man is not subject to the Injuries of Fortune, than pleasing your self with Musick, which ordinarily does not delight any, but unperplexed minds. This ought not to surprize you, answer'd I; for first you do me wrong to esteem me of a perplexed mind, seeing you know that my Conscience is very clear: and though this seem strange to you, you that have been accusom'd to regulate your vertue by that of the *Stoicks*, and would have us, as they, encounter Misfortunes with a stubborn brow, and not take off our thoughts from the Evil we are to combat, till we have made a perfect conquest of it; yet it is convenient for us who follow another Sect, and by another bias defend our selves from Grief, not to wrestle with it, and to endeavour rather to forget, than to vanquish it. This is, said *M. Menage*, the Opinion of *Epicurus*, who will have us dream of Pleasures to take us off from the thought of Pains, and ordains, that we master it by Diversion. Truly we must acknowledge, pursu'd he, that this mans Philosophy does marvellously assist Nature, and that his Opinions are very well accommodated to our weakness; and I cannot enough praise our excellent *Gassend*, whom we may call, as they did *Epicurus*, the Father of Truth, or as they called *Socrates*, the Father of Philosophy; we cannot, I say, praise him enough for having employ'd that profound crudition, and long experience, which hath got him so many Admirers to clear up what remains of the Doctrine of this Philosopher, and anew to found a School, whose Disciples once fill'd whole Towns in *Greece*. I am very glad, reply'd I, that you have not insulted over this Author of Pleasure, with the most part of the World, who are deceived by this last word, and who do not dream that the

true



true Epicureans lead a life as regular as our reform'd Monks; and that you may the better see I combat Grief by flying it, see but the Books I read in my idle hours, you will not find *Boetius* or *Epictetus* among them. Hereupon M. *Trilport* coming to the Table found a *Lucretius*, a *Salust* and the Romance of *Perceforets*, and turning towards me; The first of these Books, saith he, is proper for you, the other is one of our old Tales; but as for *Salust*, who can make an Historian one of the Disciples of *Epicurus*, who forbids his to meddle with the Commonwealth? I am not sworn, reply'd I, to observe all the Rules of this Philosopher, and I only follow those Opinions of his, to which my Reason and Nature carry me. But, saith he, again opening *Lucretius*, I find you very bold to read Verse, you that know 'tis Verse hath done you so many bad offices. 'Tis true, answer'd I, that I owe a great deal of ill-will to the Muses, but 'tis to my own: for I might have read all the Verses in the World, if I had not made Verses. It was time for me to retire, for having wrot

*Qu'Eve ayma mieux pour s'en faire conter,  
Prester l'oreille aux fleurettes du Diable,  
Que d'estre femme, & ne pas coquetter.*

I was so embroil'd with the Sex, that I know no Elegies so lamentable, nor Stanza's so flattering, that could charm the wrath of our Ladies. Perhaps then, replied M. *Chappelein*, you have not only bid adieu to *Phabus* and the nine Sisters, but also to *Cupid* and his Mother; and do not you remember, adds M. *Trilport*, the Verse of our Country man *Bertaut*?

*Quo s'empescher d'aymer est dur aux belles ames:*  
I remember nothing but what follows, answer'd I;

*Qu'aymer fidèlement apporte de soucy.*

And to speak freely, retiring from the Service of Ladies, I rather think I have cur'd my self of a small Disease, than deprived my self of a great pleasure. For this time, says *M. Menage*, you shall not be alone; and you see one that hath long since hung up his Chains in the Temple of Liberty: Away, away, says, *M. Chappellein*, you are ingrateful Fellows; for not to mind you of your good Fortunes, do you not remember, that what you have of Civility and Politeness, you have learnt it of Ladies, who have suffer'd you and been belov'd by you? Truly, replied I, I could answer you, that I never was happy enough to obtain that which you call Good fortune, and protest to you with the *Spaniard*, that

*Amador fui m. n. nunca fui amado.*

However, that you may not contest on this point, I am content to tell you, that for the Civility and Politeness which you pretend we owe to Ladies, methinks there needs nothing but my Example to satisfy you, that a man may spend much time with them, yet not acquire these Two qualities; but because I impute it to my inability, that I come forth rude and unpolish'd from their Conversation, I leave it to *M. Menage*, against whom you have address your Reproaches as well as against me, and in whom you may justly admire all those good qualities which I want, to explain if it hath been the company of Ladies that hath render'd him so accomplish'd. True, if you please, with your Complements, says *M. Menage*, let it suffice you that I do not aspire so high, and that I pretend not to pass for *Baldassars* Courtier, who never liv'd but in *Cicero's* Oratory, in *Plato's* and *Sr. Tho. More's* Commonwealth: But whether it be that I am not of *Mr. Chappellein's* opinion, I, that am accus'd not to accustom me my self to be of other mens, or whether I please my self

self to oppose them, as you often say I do; seeing there are no Women here, I cannot dissemble, that whatever advantage we may expect from their Conversation, we meet on the contrary with so many things in it that may hinder us from becoming gallant men, that I am ready to dispute against the old Thelis, which exposes it as a thing impossible for a man to be very proper for the World, if he hath not been amorous in his youth. And I, says M. Cha. am ready to maintain it against you. For my part, says M. Trilport turning himself to M. Ch. I declare my self your Second, if M. M. can find one in so unjust a cause, as he is about to defend. If the matter were not gone so far, added I, and that he had been content to sustain, that Ladies were good Friends, but very dangerous Mistresses, I think I had serv'd him against you; but seeing he carries things to extremity, I cannot be of his side. 'Tis not the first time, replies M. M. that you have come with odds against me, yet for all that, not only I have not fled for it, but I have not been vanquish'd. Wherefore I once more resolve, having propos'd any thing to imitate *Ariosto's Rodomont*, who call'd forth the Knights to combat two and two, or three and three, and to take for my Motto

*Horatio Sol contra Tuscanam tutta.*

What you say, answer'd M. Trilport, obliges us also, notwithstanding your *Rodomontado*, to imitate those Knights, who never went two against one; and seeing M. Ch. is he that took up the gage of defiance, which you had thrown down, we will let him enter first into the Lists, and I doubt not to see him come out Victorious. If this happens to mee, replies M. Ch. 'twill be doubtless more by the force of truth, than by mine: for if his cause were just, I should esteem my self lost, knowing him a long-winded Knight of great force; or, to

*A Dialogue of Love.*

speake more familiarly and quit the Romantick Metaphor, knowing no man more apt than he to maintain Paradoxes, no not amongst us *Stoicks*, who make a particular study of it. But, says M.M. I do not hold what I defend so Paradoxical as you imagine; and to let you understand so much, seeing we have time enough, consider the Reasons on which I ground my Opinion. After these words being silent a while, and seeing we prepared to hearken to what he had to say, he began again thus; I have lov'd, and often

*Sans faire le vain, mon aventure a esté telle  
Que de la mesme ardeur, que j'ay bruslé pour elle,  
elle a bruslé pour moy.*

I am forc'd in spite of my modesty to speak to you at this rate, to the end that being to declare much ill of Love, this may take from you all imagination, that I go about to revenge my self for bad usage: and also, that you may give me an entire belief, seeing that I know the good and the ill by my own experience; for, in my opinion, *Hannibal* had reason to mock the *Greek* Oratour that gave him Military Lessons, and the Oratour had had no less occasion to laugh, if *Hanibal* had undertaken afterwards to shew him the precepts of Rhetorick. We cannot discourse well of things which we have not practis'd, and often the use does not agree with the speculation; but I who have

*Couru les mers d'amour di rivage en rivage,*

and know all that is done in the Cloyster of this God, to speak with *Petrarch*; I may well methinks be believed in what I shall say. So much the more also as I find my self at present in a condition to speak of it with an intire indifferency; but because to judge of the effects

effects of a thing 'tis necessary we know the nature, we shall not do amiss to inform our selves who this Love is, that you would have the Author of so much good to Mankind, and of whom you sustain, that young people have as much need as of Academies and Colledges. I will also do you this favour, not to enquire News of him any where, but in your Books, and as I speak to the chief Poet of our Age and Nation, I will serve my self of the Opinions of those Great men of Antiquity to whom you have succeeded. They say then, that Love is a Child; they put a Ribband over his eyes; they clap wings to his shoulders; they hang a quiver of Arrows by his side; they arm his two hands with a Bow and a Torch: Thus far this Figure does not make for you, and to consider the outside of this Picture, *Cupid* appears only a piece of *Grotesque*, or a *Chimera*. But you will tell me that Poetry hath its mysteries, and we must not do that wrong to the men you esteem, and who had the honour to be the first Philosophers of the World, to think, that without reason they design'd Love under so strange a Figure. I know that the extraordinary things which Poetry presents have all of them a hidden sense, and that she serves her self of strange and surprizing Pictures to draw the vulgar to the search of truth. The Modern *Italians*, who have out-done the Invention of the *Greeks* (for the *Latins* did but copy them) expose nothing so fantastical, to which they have not fixt an Allegory, and tell us, that their Enchantments, their Furies, their Gyants, their Monsters, and other pieces of Knight-errantry are only to allure the People, and to instruct them whilst they seem also to please them: But I go further and say, that amongst all the Images, which Poetry hath represented to us, there is none more ingenious than this of Love; so naturally it expresses this passion. Wherefore let us examine it, if you please, and we will consider first this Child Love.

Here I demand of you, if you were to represent Fortitude, Prudence, or any of the Vertues, should it be under this Figure? I am confident you will answer me, that you should like better to draw an armed *Pallas*, or shew a *Hercules* overcoming a Lion; but on the contrary, if you were to describe Weakness, Imprudence, Softness, Incontinency, and many other of our bad qualities, what could serve better to this design than the Picture of a *Child*? What think you Poetry would teach us by this? nothing doubtless, but that a man is subjected to all the imperfections of Childhood, when he becomes amorous. So the *Comicks* introduce Love upon their Theaters, without counsel, without guide; accompanied with Suspicions, Injuries, Enmities; sometimes in Truce, sometimes in Peace, sometimes in War; and find that these disorders and inequalities are so natural to him, that they conclude, 't would be the utmost of Follies to believe we can love wisely. And 'tis no wonder a Poet in love found out, that he who first painted Love a *Child* had an admirable hand, because he first discover'd how Lovers pass their life, that they are depriv'd of good sense, that they lose solid goods to run after toys; but the worst is, that these Toys and these light Cares do often consume our whole life, and remain with us to decrepitude. Imagine then, what a sight it is to find an Old man making Love, and who, like an Ape to run after Nuts, tears the Robe of Philosophy wherewith he was clad; to see an Old woman every morning put on a foreign Face, dress her self up like a Puppet, and buy the Cajolleries of a Younger brother with the best of her Fortunes. 'Tis for this some body says *Venus* is angry with Old people, that Marriage does not become them, and as a Poet in *Plutarch* sings

*Qu'autant vicillard à la barbe fleurie,  
Pour ses voisins que pour soy se marie.*

And you may remember, that in Old times they publickly hooted at these Gallants of *Proserpine*, and that against their approach they armed themselves with the same preservatives that Pagan Superstition had ordain'd for the worst things. In fine, to continue Love when we begin to cease to live is a dotage most deplorable, and there is nothing more shameful than

*Les ridicules aventures  
D'un amoureux en cheueux gris.*

I know not how to let you proceed, said I, interrupting him, without praying you to spare M. G. and that you may not refuse me, do but call to mind the pleasure you once took to see him cherish his yellow Ribband which his Mistress gave him, and how wittily he discours'd of this Favour of hers, so that you wanted little of wishing an Old age like his; at least, reflecting upon his Nymph, his Musick and his good Cheer you told us, he past this age as *Horace* had wish'd. Truly, added M. *Trilport*, the Romance of his life is so pleasant a thing, that I think 'twould be spoil'd should it be reduc'd to a serious History, and as I have the reputation of soliciting the affairs of my Friends, I also recommend him to your favour. M. *Menage* calling to mind the Verse of *Tasso*,

*Habbia vita (rispose) è libertade:  
E nulla a tanto intercessor si neghi.*

for there is no fear that this one Swallow should lead back the Spring to Old men, which is the season of Courtship, nor that a general defect can be excused by by one mans merit. But to return to our Discourse, this *Child* is Naked; in this without doubt appears his Imprudence, at least if we will believe the old Maxime, That there is nothing more shameful, than to strip our  
selves

selves before all the World, and if he will believe *Eustasius*, who calls Love the Father of Impudence: unless we may say, that he is painted Naked to let us understand, that he ruins his Followers even to the despoiling them of every thing. Let us now pass on to the equipage they give him: They say then he has a Ribband before his eyes; what do you think this Blindness signifies; but that the Soul of a Lover is in an eternal darkness, and that Reason knows not which way to turn her self, having Passion for her Guide? There is an *Italian* who will not let reason scape so, but says she is dead, whereas we only say, she goes astray. Now without divining, and to speak only according to our Love-Writers, do you know what excuse they betake themselves to, when they would defend the Irregularities of their thoughts, or actions? they think that whatever extravagancy they commit they apologize enough, when they protest that, thanks to Love, they cannot see what they do; and that you may not appeal from these hearken to *Ovid*, who hath made an art of a Passion, and given rules for a Folly; he does not only grant, that Lovers do not see what is reason, but he carries their Blindness even to a want of good manners, and exempts none from this defect. In the mean time, that this Ribband may not be taken off, that is, that Reason may not return to Lovers, such as are not willing this madness should have its lucid intervals, are not content to cover Loves eyes, but they wholly take away the use of his sight. In this condition, methinks they should rather furnish him with a Dog and a Staff to conduct him, than fasten Wings to his shoulders; and as often as I fancy him blind and flying, I am fearful he should maim himself against some Tree, some Tower, or some Mountain. I doubt not but those who have thus made a Bird of him, would have left him a plain humane Figure, rather than thus have shap'd a Monster, if they could have imagined any other



other way to send him about the World, which they pretend is necessary for its conservation: but considering he could not do so many things at once, nor, for Example, in one day wound a *Negro* and scorch a *Greenlander* benum'd with cold, those which drink of the *Seine* and those which enrich themselves with the Sands of *Plata*, if they had not furnish'd him with an invention to make these long Journeys; they found nothing so proper as to apply Wings to him, but Wings not only more fit for a flight than those of *Falcons*, but more light than the Winds, or than thought it self. I remember one day in discourse with M.C. M.R. and A. the first very pleasantly maintain'd, that considering all these great labours, Love was no better handled by Poets than their *Sisiphus*, seeing they employed him continually in a work that seem'd more intolerable, than the rolling of his Stone; the second added freely, that it seem'd to him he was the more tormented, seeing they had to double his drudgery, chosen the Night for him, which Nature appoints for the Rest of all Creatures; but the conceit of the third, that excellent Translator, who gives to his Copies the liveliness of their Originals, was yet more malicious, for concerning Loves Feathers he explained *Petrarch's* Verses,

*In così tenebrosa estretta gabbia  
Rinchiusi summo, ove le penne usate  
Mutui per tempo.*

He pretended this strait and dark Cage, and this mewing of Feathers respected rather the Health than the Manners. But to return to the Allegorical sense of these Wings; they signifie nothing but the Inconstancy, the instability of our Loves; nothing but an uncertain and shameful agitation in the actions of Lovers. *Propertius* calls these wings Winds, and marvellously strengthens our

our explication, for they are to turn Lovers about as so many uncertain Weathercocks. It remains only that we examine *Cupid's Arms*, his Arrows, whereof some are of Lead, some of Gold; and his Torch, which penetrates even to the marrow, and which burnt *Troy* the Great. Certainly 'tis in the use of these Arms that he shews himself stark blind, for he strikes any where and on all sides. Sometimes he makes a Monarch adore the daughter of a Dunghil: but let that pass; Merit is to be found every where. But what will you say to see Old men make love to young Wenches, and Old women fond of ill-featur'd Boys; Wise men sigh for a foolish Gossip; to see this irregularity pass even to different species? Do not you wonder to find in the list of your Lovers a Dragon, an Elephant, a Peacock; and, to serve you in Fish and Flesh, a number of Dolphins? You know the story, how this Dragon lay every night with a young Maid of *Etolia*, and beat her when he thought he had occasion to be Jealous; you know how an Elephant in love with an Herb-wife brought her Nosegays, whilst the Grammarian *Aristophanes* enamour'd of the same Wench, was jealously enrag'd at the Caresses of his mighty Rival, whom he durst not provoké: to repeat here the History of *Dolphins* were to lose time. If we will turn the Medal, we shall find on the other side our Nature intreagu'd with strange Passions; and *Plutarch* will tell us, that the *Minotaurs*, *Sphinxes* and *Centaurs*, were the products of these little Loves, and we shall praise *Thales* for advising *Periander* to marry his Sheapherds betimes; but we can never call to mind the Adventure of the Golden Ass and that honest Lady, without Laughing a little; and when we consider 'twas Love did it, how can we forbear to cry out with the *Italians*, *bella botta*? You see then, by this unreasonable employment of his Arrows to how many poor affections our minds are betrayed when

Love

Love governs them; to what transports we abandon our selves against the Laws of Honour and Society; to how many foolish passions we expose our lives. I think, for my part, 'twere better to be wounded with a poysoned Arrow, than with these dangerous Shafts whereof we speak; and that the Torches of the Furies would not torment us with so much rage, as that does which Love wields: at least the effects are not more dangerous; and those Lovers which this flame devours, dream no less of Poyson and Poignards, nor are less tormented with Fears and Jealousies, and the rest of such disorders, than Criminals with their eternal pains, and the remorse of their Consciences. I had forgot this Gold and this Lead which tips his Arrows, whereof the first give us love, the other cause aversion. To explain this difference, you must remember that Poverty, which *Petronius* calls the Sister of Wit, having often hindred Poets from being happy in their loves, for Old men and Fools with their Gold are wont to drive them from Families, to which they promised no less than Immortality, they have invented these Golden shafts which find nothing impenetrable; and those Leaden ones, which 'tis true belong to the same Quiver, but are always blunt, though Love lets them flie with never so much force. The Master of Lovers writes, that he does not compose his Precepts for the Rich. And *Homer* the Dean and Founder of poelie tells them, if they have nothing but Verse, they shall be chased from *Iais* Street as well as from *Plato's* Commonwealth: by all which we may easily judge, that these Golden Arrows signifie 'tis Money drives the trade of Love, and that Covetousness over-rules Merit and Beauty. There is no Law which does not stoop to his Shafts, according to the saying of Count *Villa Mediana*, who might well know them: After many disorders, which they had caused in his Fortune and in his Life, he became their Victim,

Victim; for you know very well what *Jupiter* thunder'd on this *Ixion*, seeing 'tis a Story of our times: and it seem'd he was better contented with Deaths Arrow, than with all those we speak of; at least he that was in the Coach with him when he was kill'd reports, that when he received the wound whereof he immediately died, he said no more, but *C'en est fait*, as if he had freed himself of a troublesome business. This Count then, who was the Honour of Courtship, and the Wit of the Court of *Spain*, who had a fair Estate, was of a great hope and a great Merit, and whose Purse was never tied, but with an Onion-peel, as an Ancient would have those of Lovers to be, amongst his Works hath left us these Verses,

*De tus flechas por ser d'oro  
Ninguna lei se desfiende.*

He would say, after those experiences which his Liberty had given him, that Presents are strange Corrupters. Let us confess the Infamy of this traffick, seeing nothing can be so sordid as to sell Friendship, nothing more base than to love for Money. And truly, having considered so many defects, we may well subscribe to what one writes of Love, That by a just Sentence of the great Gods he was banished from their assembly, because he disturb'd it and fill'd Heaven with Seditions: and further, That these Gods when they cast him down to Earth cut off his Wings to bestow them upon Victory, and to hinder him from ever mounting to Heaven again; and they might well have added, That when Love left *Olympus* for Earth, Peace abandoned men to fly up to Heaven. In the mean time, there's your *Cupid* in a pitiful predicament, and all his mysteries discovered little to his advantage. This is his true portraict, wherein I have laboured according to Nature, and I dare say with much success: for, though my Way is not good, yet the piece is perfectly like him,  
and

and in one word I can excuse my bad Rhetorick by the ordinary *Quodlibet* and say, that my Picture wants nothing but words. O Painter *Apelles*, Painter *Zeuxes*, cries out *M. Chapp*. why are not you now alive? you had learnt much by copying this piece, which exceeds all yours; and profited strangely under this new Master, whose works pass Nature, whereas yours only went even with Nature. I know not how you understand it, said I, but methinks you do not praise our Friends Picture by saying it surpasses Nature, whereas this Art is consummate when it arrives to equal her. Truly, replies he, I did not design to make a Panegyrick, looking upon it as a piece meant to please, whereof the invention seems handsom, and the order and colours may flatter our Judgment and Eyes; but I do not hold it for the true picture of Love, as I pretend to let you understand. In the mean time, saith *M. Menago*, I have advanced nothing, which I have not taken from some of your Fraternity; but because you may reply, that Passion made them write against their Consciences, and that I have only quoted them where they complain; to act sincerely with you, I must tell you, that I have display'd none of Loves defects, whereof I am not ready to give you Examples; and now I have represented this folly, I will let you see some illustrious Fools. So having taken breath he began again thus: I will not entertain you with the story of *Iphis*, whose Love forc'd her to hang her self for the cruel *Anaxarches*; nor with the disorders of a great many others. The Examples of these particulars profit little, because no man esteems enough the Loves of the Vulgar to regulate his own by them; and all blame the Errors of the Common People instead of correcting their own by them. Let us cast our eyes then upon the great *Atrides*, whom the whole *Greek* Nation, the wisest and most ingenious of the World, chose for their

their Chief: He perhaps was elected by the *Greeks*, because they were of your opinion; they knew him of an Amorous complexion, and judg'd that this temperament would enable him for great matters. Let us look a little nearer, and see if it were so: The first and most notable Action of his Generalship was to present his Daughter *Iphigenia* to be Sacrificed when the gods stopp'd his Fleet at the Port of *Aulide*, and would be appeased by this victim. This action seems at first blush above the common Vertue; but if I should tell you that he corrupted the Mariners to give out, that the Winds were contrary, and *Neptune* wroth; that he spent some daies in the preparation of this execrable Sacrifice, to give time to his Emissaries to find out a certain Boy of whom he was desperately enamour'd; you would cry out, Is this the man whose Magnanimities ennobled him above all others, and upon whom all *Greece* had turn'd its eye? I pass with silence so many wretches which he suffered to die of the Plague in the Camp of *Troy*, because he would not deliver the Daughter of the Priestess *Chrysis*. I insist not on the quarrel he had with *Achilles*, when he carried away *Briseide*, by which Rape he not only retarded the taking of *Ilium*, but endangered the *Greek* Vessels to be fix'd. I only let you know, that when he carried away *Cassandra* from her house *al dispetto di Madonna Clitennestra*, he provoked the vengeance of his Wife, and arm'd for his execution the weak and effeminate hand of *Egistus*. But his Rival, the man that was nourish'd with the marrow of Lions; brought up under the discipline of *Chiron*; so robust that no man could use his Launce; *Achilles*, for whom the death of *Hector* was reserv'd; what does he when *Agamemnon* stole his Mistress? doubtless something high and noble, for he was a Hero and a Lover; first he rayl'd at the King with the scoldings of an Oister-wife, calling him

Cuckold

Cuckold and dirty Dog, whereby he disparag'd the *Gentaur* which should have brought him up better. When that would not do, the pitiful fellow went crying to his Mother, and stay'd in his Ship far from the Army, and at the expence of his Reputation. But what will you say to *Heracles*, that mighty tame of Monsters, when you shall find him sitting by *Omphale*, having chang'd his Lions-skin for a Peticoat, and when you see him

—— *de la clava noderosa in vece*  
*Trattar il fuso, e la conocchia imbelle?*

Can you like the condition to which Love had reduc'd this gentle Spinster? rather would you not wish, as the Captain in *Terence*, that the Wenches had clap'd his Cheeks with their Pattins. But not to spend time in reckoning up the Follies of the amorous Hero's of Antiquity, let us go directly to the Fountain, and consider the Father of gods and men, *Jupiter* that darts the Thunderbolt, who makes *Olympus* tremble with one wink of his eye, who brags, that with a Chain tied to his Toe he will toss the rest of the gods out of Earth into Heaven: We shall find him, saving the respect I owe to Poetical Divinities, as very a fool as the rest. Nay, he is worse handled by Love; and *Petrarch*, who had seen the Triumph, sings, that amongst all the gods which pass before the Chariot of Love, he was most oppress'd with the number and weight of his Chains. 'Twould be tedious to repeat here all his Metamorphoses, or to consider this Governour of the World sometimes like a Goose, sometimes in some other Figure as ridiculous; 'tis better let *Ovid* conclude upon this Subject, and to believe him when he says, that *Jupiter* by his Loves dishonoured himself and all his House. O Love, how excellent are thy inspirations! and how necessary art thou to humane Vertue! I see by M. Ch.

D

looks,

looks, that he is vext to hear me thus scoff at the Children of *Homer*, and that he is in a great deal of impatience to answer me; I will give way to you presently. In the mean time, if you are not contented with Examples out of the Fable and the old History; if you will tell me, that the Inhabitants of *Parnassus* sing nothing that is not subject to Caution; that honest *Homer* slept sometimes, and that a good Poet is but a bad Witness; I will leave your Hero's and your Gods at rest, and will shut my eyes, that I may not observe in them the Imperfections of Lovers. I know you have your answers ready, and that some Myrthologist is at hand to relieve you; but I am sure they have nothing to say to *Plato*, nor to *Aristotle*, and these are Men of such weight, that if you will lay them by, I know not upon whom we may cast our eyes to examine humane Actions. But I imagine, you have a secret content to see these two marvellous Wits number'd with the Lovers, and indeed, if amidst their Loves they had preserv'd those great lights with which they penetrated the most obscure Sciences, and so prudently establish'd Rules of Manners, Conduct of Families, Polity of Cities, and Government of States, you had reason to be proud. But on the contrary, if Love hath no less darken'd these all-seeing eyes than those of the Vulgar, and that this Passion hath made these great minds descend to Fooleries, dare you still maintain, that Love is necessary to Mankind? See how the thing goes: *Plato* being yet young became amorous of *After*, and immediately suffer'd in his understanding. He never

\* *After* was a Boy. lay down, but he call'd \* her *Lucifer* and *Hesper*; and according to the ordinary gibberish of Lovers, plac'd her above the Stars. If he were to bid her farewell, he presently complain'd he had lost his North-Star, and that his Reason was benighted. But the Epigram he composed



composed for *Archianassa* shews us more plainly, that Wisdom goes out of the Head when Love gets in. This Woman approach'd Old age, so that he could not say she was the *Aurora* or the *Sun*, but he must write high Lines and make *Phæbus* speak in her praise; but see an Impudence that never any Poet durst be guilty of, whatever Hyperboles they have invented in favour of their Ladies: *Plato* seeing that in this furrow'd-face there was no room for Beauty, thought fit to say, that Love hid himself in those wrinkles as in an Ambuscade; whereas, if he had had his Reason about him, he would have said, that he lay there interr'd as in a ruinous Sepulchre. I know not, says *M. Trilport*, how you understand it, but if you pretend to censure *Plato* for his Epigram, you pronounce your own Sentence. How so? demands *M. Menage*. See, replies *M. Trilport*, how your memory, that furnishes you upon the place with so many handson things, is wanting to you at your need, and in your own case: Do not you remember that you have made a Sonnet of this Epigram? and that you as well as *Plato* have had wrinckled Mistresses. Truly, answer'd *M. M.* I had forgot that Sonnet and those Mistresses, and I do not care for remembring the Follies of my youth. For your Mistresses, replies *M. Trilport*, let them be drown'd in *Lesbe*, it shall not trouble us; but the Sonnet would serve to excuse this Action of the Philosopher. One Folly, says *M. M.* cannot be the apology of another; and if my Sonnet forbids me urging the Epigram of *Plato*, I cannot see how you will defend the Verse he compos'd, when he was in love with the fair *Agathon*, which says, he never kissed this Beauty but he shut his Lips, for fear his slippery Soul should fall out. Now, what think you of this Kiss? is it according to good Manners? is it not too wanton for a Philosopher? is this handson discourse for a man they call Divine, as if it were too little to style him

Wife? Besides, this *Plato* in the rest of his life was as very a Vagabond, and as inconstant as *Hylas* in our *Astrea*, and like him went *di ramo in ramo, di fior in fior*: besides the gallantries recited, he lov'd *Phedra*, he lov'd *Zantippe*; perhaps it was *Socrates* Wife, and that he made a Cuckold of him the Oracle had pronounc'd the Wisest man in the World. Cuckolds are very happy said I, that have *Socrates* for their Patron. Let us not Jest, says M.M. upon so shameful an Action. This Gent. replies M. Ch. does here what *Socrates* would have done, who believ'd men ought not to lay matters of this nature so to heart, and would have been Scandal'd at it less than you are. I see how things go, continues M.M. you would support vanquish'd Reason with a Jest, and I see you in so merry a humour upon this Subject, that I can expect nothing serious from you. Perhaps you will excuse the Scholar as well as the Master, and find some pretence for the worst of Irregularities into which *Aristotle* fell, when he Sacrificed to the Eunuch *Hermia's* Concubine; but he Sacrificed not his Heart or his Liberty, which are the Imaginary offerings of our Lovers; he Sacrificed to her solemnly, and to say all, in the same manner as the *Athenians* Sacrificed to *Ceres*. I should be too tedious to stop upon the Examples of other Philosophers, and I have chosen only these two; first, because publick Opinion hath placed them above the rest: and further, because it would have been only a repetition of the best part of *Diogenes Laertius* History, which is full of the Love-tricks of those which the World has worshipped as the Lawgivers of Wisdom. However, because you may chance to suspect the *Grecian* Faith, and despise beyond-Sea Manners, and because our discourse seems principally to regard our Nation: We cannot abstain from considering some one of our own, who have been slave to the Son of *Venus*; but they shall be Knights without reproach

reproach, whose Famous Acts raised them above others; Lovers of that age, when nothing in the World was so great as our Court, when *Charlemain* counted almost the daies of his Reign by the number of his Victories; when they preserv'd Justice, protected Widows, defended Orphans, exterminated Tyrants, and with their Swords did more good to Mankind, than the Pens of *Plato* and *Aristotle* wrote. And now enter *Orlando*. Love made him an enraged Fool; but his folly was incurable, at least as to the remedies of *Hippocrates* and *Galen*, and of so strange a nature, that *Astolpho* mounts *Elias* Chariot and goes to fetch a little phial of common Sense for him; and that out of *St. John's* Shop, which the Poet makes a Chymick. I could produce *Hannibal*, who fail'd to Triumph over the *Romans*, and ruin'd the Reputation of his Countrey by giving himself up to the Caresses of the *Capuan* Dames; and *Antony*, who lost more by the love of *Cleopatra*, than by the genius of *Augustus*. I could mix Sacred story with Prophane, and shew you *David* without Conscience, *Solomon* without Wisdom, *Sampson* without Strength; not to say any thing of our Father *Adam*, whose Love cost us so dear. But not to weary you with Examples, and yet to confirm my opinion, which I wish were yours, let us, if you please, imagine with *Petrarch* a delicious Island cover'd with Rose-bushes, Jassomine and Orange-trees; where the gentle *Zephyrs* temper and heat; where the Flowers perfume the Air; where Hills and Woods give shade; where the Winters are moderate, and where they pass their time in Sports, Feasts and Idleness; and now let us imagine, that Love has chosen this place to triumph in, and that here he has assembled all the Lovers between the Poles: and in the last place let us imagine, that a Tempest hath cast us upon this shoar; for I will never consent that we go thither in quality of Lovers;

'twere better we got thither upon a broken Plank, the remains of a Shipwrack, as to an Enemies Countrey, than to go before the wind in the *Egyptian* Queens Vessel, if we went to pay our homage. Let us walk up and down a little, to refresh our selves after the Voyage amongst these troops of Lovers, upon these Flowers and in these Meadows; but on condition that we hearken to their words, that we mark their actions, and that we judge then if it be good to imitate them. These that first present themselves seem very melancholy; at least they have pale faces and heavy eyes, as if they had past the Night without sleep. But O *Jupiter*, what discourse! the first, who is clothed Pastorally and resembles the *Myrtillus* of *Guarini*, would have Fountains weep for him, and the Winds sigh out his Martyrdom. See one there, that consults the Echo, and is foolishly afflicted or joyed at what he says to himself. Another recounts his misery to the Sun, to the Moon, to the Day, to the Night. He there says, he should die contentedly, provided 'twere embracing her he loves, and that he might have it in an Epitaph. But mark him on the left hand quite despairing, for he curses the day in which he began to love. His Neighbour seems more mad, and threatens no less than to break Loves Bow. But let us leave him for fear of mischief, and let us approach the merry Troop. Some you may perceive dancing under the Green Trees: let's hear the burthen of their Song,

*La joie est pleine  
De peur d'un changement.*

See how imperfect their Joy is, they do not find their affairs well assured, though they are in the best condition they can wish. Now those that stand by and look on are crown'd with Myrtle too, but for all that in an eternal

eternal inquietude. One torments himself to explain a word his Mistress said to him, because he doubts 'tis not advantageous for him: Another complains, that his Lady look'd upon his Rival too long and too pleasantly. This laments, because he believes he did surprize upon his Ladies Cheeks the remains of a Smile, wherewith she favour'd another. Do you understand this, do you not think you are in *Bedlam*? were it not better for these poor Lovers freely to confess the debt, and instead of these Fooleries, wherewith every one amazes us in his turn, they should joyn in one *Chorus* and ingeniously sing

*Tutti habbiamo di pazzia colma la testa?*

Now to see if they act as they speak; look upon those there, that kiss the Threshold, crown it with Flowers, rub it with Perfumes; See those that engrave a thousand insipid stories upon the Trees; those, that read worse in their Table-books. One, his arms cross'd with grief, another skipping. But see that Wretch who poysons himself, those Rivals who kill one another. See

*Leandro in Mare, e Hero a la finestra.*

See those who have ruin'd their Health by a disease detested in ours, and unknown to past Ages. In one word, they are for the most part without Wealth, without Reputation. In the mean time, see how they flatter their Tyrants, how they disguise their Deformities, and though their Mistresses be never so ugly, they make them Angels and Divinities. Let us reimbarke, said I 'tis not safe to remain long in an Island thus inhabited. Then you acknowledge, said M. M. that 'tis dangerous to be amongst Lovers, and that the habit is dangerous. I have heard say, that ordinarily we re-

semble those we frequent, and that we are equally born good, but bad Company ruins us. But saith M. Ch. to me, do you think the matter goes, as our Friend says it does? What can I do, said I, against so many Examples and Authorities? truly, if any thing keeps me yet on your side 'tis, that I have found you so Judicious in all you hold, and you are so litte accusom'd to choose Opinions that are not good, that I am as yet wavering, and as the *Italian* says,

*Ne sì ne nò nel cuor mi suona intero.*

But in the mean time, pursued I, methinks M. *Trilport* is a little Melancholy, as if he mistrusted his cause. You ill explain my Seriousness, replied M. Tr. and esteem me a man of small Courage; the truth is, if any thing startles me, 'tis to see M. M. treating us like Children, to whom they shew painted Devils with Tails and Claws, and terrifying Faces, to make them afraid; for I do not believe, continued he, that you think Devils are so made, nor that you would go about with the Poet *Bernia*, to take the just length of their Horns and Tails. So M. M. with his Islands, his Imaginary pictures, his Fabulous examples endeavours to fright us, and take us off from solid Reason. To what purpose is it to speak of *Agamemnon* or of *Aristotle*, to know if a Young man ought to court Ladies? We shall see, says M. M. a little heated, what this solid Reason will amount to in the case; but to let you see, if I ought to alledge *Agamemnon* or *Aristotle*, whose Examples you believe such strangers to the question, I demand of you, if this Induction is not reasonable? If Love assembles in himself all the Defaults of Kings, of Hero's, of the gods of Fable; if Philosophers, who I place above these Gods; if Men, who have excelled in Policy, in War, and pass the rest of Mankind, have fallen into these

these shameful Errours, when they became Amorous; if generally all Lovers are mad, may we not conclude, that a Young man who Loves will become imperfect and vicious, as other Lovers; nay, is more subject to these defects, than Kings, or Hero's, or Gods, or Philosophers, or Law-makers, or Conquerours, whose Examples we have been obliged to produce? though we have besides strengthened our Position with Authorities and Reasons, the Image of *Cupid*, the Isle of his Triumph, and the rest which we have advanced. We should do you wrong, said I, in this matter to reproach you for having alledg'd any thing without proof; your discourse in my opinion hath been much to the purpose: But to handle the Question more fully, and to act entirely according to the taste of your Adversaries; will you not think it necessary to speak something of our Young Gentlemen and our Ladies, the Lovers and Mistresses of our Times and Nation; of their Conversation and of their Courtship? for from things that are so familiar, and which we have every day before our eyes, 'twill be easie to see with which of the Opinions contested between you we ought to close, and we may judge by the manners of our Lovers, whether we ought to fly or follow them. For my part, answers M. M. coldly; I should think you might spare me this pains, which seems altogether needless; and after I have shew'd you, that generally all Lovers are extravagant, you cannot think our Nation more exempt than others. And I am vext, continued He, that you did not acquaint me with your desires before we weigh'd Anchor to come from the Amorous Island; for there I could have shew'd you a great many of those people you enquire after, which yet are not difficult to be met with elsewhere. But now we will undertake no more Voyages, nor will we quit *Paris*. To proceed orderly, let us take our young Cavaliers, who

who a few Months since left the Academy; and Sons of the City, Officers newly come to their charge. Let us imagine them Amorous, and by their Actions examine the qualities Love endows them with. Let the Gentlemen march first, that we may muster up the good parts they have acquir'd with their Mistresses: And first, to study their Conversation, we shall find it nor wise, nor solid, nor polish'd, nor gallant: What then? would you know? Let us draw near them, you shall hear nothing but a gibberish eternally repeated, composed of fifteen or twenty extraordinary words, which have a vogue in their Cabal, which they speak improperly, and only to speak them, without considering how they may cultivate their understandings; they spend in a quarter of an hour a number of Fooleries, which yet they pronounce with a Jestling Authority, as if there were Salt in them, or some conceal'd mystery. The Ladies in the mean time they laugh upon the publick Faith, as if they understood the subtleties; if they meet with any man, that will not quit Reasons side to comply with them, God knows with what scorn they use him, and how he shall be handled in all places where these Star-lins assemble to whistle. They believe nothing such an enemy to wit as Silence; they infinitely esteem their Judgment, which furnishes them with decisions for every thing upon the place: In fine, by force of admiring one another, they are brought to think they are at the top of an agreeable conversation. And now we have examin'd their Wit, which we find in pitiful plight, let us consider their bravery. We shall quickly discover, that their highest design is to guild a Coach, or to vary a Livery, or as Malherbe says,

*Le parfum d'un colet,  
Le point coupé d'un chemise,  
Et la figure d'un balet.*



We find them busied, as Women, to dress and trick up themselves, and with such indecent Effeminacy, that 'tis left to us to divine not only, if they are Men, but whether they seek not other men. In the mean time the presumption of being Sparks gets up into their pates, they esteem themselves worth the Courtship of an *Amazon* Queen, and all run the same danger for their Beauty, which the *Narcissus* of the Fable did. In this condition, they choose rather the Fortune of *Paris*, who was Fair as they, and possist *Helen*, than that of *Ajax*. But they merit the Reproach, which in *Homer* is given to this Original of Effeminate-ness,

*Lasche Paris au visage tres-beau.*

and deserve to be treated as this Divine Poet handles this little Wanton, when amidst so many thousand Combatants he brings him in flying the Bartel, to go lie with his Wife. From their Conversation and their Persons let us pass to their Manners. Amongst other faults Libertinism offers it self first: for, as their end is not to stop at a union of Wills and Hearts, but to proceed on, as they say, to something more solid, they employ the utmost force of their Wits to debauch the Consciences of Ladies by a pure malignity of Nature. Without having any occasion to doubt, as learned Libertines have, they jest with Religion, they commit a hundred indecent actions in the Church. With five or six passages out of *Charon* and *Montague*, which the ablest among them preach to the rest, they pretend to overthrow all Divinity. The rest of their Sentiments are nor noble nor high; they think nothing worthy the Vertue of their Ancestors; the wings of Love cannot raise them to any generous thoughts; every day passes alike; the flower of their Life slides away in a shameful and unquiet Idleness, whilst they are seated in their  
Chairs,

Chairs, extended in their Coaches, or bring disorder into Families that receive them. But 'tis not in these times only, that such kind of People make a trade of imbroiling Families; for you know, the *Centaurs*, the first Cavaliers of the World, came to the wedding of *Perithous* only to make Love, and by consequence they disturb'd the Feast. I should be too long, if after the Gentleman I should examine the Town-Child: I will content my self to say by the by, he is one that believes himself an able man; that will talk Latin amongst his Kinswomen, and before his Mistresses; that will judge of the Merit of his Rivals by their Money; that wanting Experience in the World, will want Politeness and Agreement. In the mean time the Citizen and the Gentleman, governed by their Passions, neglect all the duties of Life, ruine their Domestick affairs, abandon, together with their Friends, the thoughts of their Fortune, Honour, and Reputation, and render themselves wholly despicable; and all this for the Love of Ladies. According to this sense, the *Greecian* Sculptors, whose Works often taught Morality, carv'd a *Venus* upon a Hee-Goat, thereby comparing a man subjected to the power of Women to this Animal, which is blindly led to all the unruliness of Love: but chiefly they were admirable for the invention of a Figure, which they erected over the Tomb of that famous Courtizan, who had seen all *Greece* on their knees before her Gate, and to whom they built a Sepulchre at *Corinth*, near to the Temple of *Venus the Brown*; these Masters placed a Lioness emboss'd, which tore in pieces a Ram. I should never have done, should I recount all the Errours of this Sex when they once fall in Love; and yet, if I would take the pains, 'twould amount to a great Argument against the contrary Opinion. For how can we conclude young men should learn any thing that is good of persons that are accom-

accompanied with nothing but Vanity, Weakness, Inequality, Treachery; that have nothing sincere, nothing great; who have double Hearts, counterfeit Faces and Actions? Would it not rather draw to a consequence, that these Young men by conversing with Women, should lose all seeds of Goodness, and all inclination which their Souls might have to Vertue? Nor is it this Vertue Women seek for; they still choose the worst; *Venus* leaves *Mars* for *Adonis*; *Helena* *Menelaus* for *Paris*; ——— You are in a fair way, cries *M. Ch.* and if we let you go on, 'tis very likely you will not stop in haste: for you take a marvellous pleasure in this Story, and I foresee something very odd like to scape you, if I do not prevent the Storm. You have reason, pursued *M. M.* and to tell you true, if you had not hindered me, I was strangely tempted to tell you the Story of *Giocondo*, and the Matron of *Ephesus*, with others of that nature. Reserve those to another time, replies *M. Ch.* and I am not of opinion, you ought any longer to give way to your Choler; and to spare you an unprofitable pains, you may remember, if you please, that when we enquir'd of you concerning those pretended Maximes you attributed to Ladies, we did not ask for the Dialogues of *Lucian's* Courtizans; nor *Juvenal's* sixteenth Satyr, nor the life of *Celestina*: we would have you tell us of *Artemisia*, *Penelope*, *Lucretia*. I take you at your word, says *M. M.* on condition you will not except against these Test monies you have demanded, and that you will judge of Women upon the depositions of *Artemisia*, *Penelope*, and *Lucretia*; and that after this you will be content I end a Discourse, which in my opinion hath no need of further proof. For *Artemisia*, continued he, I know no declar'd Gossip that would not be ashamed of the transports of this Queen: I do not speak of those which her affection caused; they were just, they were honest; and

and if her grief had stifled her, whilst she complains of fortune, when she drown'd her face in tears, and said against the stars, what could be said:

*Tout ce que fait dire la rage,  
Quand elle est Maistresse des Sens.*

I say, if she had expir'd then; it may be that to this time her Friendship would be as much a marvel as her *Mausoleum*. But by misfortune she buried her Grief, for the loss of her Husband, with his Ashes; and this vain and pompous ostentation of Conjugal union quickly gave place to a second Passion, which transported her to kill her self. *Scaliger*, upon the fame of an ancient Author, informs us, that this Queen fell in love with a young man of *Abidas*, call'd *Dardanus*, and to revenge her self of his coldness, she surpriz'd him sleeping, and did tear out his eyes; but that her Revenge did not diminish her Passion, its violence forcing her to throw her self from the Rocks of *Leucadia*, she dy'd of the fall. As for *Penelope*, *Seneca* avows, that he found so much concerning her affection, *pro* and *con*, that he durst not conclude, whether she were a sinner or an honest Woman. Another Author less solid, but very witty, hath an unlucky conceit about the continual Feastings in her House amidst a crowd of Gallants, and interprets maliciously the trial of her Husbands Bow. And to take away all doubt, *Pausanias* assures us, that in his time there past an ancient Poem, which recounted how *Ulysses*, when he return'd from the Siege of *Troy*, beat her out of doors; and that there was a Tradition then currant amongst the *Mantineans*, that *Penelope* fled to their Town and died there. Lastly, What can we judge of *Lucretia*, but with M.L. that she kill'd her self after the fact? Thus by searching things to the bottom, we see that the most part of these Beauties,

who

who appear fierce and cold, as the ancient *Sabines*, have often no advantage over the rest, but that of dissembling well; and all these Heroins, which in *Ansonius* threatned to crucifie *Cupid*, at the instance of *Venus* reduc'd his punishment to a whipping with Roses. Let us not then abuse our selves in a belief, that Women can inspire generous thoughts; but rather think their Beauty corrupts our Judgments, making us believe, their Conversation is as profitable as we find it pleasant. Let us still remember, that this Beauty, whereupon the most of them would raise a legitimate domination, is no other, according to *Socrates*, but a short Tyranny; and that *Sophocles* often repeated in his Old age, that he esteem'd himself very happy in that he had shaken off the yoke of this Amorous tyranny. But we will end with the Advice of *Thales*, and admire the Counsel he gave a miserable wretch, asking what he should do to free himself from Love; he first advised him to fast; and when a Diet would not serve, he perswaded him to expect his health from Time and Absence; but after many months and a long perigrination, seeing that Hunger, Distance, and Time were too weak Remedies, he ordain'd him to Hang himself. I have said. Seeing *M. Menage* had done, you have, said I, handled Lovers, as one advised a maker of Romances to handle his principal person, when he would needs perswade him, that he could not find out an event, nor more new nor more surprizing, than to cause him be publicly hang'd. In this at least I am excusable, answered *M. M.* which is, That I have been content to open the cause, and to let the Sentence be pronounc'd by another. On the contrary, replied I, 'tis to be feared you have acted with malice, and have brought in this Philosopher, that his Sentence might be as authentick as that of a Judge. That may be, added *M. Trilport*, but there is a remedy for it, and I declare to you, says he,

he, addressing himself to M. M. that I appeal from your Sage to ours. And from *Thales* to M. *Chappelein* is a *minor*, says M. M. Stop there, replies M. Cb. I must interrupt you, lest you should think I agree and confess my self a Sage, which God forbid. But, continued he, addressing himself to M. M. though I am to plead the Cause of Lovers, your self shall be the Judge. You hold your Cause very good then, says M. M. seeing you are content to be Judg'd by your Adversary. As good as your Conscience, continued M. Cb. and I believe you so just, and find my Cause so grounded in equity, that I declare, I shall be content with what you shall pronounce, after you have heard me. We here were silent, and after some moments M. Cb. begun: If I do not lend to your Opinion that full consent you could wish, you ought not to complain 'tis for want of attention. I have hearkned to your discourse with an intire application, and truly, you have so ingeniously spoken against Love, that if I had not been bound with the Cords of Truth, you had perverted me: but at last I am, as a second *Ulysses*, escap'd from the danger of the *Sirenes*, after having been charm'd with their Songs. Whatever enchantments, for all that, you have practised to prove the opinion sustained by you; I am about to let you see, that, if I am not deceiv'd, the contrary is the better; wishing passionately, that in this cause you would act better than the *Medea* of *Euripides* and *Ovid*, and that after you have seen and approved the Truth, I shall declare, you do not remain the Author of a heresie, that cannot appear fair, but because you paint it. I shall act clearly with you, answering what you have advanc'd point by point; shewing, if I can, the falseness or the weakness of them. I will also accommodate my self to your way of Philosophizing, which is without doubt the most proper for a Conversation, and of which I shall willingly serve my self, because

because it is not so severe as that which is commonly practised; but is not less strong for being more delicate: and gently to draw out a confession is better, than to do it by putting a knife to the throat. So that I shall continue to banish from our discourse these Syllogisms of the Schools, which make their heads giddy that study to comprehend and resolve them. We will not take Love from amidst the Graces, to put him into the hands of Disputants: and I will take care, that our Conversation, which hath hitherto been sweet and easie, does not degenerate into the querulous noise of two Masters of Art. You began your accusation with explaining a Figure, whereby you would scare us, as M. Tr. well noted; and if we should believe you, you have placed Love, which is the sweetest bond of Humane Society, in the number of *Harpies* and other Monsters of Antiquity: I will presently examine, if this Picture be as good as it is common; I will content my self in the mean time to let you know, that 'tis capable of receiving quite another sense to that you have given it; and that there is nothing but vertuous in this piece, which you set out as if all the defects, which Humane frailty can suffer, were assembled in it. To proceed orderly, you pretend, that this Child notes the weakness and other imperfections of that age. But, if it were so, the most Learned Painters are much in the wrong to represent him as they do, holding Lions under his subjection: and Poets were no less to blame for shewing him in their works, snatching the Thunderbolt from the hand of *Jove*, and exercising his power on his Mother. And those of *Cytherea* believed, that this *Venus*, who drew all her power from Love, presided in War; and the *Cypriots* figur'd her with a Lance; others represented her Statue arm'd; yea, the *Romans* built a Temple to *Venus* the Victorious. The Prudence of Love is as easily justified as his Force: and we cannot doubt of it, if

we will remember, that he unravell'd the first confusion of the Universe, and that we may attribute to him with the *Italian* Poet,

*Pensier canuti in giovenit etate.*

We must not then accuse Old people for being in Love, provided their thoughts resemble those of this Boy. But we must agree on the point, that Love is painted Young only to let us see what we are about to conclude, That Love is necessary to Youth. And 'tis almost the same reason, which *Agathon* in the Divine Philosopher urges to prove that Love is young; because, saith he, he is alwaies found amongst Young people. But this Boy, say you, is impudent to go alwaies naked. 'Tis true what you say, that 'twere a foul action to strip ones self in the open Market, but you advance little by this; for not only this is not alwaies true, for the *Lacedemonian* Boys and Girles were naked together in the place of their Exercises, and that under a discipline the most austere in the World; but further, though your Rule should be general, 'twould not follow, that Impudency were a vice of Childhood, none ever said so: nor that Shamelesnesse, which is a sign of this defect, and which proceeds alwaies from a long custome of filthy and bold actions, is figur'd by Childhood. Far from this, we are pleas'd with those Pictures of the people wherewith we adorn our Temples, and wherewith we represent Angels. And you would be more scrupulous than our devout Matrons, who are not yet aware of being scandaliz'd at these nudities. As to the Testimony of *Eustatius*, which you alledge, if I remember right, it means nothing but the first boldness of Lovers, and ought rather to be taken for a piece of Courtship, than an injury. Nay, this Bishop so little thought of charging Love with Impudence



pudence for his Nakedness, that he writes this God is naked only, that he may dive into the water to preserve the species of Fish. And in one place of his Romance, *Ismenias* seeing his Mistress throw her self into the Sea, prays *Cupid* to dive after her, and bring her up again. By this we may easily judge, that the Nakedness of Love ought not to be explain'd in a bad sense, as you do, and that it signifies nothing less than his Impudence; and those who have spoken of it without Passion, have given it a sense different from yours. Whether they have concluded with *Antiphanes*,

*Que l'on ne peut cacher l'amour, qui va tout nud.*

or whether, according to the Opinion of others, this Love thus exposes his Beauty to shew, that he disallows of all artifices wherewith Beauty is set off. And, according to this sense, the *Jupiter* of *Homer* sharply chides *Juno* for stealing the Girdle of *Venus*, to the end that she might augment his flames: or whether this Nakedness signifies, that the thoughts of Lovers ought to be so noble, that they may expose them without a Veil to the light of all the World: or lastly, whether this god is minded to shew his exceeding force in this weak estate. You will come off no better, I believe, in your interpretation of his Ribband. You take it for a hoodwink'd reason, whereby our minds are cast into darkness worse than *Cymerian*, and which hinders us even from discerning what is good Manners. I could here object to you, that you had forgot they call the Eyes the Guides of Love: but I will not serve my self of this Opinion, because I disapprove it, and am of that of the Queen *Olympias*, who accused a Young man for want of Wit, because he married only by the counsel of his Eyes; I will only say then, that our Understanding never is more awake nor more

active, than when we love and have ambition to please. And in this matter I send you to *Ovid*, who compares the vigilancy of Lovers to that of Captains. But in my opinion, the true explication of this Ribband, which we might call a Diadem, if we would defend our selves with as much passion as you accuse us with; the best explication, I say, is to imagine, that *Venus* is willing his Theft should be conceal'd, as one of the Ancients pleasantly said; and that Discretion is the best quality, not only of Lovers, but of men the most debauch'd. You are not ignorant, that the *Italians* say, Discretion *staben final*——pardon me the rest, and permit me to pass on to the Wings, Arrows, and Torch. For his Wings, I confess in this Article your railleries are very pleasant, and there is much wit in the Conceits of our Friends, but we will take them, if you please, only for Jest, and not accept of their Testimonies in other manner, than as you intended to spend them, and let you know in the mean time, that they who first invented these Wings would teach us, that our Desires and Thoughts ought to raise themselves up to Heaven, and not alwaies grovel upon the Earth. For his Arrows, I can easily approve of those reflexions you made; but, to judge wholsomly, your Invective only strikes at the ill use of Love: and these two sorts of Arrows do only note the secret motions to inclination or hatred, which we find in our selves, but not the Causes which give those motions, and least of all any thing of Avarice or Presents. For in all the Children, which ever proceeded from the marriage of *Theagines* and *Chariclea*, that is, in all the Romances that ever were, from the *Ethiopick* History to the Grand *Cyrus*, is there any thing so handfom or so frequent, as that scorn wherein Lovers hold Greatness, Crowns, Treasures, only to preserve their Fidelity to miserable and exil'd persons, who groan under Irons, and have no other advantage, besides their

their Merit and their Passion? Nothing therefore can better set out these noble, elevated, and generous Sentiments than to say, that their Souls are really wounded with a Golden shaft; and that to destroy these illustrious Prerogatives of Heaven, all the Treasures of the Earth are leaden arms, which bend and cannot penetrate. *Merlins* Fountains, whereof *Aristo* makes his Knights to drink, and whose source *Claudian* found before him, confirm what we say. They were both of a like Water, and without the advantage to murmur over Golden dust, as *Pasolus* and *Tagus*, they did glide peaceably over the same Sand, and one gave a violent aversion, the other a violent passion. *Ovid*, who for the most part explains ingenuously the nature of these Arrows, when he speaks of the Golden ones, does not give us the least suspicion, that he thought of Presents, no not those of his age, which were Fruits, Nougats, and Perfumes. It only rests, that we speak of his Torch, which you compare to that of the Furies, for which I am much tempted to accuse you of Impiety; and, I think, I could not say too much against a man, who so ill handles a fire, that we may call the Soul of the World, which actuates and conserves all that has any sense in the Universe, and without which the face of Nature would appear wild and desolate. But because I would not quarrel you, and that I endeavour to persuade you without displeasing you; I conjure you, that we may understand this matter aright, to cast your eyes upon the effects of this Torch, and do not fear it will trouble your sight, as those dismal Torches of Nights three Daughters,

*Mira d'intorno, Sylvio,  
Quanto il mondo ha di vago, & di gentile,  
Opra è d'amore. Amante è il cielo; amante  
La terra; amante il mare.*

You know what follows in the *Pastor fido* of *Guarini*, and how he carries it even to Animals and Trees, which feel the sweet warmth of this fire: believe me, this fire hath in it something Divine; and the *Egyptians*, who (compar'd with their Wisdom) esteem'd that of the *Greeks* but Boys play, when they would express Love, did it only by Fire, as the purest and noblest Element. Now, as you, after your malicious explication of Loves Figure, conclude with him in *Athenews*, that the gods did well to banish him Heaven: I also, having given the true sense of it am bold to say, that *Hesiod*, *Solon* and *Plato*, never shew'd more Wisdom, than when they took Love from the Mountain of *Helicon*, to lead him into the Academy adorn'd and crown'd with Flowers; in the midst of Musick and Sacrifices, to constitute him Director and Master. From what I have said you may conclude, that my Praises make a more reasonable Picture of Love, than your Invectives; and that the same matter, which hath serv'd you for his Accusation, is very proper to make his Panegyrick. But because the sense of this Picture may yet remain a Problem to obstinate Wits, we will not abide by it; besides, 'tis much contested, and divers Learned men are not of accord with the Vulgar opinion. *Theodorus*, in *Plato's* Banquet, mocks at those who make a Child of this god; which he esteems the most Ancient of all the gods, not excepting *Saturn*. Another *Greek* in his Hue and Cry for the fugitive Love, far from thinking him blind, says, he has most penetrating Eyes, and takes this mark for so true a one, that he gives it to know him by, that, if they met him, they should bring him home. *Eustatius* fastens those Wings to his Heels, which the common Opinion puts upon his Shoulders: *Eubulus* in *Athenews* goes further, and will allow him no Wings, but says, that the Painters, who invented them, were ignorant Fellows, and fit only to paint Swallows;

lows: Another, in the same Author, gives him two Bows: In fine, *Propertius* saith, Love was born in the Fields, and that his Bow and Arrows were only for the chase of Wild Beasts. These, as you see, contradict the common Image of Love: *Masebus* adds, that his Body is of Flame-colour, his Hair frizeld, his Look malicious, his Hands small; and concludes with the rest, that he is a right dangerous Archer. If we should add the fantastical Conceits of some Modern *Spaniards* to the Inventions of the Ancient *Greeks*, I could furnish you with one *Cristova*, who in his Verses strives to demonstrate, that Love is perfectly like the Great *Turk*. This resemblance, says *M. Menage*, is very extraordinary; but I know one that will no less surprize you, and yet it is of the Old Rock: for what say you when you read in *Macrobius*, that the *Cypriots*, who ought to know *Venus*, erected a Statue, which represented her with a Beard? After we had laugh'd a little, leaving, continued *M. Ch.* these Representations, which make little to the Question, I will come to *Plutarchs* Opinion, who assures us, that Love is not visible; and will say, with one of the Ancient *Comicks*, that Painters and Sculptors did not know what Love was; for, as he ingeniously adds, Love is neither Male nor Female; God nor Man; Wise nor Foolish; but he is made up of all these, and assembles many different species under one Figure, which hath the boldness of a Man, the fearfulness of Women; is serious in his Folly, circumspect in his Rage; which suffers the transports of Wild Beasts, and labour cannot tame him; of a wild Ambition, bringing no less Discord along with him, than we imagine in Hell; who is capable of things Serious, of things Peacable, of things Violent. You say more than I could desire, said *M. Menage*, and to save you trouble in examining the rest of my Discourse, I will jyn issue with you here. Your Cause w'ont be the better

for it, answers *M. Ch.* and I shall not fail to reply to the rest. But that we may see to the utmost, what we ought to conclude concerning Love, and rigorously to examine the Good and the Evil that may be alledged, I will add *Plato's* Testimony, who calls Love a cruel Monster, that has as many Heads as *Hydra*. I will add that of *Sophocles*, who says, *Venus* is not only *Venus*, but *Pluto*, Necessity, Rage, Covetousness, Grief. I will add that of *Plutarch*, who considering that Love does Cherish and Hate, Follow and Fly, Threaten and Pray, is Angry and feels Compassion, is Sild and Rejoyces, Will and Will not; and all this at one time and for the same person, concludes, 'tis not a thing very Judicious, but an imbroil'd Enigma, and of difficult Interpretation. If this is not enough, we will continue the description of *Mosebus*, which we began, and say, that Loves Thoughts are malicious, his Words flattering, his Discourse contrary to his meaning; that he hath a sweet Voice, is mad in his Anger, a Deceiver and a Fool; and in all his sportings hath some Black design. And this is enough fully to perswade you, that I have betray'd my Cause, and that you have gained yours; or at least, that I act too sincerely with you, producing Testimonies which you know well, but had forgot, and which alone seem capable to convince me. But, as you very well remark'd at the entrance of your Discourse, that the first Poets did Philosophize, and then you plac'd me upon *Parnassus*; from a place so eminent, which my Modesty durst not pretend to, suffer me to reason with you in a few words, and till then suspend, if you please, your Judgment of what good or ill you and I have deliver'd concerning Love. I say then, that all things which we possess, let them be never so good, or whatever praises they deserve, become Evil when they pass the bounds of their perfection; whether it be excess or defect that draws them. For  
Example,

Example, Prudence, which is that that Mankind ought most passionately to covet, and which indeed is the greatest gift that God doth bestow upon Man, becomes visionary and fanatical when it is too much refin'd, and in this condition is no less dangerous, than Folly. 'Tis the same in other Vertues, whose extreams are never wholesom; good Sense only is that which moderates them; and all the advantage which persons have we call Vertuous, is, the knowledge of the true measure to which they ought to reduce their good qualities. 'Tis the same in Love; and therefore *Plutarch* writes, that *Erato*, one of the Muses, did preside over it for its regulation. When it is at the top of its perfection, there are no praises which it does not merit: When it passes its limits, it is worthy of all the blame you and I have alledg'd. *Greece*, as amorous as it was of *Lais*, mock'd at those who brought a Talent to this Courtizan to pass a Night with her; but the insensibility of *Zenocrates* was no better handled by them, when he compar'd her to a piece of Wood. Hence you may collect, 'tis not that regulated Love about which we contend, that Authors have said so much ill of, but that Love which our excess depraves, and which we are ready to blame as well as you. The better to comprehend the difference between these Loves, learned Antiquity acknowledg'd two *Venus's*; one Celestial, the other Vulgar: The first they call'd *Urania*, the other *Pandeme*, or the *Venus* of the Common people. And they had each of them their Love, whereof one was govern'd by the Muses, the other, according to the testimony of a *Greek* Poet, durst not approach them; the first was free from all violent Troubles, the other was the Father of Disorder: that was for Wise men; this, for Fools. According to this sense one Judiciously said, Wise men Love, but others desire; whereby he would signifie, that the advantage of knowing how to love was reserv'd for the Vertu-

Vertuous, leaving to the Multitude all the Misfortunes that follow irregular Passions. But what defect is it, you will here say to me, that makes the most part of Mankind stray from this happy Love, and which casts them upon the furies and griefs of the bad *Venus*? 'Tis not one Error, I must answer, but all those which carry them from the possession of other good qualities. Yet in my opinion a principal cause of the Disorders of those who love is, they imbarke themselves in this Passion before they have chosen, whence finding humors contrary to their own, or unruly minds, their life must pass in disquiets, or they must abandon themselves to that disorder, which they pursu'd without any foresight. Doubtless here some one cannot forbear to alledge the half Loadstone, which *Plato* says we have at our first Creation, which is not without trouble till 'tis joyn'd to the other moiety from whence 'twas broken off; for my part, I pretend to pay you with currant Money, and to discourse more roundly than those that nourish themselves with *Idea's*. I say then, that when Esteem precedes Love, and that we judge of the object before we engage our Passion, Love becomes one of the greatest advantages we have. *Bertaut*, according to this sense, of all the Errors we commit in Love condemns chiefly that of failing in the election, as the source of all the rest, when he says,

*Car enfin la faute, qui naist  
D'aymer ce, qui n'est point aymable :  
Et de n'aymer point ce qui l'est,  
Est seul in amour condamnable.*

You see, that to this he adds another in favour of the good Love, and which he thinks no less an Error, it is, not to love that which deserves Love. Accommodating himself in this to *Ovid's* Opinion, who in his Remedies



medies, exhorts those who have chosen well to continue with constancy, and, finding their happiness consists in their Passion, he advises them to make good use of their Joy, and to spread all their Sails, and says, he looks upon them as upon those, who enter'd victorious into the Capitol. Now you will confess with me, that the Common people, for the most part subject to their first motions, and almost incapable of reflection, have not this good discerning, especially in a thing where they trust their Eyes and Sense of the matter; whence we conclude, that 'tis no wonder they fall into disasters, which themselves procure, and that what is said against Love does not respect that of Wise men, but of the Vulgar, who corrupt it by their bad use of it; I cannot better conclude this discourse; nor leave with you a more pleasant Idea, than the Opinion which the *Spartans* had, they who profess a Vertue so rigid, which is, That when *Venus* pass'd the River *Eurotas* to present her self to *Licurgus* their Lawgiver, she left upon the the Banks her Girdle full of Charms, her Glass, and all her wanton Robes, which drew in part the adoration of the rest of the World, and appear'd before this severe Man with a Helmet upon her head, her hand is charg'd with a Launce and Buckler. Let us apply this, and we shall find that Love, which represents it self to Common men with all those false Beauties that deceive and ruine them, lays by these pernicious Inchantments when he approaches the Wise; or rather, that 'tis the Vulgar who dress up Love in this attire, Idolizing him because they do not know him, and following him down Precipices; whereas Gallant men strip him to re-cloath him with Ornaments proper for him, and give him that perfection, which is the happiness of those who know how to love: Now as those who write to reform the Manners of men, do not aim at these Wise men we speak of, because they have no need of Remonstrances,

frances, and make up the least part of Mankind; we need not wonder, if those who discourse of Love, consider it in that deplorable condition to which 'tis reduc'd in the hands of the People, and if to divert or cure this multitude, lost in its own Folly, they have studied to describe it hideous, and capable of making men miserable: and yet as monstrous a thing as they have represented it to be, you shall see that they still mixt some good, yea, in such a degree, that often its excellent qualities surmount the bad. Whence we may be bold to determine, that Love is alwaies good in it self, that we can accuse nothing but the disorders that happen in it, and that they are these vulgar Lovers who have thus disfigur'd it. And I shall by and by let you see, that they have handled that of Wise men better. In the mean time, upon this foundation, which I assure my self you will find solid and reasonable, it will be easie for me to build the Answers I am to make, and to defend my self from all those Examples wherewith you are arm'd. I will add only two things to this Discourse, whereof you shall grant me one, unless you would have me convince you by your self, which are, That all the exaggerations in the discourse of Lovers serve as well to shew the quickness of their wit, as the force of their passion: and that there are certain things in use, which have a good grace in certain places, which we should be unjust to condemn, though they are not currant amongst us, otherwise we must expect the like; and we should draw towards the excess of presumption, if we esteem our selves enough to believe, that our Laws and Customes ought to be the rule of those of Mankind. I come now to a particular examination of the rest of your discourse, after you have aggravated Loves faults, the better to make it good, you pass to Examples. Which at first sight seem to have somewhat of weight in them; for you bring upon the Stage the  
great

great *Atrides*, the valiant *Achilles*, the stout *Hercules*, and at last *Jupiter* himself, which is all that Fable hath of Noble. For the first, which are the People of the *Iliads*, I would joyn issue with you, if instead of *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* you would produce *Ulysses*. But I will take these three, the better to confirm by them what I have advanc'd, That there is a great difference between the Love of Common people, and the Love of Sages, that we as much blame the first, as we approve the other, and that almost all your Examples lie against that which we find fault with. *Horace*, whose Censures are very regular, when he writes his opinion of *Homers* two Poems, notes well, that the War of the *Greeks* and *Barbarians* contain'd only the Passions of mad Princes and foolish People. That in the Camp and in the Town all was full of Sedition, Deceit, Cruelty, Rage, and brutish Sensuality; and that the Souldiers suffer'd through the Folly of their Princes. Coming afterwards to consider the *Odysseys*, he saith, that the Poet hath propos'd *Ulysses* for a perfect and profitable Example of all, that Prudence, Wisdom, and Vertue can do. So that you need not wonder, if *Agamemnon* and his Rival had their transports in Love; they whose whole life was irregular, and who, in all they did, never consulted their Reason, nor took counsel, but of their Will and their Power. After this discourse of *Horace*, we may rank their Examples among the Vulgar, and ought to judge of them according to *Seneca's* Opinion, That Merit and not Dignity, separates us from the crowd. If we return to *Ulysses*, we may consider, that in his greatest Misfortunes he hath had some little Loves, by which the Poet seems to insinuate, that a Wise man ought alwaies to make Love. But in all his Loves we find nothing disorderly, nothing defective, nothing which does not set him off with some advantage, nothing in fine, which were not to be wish'd.

And

And now let us come to *Hercules*, and without seeking to excuse him, as we might, let us place him amongst this crowd, that goes astray. And indeed all those who have exalted his Strength, have had but a bad opinion of his mind; and such as have reported the great Services he did the World, have defam'd him as a Mad man, and one who fill'd his own House with horrible Spectacles. There remains only *Jupiter* to be considered by us, and with him, if you please, all the gods of Antiquity; if we look upon them as men, we must say, that they have preferr'd Violence to Equity, and abus'd their Power in their Passions. Or if you will, that we treat them as Immortal gods, it must be on condition, that we remember Antiquity, which has learnt us their Loves, far from blaming them, have had them in veneration, and that she has made her greatest Mysteries out of the most ridiculous Adventures; that she hath rais'd upon Altars and peopled Heaven with these Generations, and that among the *Egyptians* we find stately rooms of *Jupiters* Mistresses. Thus, you cannot draw consequences disadvantageous to us from the Examples of these Men-gods, seeing that as Men we hold, that in their Loves they are capable of all the weaknesses of the Common people; and that as Gods, we ought not to reduce the Religion of Pagans to our Reason, who invented these Fooleries to consecrate them. You see now, that you have got little by these Examples, that we blame the Faults of the people as well as you, but that they have nothing proportionable to that Love which we prefer. And now you lead in *Plato* and *Aristotle*; great Names, and worthy of a great Respect; and we are so far from presuming to censure their Actions, that on the contrary we are ready to take them for the Model of our own. They have Lov'd, say you; we believe a Wise man ought to do it. But during their Gallantry they

wrote

wrote Verses, and did things unbeseeming their Gravity. Let us see, if in this they did not allow something to the Mode of their Countrey, and if upon a matter indifferent in their Customes they have not suffer'd their Genius to sport it self. You know how far *Greece* once countenanc'd Love: And you know that *Socrates*, who taught Morality to other men, taught Love to *Alcibiades*; and that amongst the Works of Philosophers in those Ages there was still some strain of Love. Now, Love then was accompanied with Poisie, and the Muses were alwaies present at *Greek* Feasts. *Plutarch* says, That in his time men did not cease to Love, though they made no Verses; as if before, these two had been inseparable. But these Nine Sisters did not accompany Lovers with that severity, which they assum'd for the Hymns of the gods; they came attended by *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, drest, perfum'd, and merry; they came, as we find them in the Poetry of *Sappho*, *Anacreon*, and other *Lyrick*s, celebrating, amidst Wine and garlands of Roses, the Beauty and Wit of those they Lov'd. And this being so, can you think it strange that these Philosophers follow'd the fashion of their Countrey in Actions, which the Manners of their Nation and Age not only made lawful, but which were so esteem'd, that the wise *Solon*, who also made Love-Verses, forbids Slaves to make Love, reserving this honour for Free men? Are you offended, that in making Verses they serv'd themselves of the same Praises, and us'd the same Language with other Poets, that they employ'd the Sun, the Stars, and the rest of the comparisons of Beauty? If you are not yet satisfied, but will continue to blame those transports of Love, which *Plato* shew'd for *Dion*, I will answer, that 'twas Rapture carried him to the expression, but that he did not feel in himself all that he said, nor did think his Verse should one day be examin'd by so severe a Judge as your self.

And

And for the Kiss of *Agathon*, without examining *Grecian* Manners; let it satistie us that the World then found no fault with it; nor will we insist upon the reason he had to love *Archianassa*, the Wisdom of that Woman charm'd him, and his conceit of Love hid under wrinkles, ought rather to please than offend you. For what concerns *Zantippe*, she it may be you us'd lets us know, you did not believe 'twas *Socrates's* wife, and I think you only play'd upon the Names, or tempted the goodness of your Memory; for, you know, the Time and other circumstances destroy this fancy. For the Sacrifice of *Aristotlé*, if he held the Divinity of *Ceres* as veritable, I would blame him exceedingly for having prophan'd it; but if he was undeceiv'd, ought you to wonder, if to honour what he lov'd, he paid to his Mistress the respects which the Vulgar render'd to Idols, and perform'd a Ceremony, which not only was indifferent to him, but which he laugh'd at? You know that he fled from *Athens*, for fear lest the Magistrates, through the politick necessity of Government, should use him for matters of Religion, as they did *Socrates*, and, as he said, lest he should be forc'd to sin against Philosophy. Having examin'd the Actions of these two Great men, we will not meddle with the rest particularly, because you propose them but in gross, and our general Reasons may serve to your general Accusation. Now, as if you had foreseen, that these *Greek* Examples were weak and could not decide the affair, you descend to our Knights errant, and bring in *Orlando Furioso*; but if you will have Romances, and consent we should draw consequences from them, we have absolutely gain'd our Cause. But you pass him and come to *Antony*, *Hannibal*, *Sampson*, *David* and *Solomon*; see a troupe of Enemies muster'd against me, but a little patience will lay this Storm, and in a few words I shall be able to rid my self of these famous Names

Names wherewith *M. Menage* thinks to oppress me. Let us begin with *Antony*; this *Roman* having only judg'd of *Cleopatra* by his eyes, and suffering himself to be seduc'd by those Flatterers, which ruin'd him by upbraiding him with the kindneses of this Queen, still crying out to him

*O homme ingrat de tant de doux baisers.*

This *Roman*, I say, deserves to be put amongst the Lovers we have blam'd. To make Love the Author of *Hannibals* losses, is it not to be ignorant that the Feasts, and Bannia's and Delights of *Capua* ruin'd him? and if Love had any part in it, 'twas that debauch'd Love which we condemn, and which ordinarily follows Wine and Idleness. The same may be said to the rest of your Examples. Now after you have ended their retail, you pass on to a general Maxim, that all Lovers are Fools; which you pretend to prove by their Actions, and by their Discourse; and to this purpose you leave the firm Land to go to an Island where you assemble Lovers. And here your Learning furnishes you with a long train of passages which you cite from the *Greeks*, *Latins*, *Spaniards*, *Italian*; but truly you take all these things in the worst sense, and 'tis not fit we explain them thus literally as you do. They are things, as I said, that Wit has invented, but does not believe, and a peculiar Language, which long Custome hath past from hand to hand, amongst all those who have wrote of Love. Believe me, we ought not to banish figures of discourse: let us not imbroil our selves with Lovers that make Verse; let us leave them their Pearls, Scarlet, Roses, Lillies, the *Aurora* and the Sun, which they have possess'd time out of mind. But whatever they say, let us not think they take Hair for Chains, nor Eyes for Archers. If we find one of the Ancients com-

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manding

manding his Torch be put out, for the fire of his Passion makes it light enough, let us not imagine he is persuaded 'tis so: and if we meet with one of the Moderns singing to his Guitarr, that the Passing-bell should be toll'd as often as his Mistress arms her self with her two Suns, let us for all that believe, that this *Spaniard* fear'd a Feaver or the Small Pox, more than the encounter of this Basilisk. If I should now combat your Citations with others, and seek Loves Praises in Books, the day would fail before I could finish half of them. As for those Lovers which you make to act worse than they speak, which Stab, Hang, and Drown themselves; I can tell you, that 'tis out of fashion now: But if any of these desperate persons remain any where, but upon our Theaters, I consent that such depravers of honest Love be chain'd up, not only in your Isle of *Petrarch*, but in the inaccessible Isle of *Polexander*, lest the mode should return again. But to answer what you find more to say against the Humors and Actions of Lovers; you do ill to make Crimes of indifferent Gallantries, of these garlands of Flowers with which they crown'd the Doors, or those little Courtships which like Garments fall into the modes of the Age wherein we live, or places where we dwell. I could send you again to *Plutarch*, who says, That what young Lovers ordinarily do, as to go in Masquerade, to Dance, to Sing, to present Nosegays, brings some handsom and honest relief to their Passion: and in one word, for what concerns these little things which you disallow, Nature hath as great a share in them, as Love, and we must not lay to its charge the defects of Humanity. Now there nothing remains but to answer the description you give of our Youth of both Sexes. In which particular I cannot do better than to proceed with you as *Homers Jupiter*, who of two things *Agamemnon* ask'd, granted him one, and refus'd him one; so I will  
confess



confess, there are some of our Young Gentlemen such as you paint them, and who doubtless are worthy of your Scorn: but I not only deny that 'tis Love which betrays them to this condition, but on the contrary, I know nothing which can redeem them from it, but an honest applying themselves to some Lady of Merit. The best is, that the number of them is but small, and your Satyr hits but few. It is true for the Citizen, that the foolish Pride which descends to them with their Inheritance, and those false Idea's which they form of a Voluptuous life, corrupt in them the sense of Vertue. But this disorder is not general. In the mean time you accuse Love for this Artificial handsonness, which you pretend effeminates our Youth, and alledge that such men seem to seek other men; to which I reply nothing, but that it were to be wish'd they resembled him who was first reproach'd with it, which you know was *Pompey*, and you know also, that if it had not been for one man, *Pompey* had been the first man of the World. As for *Paris*, what he did was without doubt of bad Example, but I cannot think you will impute his want of Courage to his Beauty, for then *Hector* should have been as very a Poltron as he, seeing *Homer* calls him

*Hector ayant le visage tres-beau.*

And *Achilles* should have been the veriest Coward amongst the *Greeks*, seeing, according to the report of the same *Homer*, he was the fairest. Let us add, to reconcile you to mens Beauty, the request that *Thales* made to the young *Eumetis*, that *Thales*, which you esteem wiser than all his six Companions together, finding this Maid accommodating the Hair of *Anacharsis*, whom the *Barbarians* oppos'd alone to all the Sages of *Greece*, he kiss'd her and pray'd her to dress up the *Scythian* in such a manner, that he might appear hand-

form to the Company that were to Sup with *Periander*. You see then, that Beauty is not a fault in men, and that what Faults they have cannot be imputed to Love. And are you not of this opinion, when in that part of your discourse wherein you imploy our Gallants to debauch and pervert the Consciences of our Ladies, you blame them for not being content with a union of hearts and wills? whereby you seem to acknowledge, as well as I, an honest Love which may there be terminable, and that those who pass those bounds by Excess, corrupt Love, and are not corrupted by it. 'Tis true, answer'd *M. Menage*, I did merrily tell you that these Gentlemen would not stop there, but I did not say they ought to do so: and to examine the matter better, if you reduce your honest Love to these Spiritual affections, I fear your defence is but ill grounded. Not but that I know, how Philosophers in all times have boasted of this Union of hearts; but I know also, what *Cicero* observes, that these People wrote magnificently concerning things, which they practis'd no better than the Common people; and the conceit of a *Greek* Poet pleases me well, who saith, he can no more be perswaded, that a Lover does adore without hoping any thing, than that a Beggar does importune a Rich man, without pretending to draw an Alms from him. After all, you know how those *Stoick* Philosophers were laugh'd at in *Athenens*, who said, they had no delight but upon the Soul. Here you will alledge what *Platarch* writes, that the love of the Body cannot be call'd Love; and that *Euripides* contends for a Love that only pursues the mind; and that in fine, an *Italian* calls the Union of hearts

*Ultima speme di cortesi amanti.*

But after all we must return to Nature, which hath a

end more noble and more necessary, that is, the continuation of the Species, and which draws us to it by the charms of Beauty; and conclude, that in despite of all these refin'd Reasonings, that these Spiritual Lovers dwell only in the imagination of those who feign them. In this particular, says *M. Trilport*, I fall in with the Opinion of *M. Menage*; and for my part I believe that it was the opinion of the Ancients, but those who have descanted upon their Love Treatises, have a little too much subtiliz'd their thoughts. For instance, What would you have us judge of the Discourse which *Socrates* holds in the Banquet of *Zenophon*, but that he approves the Love where the Body hath its part as well as the Mind? seeing 'tis said, that the whole Company were so touch'd with this Discourse, that those who were Married hastned home to make much of their Wives, and all the Young people swore to Marry forthwith. Truly, added I, seeing one of the Ancients said, Beauty was the flower of Vertue, I cannot think *M. Cb.* will be so unjust to forbid honest people loving this Flower; on the contrary, I assure my self he will judge of Loves as of Orange-trees, which are the fairer for bearing Flower and Fruit together; and that he will also believe, that Love must be so much the more satisfactory, by how much the Lady we serve is Fair. I will not meddle with you two, replies *M. Cb.* having enough to do to save a wholsom Proposition from the art and force of *M. Menage*. Besides, I am not at such distance from your last opinion. And if you mark'd my words, I said, Love might confine it self to a Union of hearts, not that it ought; and in my opinion it may pass further, provided it does not lead us into disorder. That which further keeps me from blaming your Opinion is, that I hold the nature of perfect Love to be such, that it grows in the possession of what we love; for a generous mind cannot receive

new favours without augmenting its Passion. Thus when I have granted you, that Love tends to enjoyment; I must add at the same time, that the Good tend to it by good ways of Honour, Vertue and fair qualities, which render a man lovely; and that we endeavour to acquire them when we love after this manner. On the contrary, those who manage their passion ill, and who love without choice, imploy evil means; whence it happens, that their intreagues being ill conceiv'd and ill conducted, are not lasting, end with Scandal, and during their course are travers'd with continual disorders. Confess now, that in this Chapter you find me less severe than you expected. We find you, says *M. Trilport*, in this, as in all the rest of your Sentiments, very reasonable. And I, adds *M. M.* am content to agree with you here; and in the mean time, replies *M. Ch.* this will not favour your Opinion; for though I confess to you, that the Body makes up part of the Object which Love propounds to it self, this will not say that Love is irregular, as you think, but on the contrary renders it more accomplish'd, and the possession of Beauty is a Cord that binds it more strongly and more sweetly; but this is when we use it well, and that we choose before we love. Let us come now to an apology for the Ladies, which you handle after a strange rate. You will tell me, you mean only the Gossips; if so, we are agreed, for your discourse does not touch me; but this Invektive was too general, and 'tis not to be thought, that a man who hath attack'd the reputation of *Penelope* and *Lucretia*, aims only at those who make profession of being fair, and lay out for a great many Servants. However, I am willing to believe, that in this you have imitated *Euripides*, who blam'd upon the Theater the Sex he ador'd in private, and that you have not spoken ill of them because you believ'd it, or because you have been wronged.

wronged by them, and the design of well defending your Paradox hath made you betray your Conscience; for I know no man respects or esteems Ladies more than you, to say nothing of your Loves, in which you pass for the true *pastor fidei*. But this Consideration shall not stop me from assaulting your discourse; and as you have appear'd to us a great Enemy of Ladies, I find my self obliged to defend them from your accusation; which I will make appear to you is more ingenious than true. In effect, 'tis easie to sustain their Cause; if 'twere unjust, their Beauty only would suffice to plead it. You must remember the Judges of Greece, and the Courtizan *Phrine*; this Woman was accus'd; *Hyperides* defended her; he was a famous Oratour, and one from whom might be expected all the succours of Eloquence; but the cause being very foul, and the Judges severe, his Rhetorick was too weak, and the matter inclin'd towards a hard Sentence: Now to what had this Advocate recourse in this desperate case? to an infallible remedy, to the Beauty of *Phrine*; he tears the Robe of this Criminal, and lets them see so fair a person, that making Conscience of condemning her, they sent her away discharged of her Accusation; whence *Horace* learn'd,

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

I assure my self, if I should do so, I should not find you more difficult than these Reverend Judges; but as I do not speak of Courtizans or Gossips, so I have no need of using violent Remedies, and 'twill be enough for me to perswade your Reason, and not drag it along by force. I speak for Ladies which we call solid, whose Sentiments are elevate and noble; in a word, for Ladies which are not of your fashion. But yet,

Ladies that can suffer Courtship; and we believe 'tis not misbecoming them to make illustrious Slaves: and we dare not be more severe than *Plutarch*, who advises honest Women to sacrifice to Love. It rests we enquire, whether there are many such to be found, or only those which you have mention'd. But this Sex hath not been so unhappy as you pretend. All Ages have had illustrious Women as well as Men, and they have shar'd with us in all good qualities. I will not prove their Vertues to you by Examples, which you may doubt of; I will not tell you, that during the course of Seven hundred years there was not one married in the Isle of *Chio*, which was not found a Virgin; I will not cite the *Amazons* which fought against *Hercules*: in the humor you are in you will hold the first for Apocryphal, and will say, the last is not very certain. I only say, that in all Nations Women have perform'd in the general, and in the particular, quantity of remarkable Actions both for Policy and War. History hath plac'd a great many Queens at the head of Empires and Monarchies: if we would have marks of their Courage, Wit, and Vertue, without seeking amongst the Modern *Indians*, or our Ancient *Gauls*, the glorious paleness which we see in the face of *Seneca's* Wife, tells us, she will die with her Husband. *Arria*, by giving her self a deadly wound, teaches us better than *Petus* to despise this life. *Portia* will perish generously after *Brutus*. And when we see *Sophronia* and *Olindo* environ'd with flames, we cry out

*O spettacolo grande one à tenzone,  
Sono amore e magnanimo virtute,*

But we shall be surpriz'd with a profound astonishment, seeing *Lena* dumb in the midst of Torments, and as little apt to reveal the Complices in the Conspiracy of  
*Harmodius*

*Harmodius* and *Aristogiton* (who, as *Plutarch* speaks, had drank in the same Cup of Love with her) as that Lions of Brass could have been, which the *Athenians* would have erected without a Tongue, in favour of the silence of this woman. If we would have qualities more peaceable, *Greece*, which vaunts of Nine *Lyrick* Poets, boasts also of Nine Ladies excellent in this kind of Poetry: and *Pindar*, the Prince of these Nine famous Poets, was the Scholar of *Myrtis*, one of those Ladies, and was not asham'd to be corrected by *Corinna*, who was another of them; nor five times to be solemnly overcome by her. If we go amongst the Philosophers, *Aspatia* can boast she did share with *Alcibiades* the Cares and the Love of *Socrates*, and we shall find *Leontia* in the Gardens of *Epicurus*. But if we descend to our Age and our Court, we shall find as in a crowd these wonders, which were but thinly scatter'd in the past; and we shall confess with reason, that these illustrious persons are the honour of our Nation, and have their minds no less perfect than their faces. You know the Ladies I speak of as well as I, and what honour I owe to this great Princess; you often enter her Palaces, which are fam'd for celebrated Schools, where utmost Politeness is learnt: and I appeal from you to your self, whether these men are judg'd of by their outsides or the advantages of Fortune. Believe me, these are the Examples you ought to have produc'd, and not have troubled your self to shake the Reputation of *Penelope* and *Lucrece*, too well establish'd by the general opinion and consent of so many Ages, to depend upon a Jest, a Tradition, or a Manuscript. That which remains to be prov'd is, that there does redound very great advantages to those who are happy enough to be of the number of our Lovers, and who have their Souls rais'd to that point, that they dare aspire to please excellent persons of the other Sex; but the

the heat being over, and it being almost time to walk abroad, I must end, for I make conscience of hindring you from a walk in an Evening that prepares it self to be very fresh and fair. *M. Trilport* and my self, and *M. Menage*, who took a singular pleasure in hearkning to *M. Gb.* and to whom the matter was not so material, that he should care much though he chang'd an opinion, which he had taken up only for Discourse sake; when, I say, we had all conjur'd him not to make such haste, I have been too long, replied *M. Chappellein*, and I was not resolv'd to spend any more time in teaching you a Doctrine which you know as well as I; however, seeing I am engag'd, I will add a few words. No body replying, he continued in this manner: I have always esteem'd the Opinion of *Empedocles*, who calls Love the principle of all good; and indeed, when we exactly examine mens lives, it does seem to be the source and original of whatever passes well. For whether we consider the policies of Towns and business of Peace, or whether we regard the Wars of Nations, which have been the Theaters of Heroick Vertue, both publick employments and private retreats owe to Love what they have of fair, sweet, and honest. To begin with War; *Plutarch* takes notice of divers Nations, who were subject to Love and extreemly Warlike: he reckons up several Great men addicted to Love. We may say, that this divinity presides no less in Combats than in the calms of Peace; at least, the *Lacedemonians* Sacrificed to him in the head of their Troops, when they were ready to begin a fight. The *Candiot*s did the same, only with this difference, that they drew out the fairest men from among their ranks to offer this Sacrifice. There have been Nations who to assure themselves of Victory, would have the persons lov'd Spectators of the actions of their Lovers in fight. But to say all,  
Did



Did Antiquity ever see any thing more gallant than that Cohort of *Thebans*, which they call'd Sacred, and which was compos'd of Lovers? And do not you fancy the criticism of *Pamenes*, who censures the Sage *Nestor* for having in *Homer* put the *Greeks* in Battel by Nations, whereas he ought to have put all the Lovers by themselves? I willingly pick out *Greek* Examples, because we must confess, that this Nation knew and esteem'd Love better than any other; but yet I know not any which has not had its brave Lovers, or where Valour does not owe much to Love. To this purpose, I remember that amongst other Romances which were brought me once from *Spain*, one of the Songs began *Muy rebuelto anda Jaen*; this Romance speaks of a fally the *Christians* made upon the *Moors*: the *Christians* might be twelve or fifteen hundred, all Gentlemen of Honour and Lovers in earnest, these are the words of the Song, or rather of the History, for these Songs serv'd then for Chronicles. Now the Poet, forgetting Religion and Countrey, for which the most fearful become valiant, attributes the Victory the *Spaniards* got only to Love. They sallied out, says he, when they had first solemnly sworn upon their Mistresses hands, not to return to *Jaen* without a Captive *Moor*, and those who had Mistresses exceeding fair, engag'd for four Prisoners. If from these general Actions we should pass to particular ones, we might judge that *Plato* had good reason to call Love the General undertaker, and that he believed Love gave Courage, seeing the only recompence he appoints for the Conquerours after a fight, is the pleasure of choosing amongst the fairest persons her he best likes, and to kiss her. In this your *Perceforests* hath imitated him, and the prize in one of his famous *Tournaments* is to kiss the fairest Woman in *Great Britain*. Now these *Tournaments*, which during the time of Peace were

were little Images of War, never had other object but the Love of Ladies; and as they past into *Europe* with the *Moors*, so among the *Moors* 'twas Love invented them: I will end this after I have let you know, that *Ferdinand* and *Isabel* could not conquer the Kingdom of *Granada* till the King *Chico* had banish'd the *Abencerages*, that is to say, Love; the Knights of this Race being the greatest Courtiers, and the most amorous of all the *Africans*. Yea, Fame had rais'd them to such a high esteem for gallantry, that 'twas said, never any *Abencerage* had serv'd Lady of *Granada* without being favour'd by her, and that never Lady was thought worthy of the Name, if she had not an *Abencerage* to be her Servant. Thus much is said by the Moor *Abinderast* in the *Diana* of *Montmajor*; where the History of this Lover seems to me so lively handled, that if it were separate from the body of the Romance, what *Greece* hath best in this kind would have no other advantage over this small Adventure, than that of Antiquity. And now having seen Love cover'd in the arms of *Mars*, valiant and victorious; let us place him in a condition a little more tranquill, in calms and peace. *Zeno* the *Stoick* teacheth us, that in this estate he hath care of things which concern the welfare of the Common-wealth, and that he is the god of Liberty, Friendship and Concord: And we read in *Asbenew*, that he was much honoured in the Alliances of Nations. After this, if we consider the good manners of a City, the *Athenians*, the most polish'd men in the World, will shew us in the Academy dedicated to *Minerva*, the Statue of Love with that of this goddess. If we seek Opinions more regular than the Common ones, and will not be satisfied but with those of Philosophers, *Asbenew* will inform us, that in the place where they did their Exercises was rais'd the Statues of *Mercury*, *Hercules* and *Cupid*; to shew that

Eloquence

Eloquence and Strength are unprofitable, unless Love guides them. If we have a mind to pass a little amidst honest divertisments, *Euripides* will tell us, that 'tis Love which hath bestow'd Verse and Musick upon us. And an *Italian* will confirm you in this opinion,

*Amor primo truovò le rime e versi,  
E suoni e canti, e ogni melodia.*

But not to do all by Authority, but after these convincing Testimonies to give some place to Reason, I ask of you if it be not true, that Man being an animal born to live in Society, amidst this great diversity of humors which we behold the most accommodating are the best? You will grant me this without doubt; but this Complacency is nothing else but a design to please, and that we have not this design without some object, I do not suspect you will deny me. In the mean time, usually Young people do not take up this design to please, but in order to render themselves agreeable to Women, that they may return them their Love; for, that neither Ambition nor Avarice can carry them to this, I believe you will also confess. Then at the same time grant me, that by this Love is bred in mens minds the quality which is most necessary to Civil life, which is, to know perfectly, and without trouble to accommodate ones self to the Manners and Sentiments of others. And without doubt, this sweetness of Spirit is so much an effect of Love, that the *Thebans* did not ordain that Love should be practis'd publickly amongst them, but with design to adulce and bend their Manners, which were too gross and rude. But Love not only renders us capable of acting civilly, and of being esteem'd, it not only gives us good qualities, but corrects our bad; and *Plutarch* compares it divinely to the Dictator, whose power suspended the functions of all the Magistrates

gistrates of the *Roman* Common-wealth, whereby he would signifie, that all our other Passions do not appear when this possesses us. The *Polyphemus* of the Poets, not only forgot his barbarism and cruelty when he fell in Love, but, as one of the Ancient says, he went so far as to turn gallant, and comforted himself in his love with singing. *Pluto* himself, this inexorable God

*Et ces barbares cœurs que jamais l'amitié,*

*Ni les pleurs des humains n'esmeurent à pitié.*

gave up *Euridice* to the love of *Orpheus*; *Circes* left her Witchcrafts for *Ulysses*, with whom she treated sincerely and faithfully. Did not Love make an able man of an Ideot in *Boccace*, who represents his *Cimon* in his nature so much a Block, that to increase the number of them he voluntarily left the City to dwell in Woods; And because likeness breeds love, he resolv'd to seek no Friendship but that of Animals; and as a good Politian he imitated them so well, that he forgot humane Speech, retaining only a confused and indistinct sound, which signified nothing but the bestiality of *Cimon*. One day, whether by chance or destiny, he found a beauteous young Lady sleeping under the Trees; he thought he saw the Sun lying in the shade; she wrought in him a Miracle contrary to that of *Medusa's* Head, and of a Stone he became a man. He began to use that Reason which at first he did not know, and to himself discours'd excellently well of Beauty: it seem'd that *Cupid* by the wound in his heart let in vertue into his Soul; he beheld that face as an excellent book, and in an instant became a Master in Loves School; the brightness of those eyes though shut, did shoot light into his eclipsed understanding, and in a short time he prov'd an excellent Philosopher, and a gallant Courtier. Does not this bring us to the *Italian* Proverb?

*Amor pao far gentil un cuor villano.*

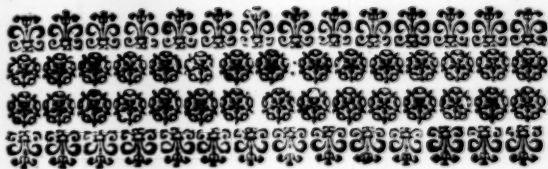
If these Allegorical instructions are not enough, History will teach us, that the Courtizan *Lais* became staid and constant when she fell in love with *Hippolochus*. We say further, that Love can make Prodigies in Arts and Sciences; and we may call to mind, that at *Antwerp* they admire to this day the famous Picture of *Quintin*, whom this god in one year, of a Smith which he was before, made the best Painter of his Age. If the noblest Sentiments are inspir'd by Love; if 'tis he that corrects our defects; if whatever is handsom in Civil life and in Military actions proceeds from this noble Passion, ought we not with *Euripides*, pray the gods to preserve us from having to do with those who are not initiated into these Holy Mysteries, who this Poet calls fierce and rustick Spirits; and have we not good reason to advise Young people not to shun Love, but to use it well? and this I think is enough to establish what the *Italian* lays down as an assured Maxim,

*Tutto e perduto il tempo che ci accanza,  
Se in amar non si spende.*

He had scarce ended these words, when, &c.

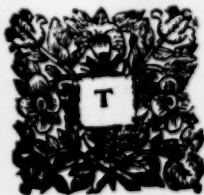
WAL-





## WALSTEIN

# Conspiracy.



THE Conspiracy of *Walstein* was certainly one of the most famous Enterprizes of the last Age ; and therefore such as are pleas'd with the recital of great Actions , and who would profit themselves of the Vices or Vertues of Famous men, will like the History. 'Tis this perhaps hath engag'd many Learned men to give us divers relations, which I should esteem perfect, if they were not interess'd. But certainly the Animosities of contrary sides in which most Authors are found, slides insensibly into their Writings, and Invectives or Flatteries fill up the room of Truth. Some have accus'd the Emperour of Cruelty ; many prais'd his Prudence and Justice. These have render'd *Walstein* a Monster ; those, a Hero : whilst love to the Court of *Vienna* , hatred to the House of *Austria* ; a design to please or to offend, hath depriv'd them of the freedom of speaking.

I, not being preoccupied with any of these Considerations, and finding my self at equal distance from hope and fear, esteem it no offence against modesty, if, after so many Famous men, I also write a Relation of this Conspiracy. But we must first speak of the manners and power of this Man.

*Albert Walstein* was of a great and bold Spirit, but unquiet and enemy of Repose; tall and strong of Body; his Face rather majestick than pleasant; he was naturally very Temperate, sleeping little, alwaies in action; supporting easily Cold and Hunger; flying Pleasures, and surmounting the incommodities of the Gout and Age, by temperance and exercise; speaking little, thinking much; writing all his Affairs himself; valiant and judicious in War; dextrous in raising and sustaining Armies; severe in punishing, prodigal in recompensing, but with choice and design; always firm against evil Fortune; civil in occasion, otherwise proud and fierce; immeasurably ambitious; envious of others Fame, jealous of his own; implacable in his hatred, cruel in his revenge; apt to kindle; a friend of Magnificence, Ostentation, and Novelty; extravagant in appearance, but doing nothing without design; never wanting the Publick good for pretext, though he made all serve to the growth of his Fortune; despising Religion, which he kept in service of his Policy. Extremely artificial, chiefly in appearing disinterest'd, curious and clear-sighted in the designs of others, most advised in the conduct of his own; above all, dextrous in hiding them; and was by so much the more impenetrable, as he affected in publick candour and liberty, blaming in others that dissimulation whereof he serv'd himself on all occasions. This Man, having studied carefully the Maxims and Conduct of such, who from a private condition had arriv'd at Sovereignty, was always fill'd with thoughts and elevated hopes, despising such as con-

contented



tented themselves with a Mediocrity. In what estate soever Fortune placed him, he dreamt always of mending it: and at last being come to that point of Greatness, that there was nothing but Crowns above him, he had the courage to think of usurping that of *Bohemia*. And though he knew the design full of peril and perfidiousness, he despis'd the danger which he had always surmounted, and thought all actions honest which tended to Empire. 'Tis true, that Ambition, conjuncture of Affairs, and the accidents of his Fortune, representing the Enterprize just and facile, push'd him upon the execution.

But it is necessary, before we begin the Recital, to reflect upon his Life to the time of his Revolt, that we may be the better inform'd, what it was that intic'd him to this Conspiracy, and the means that he used.

They who have said Fortune rais'd *Walstein* from the Plough, and that his Birth was obscure, err'd through Malice or Ignorance: for his Father was a Baron of *Bohemia*; that is, one of the greatest Lords of that Kingdom, in which there are neither Dukes nor Marquesses. The Barons being so jealous of their Dignity, that if a stranger Duke would be naturaliz'd *Bohemian*, they would oblige him to quit his Title, and to content himself with theirs. Besides, they measuring the greatness of Families by their Antiquity, some Authors have reckon'd that of *Walstein* among the chief, though not the richest. His Father brought him up in the *Protestant* Religion, and would have had him apply himself to Letters; but his turbulent Spirit not being proper for the repose of the Muses, his Masters drove him from their Schools, where, instead of studying, he made leagues and parties, and took off his Companions from their obedience and discipline. Such force hath Nature in that age, when it can neither be hid

by dissimulation, nor corrected by prudence. By this his Parents saw themselves constrain'd to send him to Court sooner than they intended; so they present him Page to the Marquess of *Burgh*, Son to the Arch-Duke *Ferdinand* of *Inspurch*. Whilst he remained there, falling from a high Window without hurting himself, he turn'd *Catholick*; and fancying, that after this happy scape he was reserv'd for something extraordinary, he quits his Master with intent to Travel; thereby to render himself worthy of that, which his destiny seem'd to promise him. He sees *Germany*, *England* and *France*, accommodating himself to the manners and habits of those Countries; noting their Scituations, Laws and Forces, taking from each what he liked best, and at last sits down at *Padua*, having curiously visited the rest of *Italy*. Here it was that he repented his neglect of Learning (absolutely necessary to a Great man.) and render'd himself capable of Arts, if not knowing in them. Particularly he falls upon the study of Politicks and Astrology, which suited his genius and his designs: pleasing himself infinitely with those Maxims which are distast'd in publick by those who practice them in private; fancying for himself immoderate Grandeurs, lodg'd in the Stars, which he did not forbear to hope for, though his Reason seem'd to set them at an infinite distance. But partly awaking from this dream, his mind stuff'd with vast pretentions, perceiving that with his small Forces 'twas not possible for him to compass his designs, resolves to accommodate his means to his ends by seeking in Marriage a rich and noble Lady; and gain'd, by his excellent address, so much on her affections, that she preferr'd him to several Great persons, who were ingaged before him. And after she was married, continued so desperately amorous and jealous, that she had almost kill'd him by mixing with his drink one of those *Philters*, which instead of winning

ning the mind wounds it ; making strange havock in the body that suffers its violences. A Poyson by so much the more inevitable , as it stands for a mark of affection with those that give it. He was scarce recovered when his Wife dies without Children , leaving him her Heir and Master of a great Estate. Soon after, the War of the Arch-Duke *Ferdinand* with the *Venetians* breaking out in *Friol*, he imbrac'd the occasion he had so often wish'd, and thought so necessary for him: believing, that to able men , the way of Arms was the most certain and shortest to arrive at Greatness ; whereas Peace might enrich many, but rais'd few : so levying at his own charge three hundred Horse well appointed , he offer'd his own and their Service to the Duke at the Siege of *Gradisk*: where, by his liberality to his Officers , and readiness to succour his Souldiers in their necessities ; by his conduct in War ; often fortunate, alwaies remarkable, doing actions extraordinary ; praising other mens , silent in his own ; acting with vigilance and care ; keeping his Troops in abundance, when the whole Army wanted ; he put himself in the reputation of one, that amongst many good qualities had some extraordinary , and gain'd , together with the friendship of *Ferdinand*, the charge of Colonel over the *Moravia* Forces.

The Troubles of *Bobemia* following , and the Nobility of that Kingdom conspiring against the Emperour, *Walstein* continued faithful, though the Rebels solicited him by offers of chief employment, and by the hopes and recompences of the War. But he pretending no less from the Emperour , and as yet preferring things certain and honest to things doubtful and tumultuary, after having endeavour'd in vain to repress the Sedition of *Prague*, when he saw that he could not keep his *Moldavian* Troops in their obedience , and that his Countreymen had confiscated his Estate, he got as much

of the Publick Treasure as he could, and retir'd to *Vienna*, where all was squeez'd from him except twelve Thousand Crowns, which he had conveyed away, and with which he rais'd a Thousand light Horse. But here I must not omit one passage, which shew'd the particular care that Fortune took of this man; which is, that at the first of these Troubles, and before the Rebels had begun the War, the chief of the party enter'd in Arms, and without leave into the privy Chamber of the Emperour; where they made their propositions with such insolence, that one of them, his hand on his Sword, durst say, 'twas that should satisfy their demands, if denied. In this fear and surprize of *Ferdinand Walstein* arriv'd by chance with a new rais'd Troop, which he meant to shew the Emperour, which oblig'd these bold Rebels, who thought themselves betray'd and lost, to throw down their Arms and to cast themselves at the Princes foot, whose favour *Walstein* possess'd from this time to that of his revolt. Whilst what he did in this War, particularly his defeating six Thousand *Hungarians* with fifteen Troops of Horse, purchas'd him an extream Fame and an extream Envy, (for never any could separate these two) the Prince of *Leistaine* constituted Judge of the *Bohemian* Rebels and Governour of the Kingdom, accused him at *Vienna*. But he, that well knew the nature of the Court, where Absence is criminal, if it be not defended, and where Safety is alwaies found, if we will buy it, hastned thither with sixty Thousand Crowns, and not only purchas'd an esteem for his Innocence, but minding to acquire some of the Great ones, that might protect and sustain his Fortunes; besides that Artifice and Interest gain'd him divers, he marries the Daughter of *Charles of Arach*, chief Counsellor and Favourite to *Ferdinand* and by the credit of his Father in Law, and the succours of Money, which he lent the Emperour in his pressing

necessities, he obtain'd, besides his light Horse, two Regiments of Foot, and the charge of Serjeant Major General.

The Victories of this party and the weakness of the Revolted having in appearance ended the War, *Walstein*, who perceived how things went, and knew that the Rebellion was rather dissembled than extinct, and that the Leagues made all over *Europe* against the House of *Austria* might surprize it unprovided; undertook a thing as memorable as extraordinary, and whereof the execution might seem impossible for any Private man, who had not that credit with the Souldier which his good conduct had gain'd him. He offer'd the Emperour to raise an Army of thirty Thousand men at his own charge, on condition he might be General: and so wrought by his Industry, his Friends, and by ingaging his whole Estate, that he in a short time accomplish'd it, and succeeding to the charge of the Marquess of *Montenegro*, who was depos'd for having unfortunately serv'd the Emperour in *Transylvania*, he ow'd his Dignity to nothing but his Ambition and his Vertue. In this high employment he added much to his Reputation. He took the Town and Diocess of *Alberstad*. Conquer'd *Hall* and its Bishoprick; wasted the Territories of *Magdeburg*, enter'd into those of *Anhalt*; tortifed *Dessau*; desy'd *Mansfield*, and with him four Thousand *Flemings*, the chief Force of the *Danish* Army. After that, having taken *Debft*, and perceiving that *Mansfield* and *Weimar* with their Forces bent towards *Hungary* by way of *Silesia*, to give life to the Rebellion and joyn with *Bethlem Gabor*, he pursu'd *Bethlem* and *Mansfield*, and finding them at the Siege of *Novograde*, vanquish'd them; cut in pieces the *Janizaries* that were come to the succour of *Transylvania*, and drove *Mansfield* out of *Germany*, who had been its Terrour for so many years. Returning into *Silesia*, where he found *Weimar* dead, he oblig'd half his Troops to surrender themselves, and

overcame the rest, took in all the revolted Towns, and after he had pacified the hereditary Provinces, led his victorious Army, strengthen'd by that of *Tilly*, against the King of *Denmark*. With these great Forces he defies the Marquis of *Urlach*, conquers the Archbishoprick of *Breme* and *Holsace*, fill'd his Troops out of the new Levies that *Charles* of *Lauenburgh* had rais'd for the Enemy; render'd himself Master of all that lies between the Ocean and the *Baltick* Sea; leaving the King of *Denmark* nothing but *Gluestad*, and that little corner of Land which is separated from the rest of his Dominions. And though the King had tempted his Fortunes, he was still worsted; *Walstein* driving him out of *Pomerania*, into which Province he had made a descent and progress; forcing him to remount his Ships, where yet perhaps he had not found his safety, if *Walstein* had had Sea Forces: insomuch as from that time to the Peace of *Lubeck*, the *Dane* never enterpriz'd any thing, contenting himself to succour those of the *Sound*, who only were able to stop the torrent of the Imperial Arms, which so many Nations had in vain opposed.

In this flourishing estate of the Empire, *Walstein* willing that his Master should profit himself of his Victories, and build the greatness of his House upon the weakness of his Enemies, leaves *Tilly* in *Frise*, under pretext that something of the Rebellion remain'd, and that there he should take up his Winter quarters: but in effect it was, that the Emperour might not have any longer the Duke of *Bavaria* for Companion, and that himself might remain, without Competitor, sole Director of all things. After this, knowing well that the poverty of the Common people and the depression of the Great ones, were the ways that lead to the servitude of Nations, free and little affected to the Emperour; instead of disbanding this multitude of Souldiers, who,

having

having conquer'd all, seem'd now useleſs, he rais'd ſeveral new Troops, and augmented the number of his Officers, to increaſe by their charge the poverty of thoſe who were to defray it. His own Example taught his Commanders ſumptuousneſs and profuſion; and, to furniſh that, Rapine and Violence. All *Germany* was overflown with theſe Troops: they could no longer diſtinguiſh Friend and Allies, from Enemies and Neuters. The Insolence of the Souldier being unpuniſh'd was boundleſs; as was the Oppreſſion of the people and their hatred againſt *Walſtein*, who they believed the Author of theſe Evils. Beſides, from the Imperial Court was iſſued a ſevere Edict, declaring all thoſe Traytors that were found to have any way participated in the Counſels of the Rebels: by which they had the means to ſecure themſelves of the Great ones, and got money to ſatiſſie the Souldiers and Courtiers. It being not only eaſie, but honeſt in appearance, to calumniate thoſe they meant to ruine. And that the King of *Sweden*, who ſo many miſerable wretches look'd upon as the laſt refuge of their Liberty, ſhould not when he would, or foment a Rebellion, which without him could have no force, or oppoſe himſelf to that abſolute dominion of *Austria*, which *Walſtein* labour'd to eſtabliſh; after having condemn'd the Duke of *Melkburgh* for holding Intelligence with the Enemy; and being by the gift of *Ferdinand*, Maſter of his Eſtate and Titles; *Walſtein* ſecures himſelf of all the Ports in the *Baltick* Sea, except the *Sound*, to which he laies violent Siege, and put all his care to the equipping of a Fleet, that might render him Maſter of theſe Seas, as he was of *Germany*. And now, in ſpight of hatred or envy, he might quietly have enjoy'd the glory of his great and faithful Services, if his Pride, that was always above his Fortune, had not transported him. But being born away with a blind preſumption of himſelf,

self, and an insupportable despising of others; made Prince of the Empire and Duke of *Meckleburgh*; styl'd *Highbness*; eating alone; stamping Money; and in his Equipage, Expences, and solicited Audiences affecting to resemble Kings, he corrupted the solidity of his Vertue, and gave the World aversions for his injurious and irregular Vanities.

The Peace with the *Danes* being concluded at *Lubeck*, the Emperour, extraordinarily press'd by the Clergy, on whom he depended in all things, precipitates himself after their passions, and resolves to give the last blow to the liberty of *Germany* before it was weak enough to receive it. He publishes an Edict, commanding the restitution of all the Ecclesiastical goods, which the *Protestants* had usurp'd from the first Troubles of *Lutheranism*; believing, there could not happen to him any sinister accident: Not from abroad, whilst the King of *Sweden* and *Bohemia* were in War; he of *Denmark* weary of his Losses, and the *Transylvanians* divided into Factions; the *French* busied among themselves and in *Italy*. And at home he had *Walstein*; ever terrible to the Factious, and Armies ready to stifle any Sedition before its growth. But the *Protestants*, despoil'd of Lands which they had inherited; and apprehensive, that in sequence of that, their liberty of Conscience might be taken from them too: finding themselves in despair on these considerations of Religion and Interest; and the Princes of that party perceiving well, that 'twas they were aim'd at; amongst others, the Elector of *Saxony* seeing the command of *Magdeburgh* taken from his Son, which the Town had bestowed upon him; the Pope having nominated for their Archbishop *Leopold* the Son of *Ferdinand*; endeavour'd to find remedies for these utmost extremities, and, by the help of the *French*, to oblige *Gustavus Adolphus* King of *Sweden*, alarm'd by what was done



on the *Baltick-Sea* and ambition of Honour, to come to their assistance under other pretences. On the other side, the *Catholick* Princes, to whom the Greatness of the House of *Austria* render'd it terrible; and generally all people oppress'd with that Poverty to which they were reduc'd by Contributions and Winter quarters (the invention of *Walstein*, and not any thing of publick calamity) demanded of the Emperour a General Assembly for the good and quiet of his Empire. Chiefly the Duke of *Bavaria* solicited this Diet; together with the Elector of *Majence*, who he had put into his opinion. The *Bavarois* mortally hated *Walstein*: whether it was, that he thought him an enemy to the Peace of *Germany*; or whether he had ambition to pretend himself to the *Electorate*, which 'twas said the Emperour had promis'd him, and *Walstein* oppos'd. He saw also that his General *Tilly* was remov'd, and found that absolute power lessen'd, which he had merited by his fidelity in the greatest peril of the Empire, and by his Services in sustaining the declining Fortunes of *Ferdinand*: and, that which touch'd him nearest was, that the fruit of all his Labours remain'd in the hands of *Walstein*; apprehending, that this prodigious Power, to the establishing whereof he had contributed with the hazard of his life and Fortunes, might be the ruine of both, if his Enemy, who never pardon'd any, continu'd any longer the Arbiter. These Considerations having cast him into fear and anger, which ordinarily increase proportionably as their Subjects are just; he was the man that most earnestly solicited the Assembly, and the deposing of *Walstein*. Push'd on also by Monsieur *de Lem* the French Embassador, and the *Capuchin Joseph*, a man of Intrigues. It was he also, that to obtain this Diet, and to hinder the Emperour from discovering, they meant to diminish that Authority which he had usurped, gave him hopes

hopes, that his Son should be elected King of the *Romans*; an insensible introduction to succession in the Empire. His Arts took place in a mind that wish'd nothing more; for we believe easily what we desire earnestly. The Emperour with his Son came to *Ratisbone* the end of *June* 1630, where all the Electors were met, except those of *Saxony* and *Brandenburgh*; who excus'd themselves by their Deputies, as not able to defray the charges of the Journey, the great expence of *Walsteins* Garrisons having impoverish'd them: and 'twas true, that fourteen compleat Regiments had Winter'd in the Territories of *Brandenburgh* only. The present necessity, and the fear of the future, augmented the boldness of the *Electors*. And, besides their dependance on the King of *Sweden*, who had begun the War in *Germany*, they were imbolden'd by the absence of Forty thousand men, who, contrary to the advice of *Walstein*, were employed in the War of *Mantona*, or lost in that of *Polonia*. They were further encourag'd by the *French* Embassadour: for upon complaint made in the Diet by the Duke of *Lorain*, that a powerful *French* Army was upon the Frontier, the Embassadour assur'd the *Electors*, they were there only to sustain their Propositions in case they should be refused. They first treated the Peace with the King of *France*; it being of the *Protestants* interest not to be engaged with him, that he might the more freely assist them. Next, they resolv'd upon an Assembly at *Frankfort* the year following, touching the Edict of the restitution, several difficulties impeding the determination now: the *Protestants* expecting, that before that time the King of *Sweden* should render it null; and the *Catholicks* believing, that their right would be fortified by the possession which they had. But when they came to speak of the affairs of the War, all these parties with one common Voice demanded the deposing of *Walstein*, and it seemed as if

if they had assembled for nothing else. The hatred born him was general; and the weakness of the Emperour, astonish'd by this unthought of blow, was enough to draw a consent to lay him aside, and so to strip himself of his Power and his Fortunes, and to abandon a man whose ruines had never been so much their study, if he had been less faithful to him, or had render'd him less powerful. The *Spaniards*, who often were the Arbiters of his Councils, desiring one less proud, and more obedient in his place, seeing that the King of *Sweden* was descended into *Pomerania*, were content with *Tilly*, who the Duke of *Bavaria*, willing to re-assume his Authority, offer'd them to oppose him. The Emperour saw himself constrain'd to disband his Troops of the upper *Germany*, and to consent to a reformation of the rest, which lost him the greatest part: the Souldier accusom'd to pillage, could not or render that which they had taken, or resolve to take no more. Nor did the Disorders stop here: the Generals *Anheim* and *Hofteben* sought entertainment elsewhere, and a great number of Officers left his Service. So that from that absolute estate, which made *Germany* tremble under *Walstein*, the Emperour by his weakness, the artifice of the *Protestants*, and the passions of his own, was reduc'd in an instant to dread the *Swedish* Forces, which *Walstein* would have slighted, if in his Authority he had retain'd the chief strength of the Empire. His Ministers perceived as well as he, but too late, that they were deceived; seeing, that after he had forsaken all the interests of the Empire, on the hopes of making his Son King of the *Romans*, the *Electours* wav'd his nomination by proroguing it; which in such matters, holds the place of a civil Refusal.

In the mean time *Walstein* having heard of his being depos'd, though the suddenness of the blow surprized him, seem'd rather to regret the Misfortune of *Ferdinand*, than his own: Without speaking of himself, he only said, that the Emperour was betray'd, and his Council corrupted. That same Vertue which had gain'd him the Generals Staff, serv'd him to resign it in appearance without disorder or grief. His displeasure for all that was very great, but very secret, and only known of his Confidants. Divers Colonels repair'd to him: some he kept with him; assign'd others upon his Lands (whither he sent them) to live honourably; being in this careful of his Friendship and Reputation. Resolving to keep such men as he guess'd by this voluntary proof could never abandon him, whatever the dangers were which he might be cast into by his ambition and resentments. For certainly, under this profound simulation of a moderate Spirit, which he affected in his Misfortunes, he hid an extream desire of Revenge, and cast projects to put himself into such a condition, that they should not again take away his employment, if the necessity of affairs would that they recall'd him to it; whereof *John Baptista Seni* his Astrologer shews him approaching hopes, and whereof he assur'd himself by the Judgment he made upon the disorder of the Empire: confirming thus by his own solid reasoning, the conjectures of an uncertain Art. And thus he fills his mind with high and bold designs, even then, when he seems to think of nothing but a private life.

And now it may be seasonable to say somewhat of his Customes, and of his Domestick life; that you may see better how all his actions tended to raise him above other men, and with more certainty judge of what we write; to which these Remarks seem not altogether impertinent: but truly I fear, that in reading them  
there

there will want belief for the History, and that the Truths I shall deliver, will pass for the descriptions of a Romance. This notwithstanding shall not forbid me to speak of them, without exaggeration, without envy. To begin with his Houses: That he liv'd in seem'd rather the Palace of a Monarch, than the dwelling of a particular man: for he shar'd in this weakness with other men, who leave piles of Stone for the Monuments of their Greatness; nor dreaming of those importunate accidents of Nature or Fortune, which may destroy them in a moment; and at the best, whatever care is taken to preserve them, they ruine of themselves. His House at *Prague* received those that came by six great Gates; and in a mighty space of ground, cast its foundation over the ruines of an hundred Houses, that were pull'd down to make way for it. The apartments were beautiful, magnificent and commodious; the ornaments and movables represented Luxury and Abundance, and his Lodgings shew'd them in Excess. I would willingly describe the retail: the Gardens, beautified with a great number of Statues; the Fountains, Grots, Fish-ponds, Volaries; rare for their extent, planted with Trees, fill'd with Birds of all sorts; if the History would suffer unprofitable, though pleasing digressions. The Model of this Palace was different from all others: whether it was, that he believed his fashion of Building the best; or whether by this particular affection, he would also in these things stand at distance from vulgar Customes. Near his House at *Gidzin* he built a Wall about a fair Park, where he kept above three hundred choice Horses. For his Stables, of choice Architecture; Marble Mangers and Fountains to fall into them: I forbear to make any particular remark on them, for almost all the *German* Princes are curious in these. If Death had not constrain'd him to leave his Castle of *Segau* unfinished, possibly

possibly he had surpass'd in that Edifice all those of the Ancient *Romans*, as he equal'd them by enlarging the Town of *Gidzin*, building a Charter-house, founding a Colledge of *Jesuites*, and a Church of the *Protestants*. Admirable in this particular, that all this was done in those few years that he was Master of his Fortune; whereas often, the lives of two Kings do not suffice to finish a Palace. For his Expence, 'twas an unheard of profusion. A hundred Dishes always serv'd up to his Table: and the neatness added much to the good Chear. Fifty Halbardeers were the constant guard of his Anti-Chamber; Men chosen by their Faces, and known by their Actions. Without were Centinels, and every where Lacquies. Twelve men march'd continually about his Palace to hinder Noise, which he could not suffer: in this, delicate even to weakness. He entertain'd sixty Pages, Sons of the best Houses; who learnt their Exercises under famous Masters, which he kept on purpose. His Liveries were gorgeous and rich. He had an infinite number of Gentlemen attending him: four of his Chamber inform'd him of those would speak with him, and brought them to audience. Six Barons and six Knights were always near him to receive his Commands. The Steward of his House was a Lord of great Note. When he took the field, he had for his Baggage and for his Table fifty Wagons drawn with six Horses, and fifty drawn with four, and six Coaches for Gentlemen of Condition, that follow'd his Court. He always carried with him fifty Leer Horse, beautiful to wonder, and cover'd with the most precious Harness, and these led by fifty men, each mounted on a Horse of price. Such as love frugal and modest Vertue will blame this Pomp, whilst such as adore outward Vanity will like it, and all will judge it easie for *Walstein*, living more splendidly than Kings, to aim at their rank and dignity. I have not mention'd the Palace of his

Wife,

Wife; the Pensions he gave, or the Recompences: nor of the vast sums he spent throughout *Europe* to be inform'd of all; I have said enough, methinks, for my design and for my leasure: Besides, that things of this nature please in passing, but tire us when we dwell upon them. Let us then betake our selves to the History.

After *Walstein* had given up his Command, those who in his stead they opposed to the King of *Sweden*, having little experience in Military Affairs; some wanting Courage, others Foresight; all, good Fortune; their Party was weakned by several losses. The Electors of *Saxony* and *Brandenburg* left it openly, joyning with *Gustavus*; and 'twas only *Tilly*, that sustain'd for a time the burthen of the War. He, who possess'd the Vertues of a good Captain, Fortune, Prudence, Valour, Care; and, what is rare, Piety, endeavour'd to arrest the Victories of the Enemy, and to maintain the Reputation of his own. But whether it were, that he alone was not sufficient for the conduct of the Emperours Armies, and those of the *Catholick* Princes, Leagu'd for the defence of *Germany*; or whether he was destitute of the absolute Authority of *Walstein*; so that not daring to undertake any thing, without consulting the Council of *Vienna*, or the Confederates, the time to deliberate lost him that of Action: or finally, whether it were that Fortune, which favours things in their growth, pleases her self in forsaking them in their maturities, he was vanquish'd at *Lipfie*; and the loss of this Battel made the Empire decline towards its ruine. More than half *Germany* was subjected to the *Swede*; the Duke of *Saxony* seiz'd on *Bohemia*; the *Lantgrave* of *Hess* cast himself on the side of the Victor; the Elector of *Triers* sought protection of the *French*, and the danger seem'd so great to the Duke of *Bavaria*, that he stagger'd in his fidelity

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to the Common Cause, and the House of *Austria*. 'Twas believed also, that the King of *Sweden* might have ended the War by the Conquest of the Hereditary Provinces, if he had turn'd his Force thither after this Battel: but truly, without reflecting on what might be said to the contrary, humane Counsel seems to be subjected to a Superiour cause, that excuses its defects; and in all actions there is often a fatality, that overbears Prudence or blinds it. In the meantime, *Gustavus* being busied in the taking in the *Mein* and *Rhein*, those of *Vienna* seeing he did not march that way, having leisure to dismiss their Fears, employ'd themselves with diligence to find ready and apt Remedies for these Evils, and after many Consultations, the extremity of their Affairs obliged them to have recourse to *Walstein*, who only seem'd capable to re-establish them, if he would undertake it. They consider'd his Courage, augmented by Difficulties, far from being terrified by them; industrious and passionate to execute what others held impossible; his active Vigilance never surpriz'd; his Riches, proper to facilitate great designs, and ready to succour the necessities of the Empire; his Credit, his Intelligences, and the desire the Souldier had to serve under him. And as it is the fault of our Nature to hold no mean, neither in Prosperity nor in Affliction, those to whom his Vertue had been intolerable then, when he seem'd useless, prais'd in him in this pressing occasion even things vain and fortuitous. They believed moreover, that he would return to his employment with an extream satisfaction; that whatever disgust he had in losing it, his Ambition, which was the Master of his other Passions, would stifle his resentment; that this his obstinate cleaving to a Private life, had less of truth than ostentation. On these and the like Considerations they resolv'd to shew him some assured hopes of his re-establishment, thereby



to draw from him some testimony of his desire thereof; and thought, that by ingaging him to ask that Charge they were willing to give, the Obligation would be less, and the Conditions easier. To this purpose, notwithstanding the opposition of the *Spaniards*, who would never consent, they dispatch'd *Maximilian Walstein*, Master of the Horse to the King of *Hungary*, having first instructed him in what they thought necessary: for besides that he was his Nephew, he was one of those he treated with most esteem and confidence. He then goes to visit him at *Zeman*, where he remain'd after the loss of *Prague*; and after he had entertain'd him with a general discourse of the Affairs of the Empire, that he might be the less able to penetrate the aim of his discourse, he dextrously turns his Speech on the Praises that were bestow'd on him in the present occurrence, and upon the desire all people had to see him again undertake the defence of the Empire; advising him not to reject the occasion, but to go forward towards that Fame that attended him. *Walstein* perceived well the Artifice; wherefore minding, according to his projects, to hide his design more carefully now he saw it ready to take effect; and to draw all advantages from the necessity of Affairs, he first, touching his Interest, answer'd sparingly and modestly; then extended his discourse unto the sweetness of his condition, and the desire he had to grow Old in quiet; no more to tempt that Fortune which had treated him so shamefully; that though she were minded to give him all again, yet it must be by robbing him of his Repose: and coming at last to deplore the Misfortunes of his Sovereign, as if he had been deeply affected, he mingled with his discourse tender and doubtful words; such as might not wholly take off the hopes of his Service, but represent it almost impossible.

Now, the Ministers of the Emperour seeing they had advanc'd little by this means, press'd with time and danger, serv'd themselves of the only way which remain'd; to act openly, to intreat, to offer, to yield to any thing that they might bend him. The Baron of *Questemburgh* and the Count *Wardemburgh*, his Friends, attempted him several times, but in vain. His obstinacy appear'd so great, that they had despair'd to overcome it, if the Prince of *Echamberg* had not labour'd in it. And 'twas to him all men expected *Walstein* should yield, having lived a long time with him in the strictest confidence, and always powerfully serv'd him at Court; imploying all his diligences to prevent his Fall, and in his disgrace never grew cold. They consider'd also the Authority of this man; powerful over the inclinations of the Emperour, whose Director and Favourite he was. And certainly his Favour was not ill plac'd; the greatness of his Merit going even with that of his Fortune. He then caus'd himself to be carried to *Zenam*, being much vexed with the Gout; and after he had given *Walstein* the Emperours Letters, dictat'd as the present occurrence would; he lively represented the Honour of saving his Prince and Countrey; the obligation they must have to him; the beauty of such an Enterprize; the Fame, and what else might stir up a mind passionate of Glory. He added the Intreaties of *Ferdinand*, that he was Arbitrer of all; that he might dispense; that he might act; with assurances he should find an entire Obedience, and great Recompences: 'engaging for that the Credit of the Emperour and his own, which he knew to be great, and had ever prov'd it certain.

*Walstein*, though he saw that it was time to close, yet at first deny'd his assistance, though in a fainter manner than ordinary: opposing, as in doubt, the malice of his Enemies, ready to calumniate what he might

might do; the facility of the Emperour to believe them, and perhaps to cast him off after he had drawn Service from him: And besides, though he might be secur'd in these particulars, he asked, where was the Army whereof they would make him General; and what means to set right a desperate Affair. But at last, seeing himself incessantly press'd, sometimes feigning to acquiesce in their persuasions; sometimes, to give way to the importunity of his Friends, he promis'd his Service; but for Four months only: in which time he would be sole and absolute; and that ended, lay down this burthenous Authority; to which *Ecbamberg* consented; believing 'twas enough he had engag'd him to the Employment, in which the occasions themselves might oblige him to continue, if his Ambition did not; so having consulted of what they thought needful, after this final Resolution they departed. *Walstein* being left alone, unquiet and raving, began to revolve in his mind the greatness and difficulty of that which he was about to undertake; sometimes measuring it by Fear, which renders every thing hard; sometimes by Ambition, which finds nothing so. The impossibility of usurping a Kingdom from a legitimate Prince; and of ingaging to Rebellion a People, that make Obedience to their Sovereign a point of their Religion; the danger of trusting such a Secret; the ordinary infidelity of Faction; the punishment and Infamy; if it did not succeed; if it did, the Murthers, Poysons, and distrust of all things terrified him. On the other side, his resentment of his ill usage; his hatred, appetite of Revenge, and above all, his covetousness of Rule, which could never be extinct in his unruly mind, blindly precipitated him. He saw the half of *Germany* under the King of *Sweden*; the rest tottering and ill assur'd; the Princes of *Europe* Leagu'd with *Gustavus*, or Ill-willers to the House of *Austria*; this House in decline: And

he judg'd by these Conjunctions, the time ripe for Novelty. He well knew, that extremity of Affairs only having forc'd the Duke of *Bavaria* and the *Spaniards*, powerful at *Vienna*, to consent to his re-establishment, he could expect no other recompence of his pains, if he should settle the Empire, than to return to his Private condition, and to a shameful and obscure life: wherefore he thought it more just to serve himself of those Forces his Enemies had put into his hands, in venturing to ruine them and to raise himself, than to secure them and to lose himself. He thought he had the opportunity and the means. He consider'd himself consummate in the experience of Military Affairs; dear to the Souldier; ready to command a mercenary Army; hardy, opulent, and industrious; always succour'd of Fortune: whereas he look'd upon the Emperour as slothful; little addicted to Arms; of a soft Nature; slow, expos'd to deceits, and more proper to dissemble Injuries than to repulse them. In this violent agitation, floating in doubts, sometimes embracing the best resolutions, sometimes the most pernicious; after he had a long time suffer'd these torments, he abandon'd himself at last to the worst Counsels, and determin'd to attempt the usurpation of *Bobemia*; not being able to vanquish the motions of his vext and ulcerated mind, nor resist that cruel passion for Greatness, which never left him in repose. But seeing, that the execution of such a design depended on the disposing of several things that must be publick and interpreted, being naturally fram'd to dissimulations and feignings, he resolv'd, without admitting any Confident of this his last resolution, to bury it under a profound Silence, and to apply himself intirely to act in such a manner, that all he did should seem to tend to the good of the Empire; to the end that his designs not being suspected at first, they should not be able to  
ruine

ruine the beginnings, that are usually weak: and that when they should come to be discover'd, he might be in a condition to carry them on by force. Being thus confirm'd against the danger, and resign'd intirely to something more powerful than his Reason; whether you will call it Fate or Genius; he began insensibly to drive on his ends, for which he had need of much Time, great Fortune, and many Artifices. And this was the state of things and the design of *Walstein*, when he was recall'd to his Employment. After this, to put the Affairs of the Emperour in reputation, who had scarce any left; and to relieve the people in their Fears by raising a belief in them, that this side wanted only a Commander, and not Forces; willing also to build up a great Opinion of himself, he gives out Commissions to levy sixty Regiments; treats with the King of *Poland* for twenty thousand *Cossacks*; negotiates with the Duke of *Lorain* to engage him in the War; sends into *Italy* to buy the best Arms, and every where sows Reports advantageous for his Party. And to the end, that the success might not deceive his Attempts, and that with more facility he might assemble his Troops, who were to be the source of his second Greatness, he chose the Territory of *Znaim* to form the Body of his Army in: inclin'd to it by the commodious situation on the Confines of *Moravia* and the Hereditary Provinces; where, notwithstanding the *Swedish* War, Abundance and Peace had remain'd, and where the fury of the Enemy and the Domestick mischiefs of Winter quarter had not penetrated. In this place, whilst he wrote civilly to the Colonels, dissembling his natural Fierceness, treating them with marks of Courtesy and Friendship, adding largess and profusion, sparing neither Care nor Coyn, Souldiers flocking to him upon his Credit; he rais'd in two Months an Army, if not answering the Fame in number, yet 'twas more than

could have been expected: aided in this by voluntary Contributions of the principal Ministers of *Vienna*; great for the particulars, but made more considerable by the necessity; supplying out of his own Money for the poorer Officers, and engaging the Richer by his address to raise Troops with theirs, seeding them with hopes of recovering all out of the riches of Prey and Garrisons.

When he saw all was ready, casting himself again within his wonted Artifices, he wrote to *Vienna*, that he had satisfied his Promise, and that now he would retire; that the Army was ready, but he wish'd Domestic Peace; that they should send a General and grant him a retirement. He knew for all this, that what he ask'd was impossible: for having put into employment the Captains he retain'd in his disgrace; given Regiments to his Kinsmen and ancient Confidants, under pretence of sparing the principal Pay, and training up new Souldiers under old Commanders, obliging the Colonels to hazard all they had upon the sole hopes of his Parol; winning the Chief Officers by high Employments, corrupting the Souldiers by Presents, and all men in general by the expectation of his Fortune; he had so order'd things, that this Army could not subsist without him, and reduc'd the Emperour to an absolute necessity of maintaining him General.

When they knew at *Vienna*, that he persisted to signify dislike of the Service, the Ministers of *Spain* and those of *Bavaria*, attempted once more to take his Command from him. The first, who govern'd the King of *Hungary* by means of his Wife, absolute upon his Spirit, and depending wholly on their Counsels, took this occasion to render that Prince Master of Arms and of Affairs. The Duke of *Bavaria* fear'd to see the Command in the hands of him whom he had despoil'd of it. They urg'd both of them, that the Power  
confer'd

confer'd on *Walstein* caus'd the Revolt, and 'twould confirm the Rebellion, if it were renew'd, and make those contrive to revolt, who hitherto remain'd faithful; that the presence of the King of *Hungary* would lead Princes and People back to their Allegiance, who would be asham'd to bear Arms against the Son of their Sovereign, and who must one day be so: besides, what opinion would *Europe* entertain of the Successour to the Empire, if he should be depriv'd of this Command? And what greater Argument of the weakness of the Empire, than shamefully to betake themselves to a man, who design'd Misfortunes to it? That this was to condemn of Imprudence the last Councils, and expose themselves afresh and voluntarily to dangers; that under pretence of Publick good they ought not to trust *Walstein*, nor put him in condition to revenge the Injuries he believed to have receiv'd, especially since a design of Rule might be mixt with his appetite of Revenge, and our Fidelities hardly defend themselves against these two; that this man was proud and immoderate; that he every day scatter'd new marks of his Indignation, and that in his retreat at *Prague* he had meditated nothing but dangerous and vast designs; dissimulation and revenge.

But these Considerations, though pregnant, gave way to the necessity of imploying him for the conservation of the new Army, the chief support of the Imperial party. *Ferdinand* himself calling to mind in his present calamity, the formidable estate wherein this General had once plac'd him; as it is ordinary for the unhappy to suffer themselves to be blinded with the weakest hopes, flatter'd himself with thoughts of retrieving his former Greatness, and secur'd himself of the Fears they endeavour'd to instill. Besides, his Council, jealous of the direction of the Affairs of *Germany*, which the *Spaniards* went about to usurp; hoping

hoping that *Walstein* joyning with them, might uphold their credit, favour'd his Cause and declar'd, that the House of *Austria* had need of him; that 'twas necessary to reserve the Emperour for last extremities, and not fit to expose the welfare of his state to the Youth and Courage of his Son, especially in a conjuncture wherein they could not err twice, and wherein full experience of the Military Art was scarce sufficient. They added, that the Duke of *Bavaria* oppos'd good designs, because 'tis natural to hate those we have wrong'd, and that he prefer'd his private Enemies to the general good; that he would strip the Empire of its best defence, the more easily to betray it. For at this time the Loyalty of this Elector became suspected, and by intercepted Letters they found, that he manag'd a Peace with the *Swede*.

And thus the care of the War was put upon *Walstein*: but as all his feigned coolness was only to obtain Advantages on which he might found his Usurpation, perceiving that they did not act sincerely, and that the hatred of his Enemies gave way only to the despair of their Affairs, ready to break out again, when they could ruine him securely; that the goodwill of *Ferdinand* seem'd constrain'd, and that his words were by so much the less real, as they were vehement and common in fear; he confirms himself in his resolution of maintaining his Authority by fraud and by force, believing he could do nothing unjust against his mortal Enemies.

And now, after many Instances, having declar'd, that he was ready to do what they would, provided they furnish'd him with what was necessary; *Eberhard* and the Bishop of *Vienna*, who were return'd with ample power to grant him any thing, urging him to declare what he desir'd, as one that accepted of a weighty Charge, and ask'd only such things



things as might aid him to overcome the difficulties of it, with much confidence he told them, that several reasons would have forbid him accepting the Command wherein he was engag'd, if the love of his Countrey and desire to serve his Prince had not controul'd them; that he had already imployed his Estate; that he was ready to hazard his life also; that they would have him add his Honour, which he esteem'd above Riches or Life; that he was upon the point to begin a War, in which 'twas rashness to hope a good success; with a Great and War-like King, hitherto Arbiter of Victory and Fortune, against whom he should only oppose new and vanquish'd Souldiers; that he could expect nothing from the weakness of the Empire, the division of its Councils, the falseness of its Allies; that he found he was the mark of Hatred and Envy; that in this condition, where every thing was against him, and he had nothing but his Virtue to encourage him, they expected with impatience the success of his Imployment; that if good men wish'd him prosperous, because he labour'd for the Publick good, his Enemies long'd for his ruine, which they prefer'd to their cause, prepar'd to accuse him as guilty, if he fail'd to be happy, and to impute to him as Crimes the faults of Fortune. That for these Reasons it behov'd him to see, that good men might not be deceiv'd; that Malice might be disappointed, and his Honour preserv'd; and that it was but fit, that those who against his mind had call'd him to such difficulties, should grant him what they, as well as himself, must judge necessary to his present condition, and without which they would ruine the Affairs of the Empire, and his Reputation.

After this discourse, which in appearance was so much the more innocent, as it seem'd free and disinterested, he gave them Articles containing, That they

they made him General of the *Austrian* Armies, and Arbitrer of Peace, with an intire, absolute and independent Power; that the King of *Hungary* should never come to the Army; that he might by his private Authority, and without communicating with the Councils of *Ferdinand* or the Chamber of *Spire*, dispose of Confiscations, Permissions and Graces; and that the Hereditary Countries should be appointed for the Winter quarters of his Army.

These Conditions were hard, and *Walstein* to excuse them alledged, That great Enterprizes were scarce ever successful, but under the Conduct of one man; that often the issue had been unfortunate where many were mingled in Command; that the *Romans*, when they had chas'd away their Kings, were forc'd in the dangers of their Commonwealth to create Dictatours; that *Gustavus* acting alone, on weak beginnings found himself Victorious beyond his hopes; that on the contrary, a multitude of Masters had lost the best Souldiers of the World, and brought the Empire almost to its subversion; that this Example was enough to let us see, how weak Power becomes when 'tis divided; that the fear of Shame and desire of Glory made us act vigorously, so long as they touch'd none but ourselves, but when they were in common, we neglected that reputation and that blame, whereof little would come to our share. He imploy'd the like Reasons for Negotiations of Peace, where number hurts the secret; where different Interests and divers Conducts hoodwink Prudence, retarding or diverting opportunities of Treating. He added, that it would not be advantageous the King of *Hungary* should Command in the Army, nor fit he should Obey; that 'twas not convenient Souldiers should leave the Service, and go to seek Rewards of their pains at Court, where their Faces were scarce known, and where ordinarily forward

ward men and Flatterers disguised Truth, decry'd the best Actions, and usurp'd the place of Merit; that 'twas necessary Rewards and Punishments should be present in Armies, if we would preserve Order and gain Affection; that there were no Souldiers, that fight for a steril Fame; that the desire of Gain and Greatness drew them to the War; that their Blood was the price of their Fortune; that the transport of our Passions being the cause of our Crimes, the pleasure of satisfying them would turn these Crimes into Habits, when not severely chastis'd; that upon hopes of Impunity bad men were hardned, Good men corrupted, and Discipline ruin'd; that he did desire permission to establish his Winter quarters in the Hereditary Provinces, only to serve himself of it in extremity, and to maintain his Army, if he should be reduc'd to that Retreat, other parts of *Germany* being harras'd and possess'd by the Enemy; that he should endeavour by all ways to Winter elsewhere, but if the fortune of Arms, always doubtful, should draw the War in length, as 'twas probable, or if Fortune should continue lavishly to favour the worst side, they ought resolve to suffer this moderated inconvenience, unless they had a mind to see the *Swedish* Troops pillage the Provinces, and the Heritage of *Cæsars* become a prey to the Barbarous.

Though all this appear'd necessary and innocent, yet the thoughts of *Walstein* aim'd further, and tended to grasp a Dictatorship in the Empire, that he might render *Ferdinand* despicable, despoil'd of his Majesty, and reduc'd to a perfect Idleness; and also to accustom the Souldier to acknowledge him their only Master: every one ordinarily fixing his Servitude to the present fear or profit; and does not wonder to see the Sovereignty usurp'd by him that acts all, from him that voluntarily sitting still, seems to have given it away to the more worthy.

Now

Now, the better to cover his intentions, and to shew that he did not stretch his designs beyond those of a Private man, after his Propositions that regarded the Publick, he made others for himself; earnestly urging, that the reward of what Service he should do, might be assign'd him in *Austria*, and that his restitution to the Dukedom of *Meckleburgh* should be compriz'd in any Treaty of Peace that might be made: as if he dreamt of nothing, but to joyn himself to, and depend more than ever upon the House of *Austria*; limiting his Ambition and his hopes to the bare recovery of his ancient Dignity. Praying further, that if they should call him off from his Service, he might have six Months warning, to prepare himself, as he said, to retire without disorder: whether it were to make them believe, that holding his Authority as a thing indifferent and uncertain, he was far from any thoughts of keeping it by force; or whether he desir'd to have this warning given him, that he might be the better able to carry his designs to their ends without precipitation, if he found himself oblig'd to it.

After they had granted him every thing, the *Spaniards* accommodating themselves to Affairs, and, according to the time, feigning Joy for his re-establishment, sent him their Order of the *Fleece*, as a publick mark of Honour and good-will. However, that their proceeding might not be suspected of dissimulation or weakness, and that they might not seem totally to abandon their Pretensions to rule in *Germany*, they propos'd, that after the recovery of *Behemia*, the King of *Hungary* should remain at *Prague* with an Army capable to defend that Kingdom, and to maintain it in Peace and Obedience.

*Walstein* applauded this Overture (though he perceived whither it tended) being certain to hinder the execution, and condescended, fearing lest they should augure ill from his refusing. The Duke of *Bavaria* for his

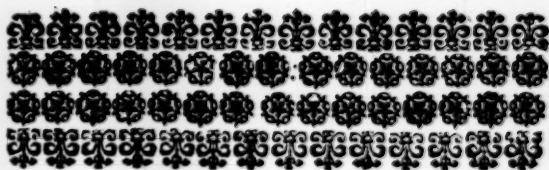
his part, fearing to draw the implacable hatred of his ancient Enemy upon his Countrey, bow'd to the necessity, and chose the least Evil, breaking off his plotted accommodation with the King of *Sweden*, and submitted anew to the Fortune of the Empire.

In the mean time, the Court of *Vienna* was busied in publick processions, and paid Vows for the success of an Army destin'd to its ruine. But *Walstein* perswaded, that whilst they acted nothing, they address themselves in vain to Heaven, which hates the Prayers of the slothful; and on the contrary, that he could not fail of Success whilst he acted with vigilance, diligence and prudence, busied himself only to hasten the preparatives to his design, and attended his good Fortune.

The mention I have made of the *Spaniards* at *Vienna*, minds me to say something of them in a few words, and only for the clearing of the matter. When *Charles* the Fifth had shar'd to his Family the Empire and the Kingdom of *Spain*, his Successours remaining in the Union, believ'd it was their interest to make the same Peace, the same War, to have the same Alliances; whatever concern'd the Greatness of their House being common to them; and after they had consulted together for the publick benefit they acted apart, and each did his own business. *Rodolpbus* and *Matthias* did thus. But the Troubles of *Germany* oblig'd *Ferdinand* to implore, with more importunity than ordinary, the power of the *Spaniard*: they valued themselves upon his easiness and the urgency of the occasion, to seize on the office of his Ministers, and would themselves have the government and disposal of those aids of Men or Moneys wherewith they assisted him. As this first Usurpation took effect, they fortified themselves in the Emperours Council by Pensions and Presents, so that at length nothing was done without them. Afterwards their Embassadour had a particular Council to deliberate of that which  
should

should be proposed in the general, where most Resolutions waited upon his projects; not without the extream jealousy of those among the *German* Ministers, who possess the Favour of *Ferdinand*, and would Govern themselves, accounting it a shame, that Strangers should meddle in the administrations of the Empire. Thus were the two Factions opposed, and the Empire diversly agitated. Let this suffice.

*Walstein* having laid so happily the foundation of his Revolt, deliberates to prolong the War, that he might have time to gain the Souldiers, to ruine the Duke of *Bavaria* by the *Swedes*, to weaken the Hereditary Provinces by Winter quarters, and at leisure to make his Peace with the Enemies of his Master. Without all this he could do nothing, and to bring it about much time was necessary. He resolv'd however to use all diligence in the Conquering *Bobemia*, that after such a quick expedition they should not suspect him for the length of the War; and that he might insensibly secure himself of that Kingdom. I thought of nothing less, than to recite the particulars of *Walsteins* Military exploits; divers who of design have wrote the History of the last *German* War, have carefully and elegantly recounted them. I shall only say what seems necessary to my Subject,



# O F S T Y L E.

**R**emember that in my first years of Study, at all Academical Assemblies, or Private Meetings of young Students, great things were said of that Love of *Plato*, which ravishes the mind from visible beauties to invisible. No sort of Argument was more familiar in all mens mouths; nothing furnish'd Poets with more propitious matter; nothing suggested to Oratours a more benign Subject. Wherefore, not to seem a Stranger amongst so many Citizens of *Plato's* Commonwealth, I betook my self with a great deal of servour to look into the reverenc'd Memorials of that worthy Philosopher; and found, that the *Platonical* Doctrine had no legitimate consonancy with the discourse of my Friends: so that I enquir'd of them concerning it; but they could never assign me a right definition of the Love they call'd *Platonic*, according to the true Principles of their Master.

I

The

The same hath hapned to me concerning *Style*. What word amongst the Learned and Unlearned, more domestick than this? Who is not bold to judge of it? who does not pronounce definitive Sentences, condemning the greatest Authors who have labour'd for Praise? This hath no Style; his Style is too rough; 'tis a difficult Style, that is confus'd, and the other is harsh. I weep over the unhappy condition of the Learned, who perhaps dare not suffer their Pens to take a flight through the unknown fields of Posterity, seeing the Heaven of the present Age thus darkned with clouds of Ignorance and Envy, which thunder upon Historians, lighten in the face of Oratours, and blast the Bays upon the venerable Heads of Poets. I made it my task therefore to search among the Writings of the *Greeks* and *Latins*, and try if I could establish in my mind with any clearness what *Style* is, in what it is placed, of what parts it is compos'd, or rather from the conjunction of what pieces it results.

If the Science which God at first infus'd were transmitted to the Sons of *Adam*, as well as the Sin which he contracted is propagated, Mankind would have no need of any other Instrument for the full knowledge of things, than the Names by which they were call'd. For though the Divine light participated to *Adam*, serv'd to many and noble effects, yet in this it singularly shin'd forth, that letting him perfectly know the Essence of Created things, he could impose a Name upon every one of them, which efficaciously expressed their Nature; so that every Name might be call'd, the Definition of the thing named. But because in that woful Patrimony, inherited by his unhappy Posterity, the plague of *Ignorance* is not the least; we bewail the loss of Infallible Science together with Original Righteousness; and wandering through the uncertain and deceitful paths of a cloudy Philosophy, we puzzle



our selves amongst shadows of Names, to arrive the best we may at the brightness of Truth and Essences. Wherefore, according to the best Examples, let us arrest our consideration upon the Name.

*Stylus*, according to its Natural sense, was nothing else but an Instrument, sharp at one end and broad at the other, which was us'd to write Characters in Waxen Table-books, or to cancel what was written. From the material Instrument with which they wrote, the signification was afterwards transfer'd to the act of Writing, that is, to the use and exercise of the Instrument. It was likewise appropriated to Composing, and in this sense 'tis most frequently us'd. And because the office of a judicious Author is double, to Write and to Correct, this last is recommended by *Quintilian*, who prescribes the use of that part of the Style which is less acute, and which serv'd to cancel the Characters. The sharp end of the Style had also its Allegorical signification: for when they would note a Book for being Bitter and Satyrical, they spoke of his Style, not as of an Instrument of Writing, but as of Arms which pierced and wounded.

None of these Considerations can lead us to that knowledge of Style we seek; but there is one place in *Terence* which goes a little further: for he uses the word *Style* so, as it is not restrain'd to signify a bare Composition, but comprehends besides a certain particular quality or manner of Composing. 'Tis once us'd by *Cicero* in the same sense, and afterwards frequently by Authors of less Fame. But though many took Style for a quality of, or manner us'd in Composing, yet none have declared what it is, or prescrib'd Rules for it. So that we must proceed in our Inquiry.

The use of Speech was given to man for the Instrument of Reason: and if we were what we ought to be, the simplicity of natural Speaking were enough to persuade to Goodness, and when the Understanding had Truth any way represented to it, without any inticements of flattering Eloquence, it would run to imbrace it; and the Will, freely bound by the naked, but efficacious proposal of what is good, would feel it self ravish'd to a liking of it, without expecting the Artificial engines of an Elegant discourse. But because 'tis long since that the vigour of our Innocency was enervated, Art strives to come in with its aids to the relief of oppressed Nature; and hath in its Schools compos'd two sorts of Remedies. The one violent, call'd the moving of the Affection, which does not work but by a notable alteration of the Patient: The other pleasant, call'd Elocution, in whose company Perswasion does sweetly instil it self into the mind. Both of them manag'd by the Masters of the Art, not as laudable in themselves, but as necessary to the Infirmities of the Auditors. The last only serves to our proposed end.

*Elocution* is generally divided into two parts, Purity and Ornament. Perhaps he would say the same, that bids us take care *ut verba sint Latina, aperta, ornata*. *Latina*, that they do not break the Laws of received Grammar, nor recede from the sense given them by the most Fam'd Authors, nor be rude and uncultivate. *Aperta*, by propriety and use, shunning improper ones, and such as are not commonly us'd by good Authors. *Ornata*, with figures, call'd Tropes and Schemes by the *Greeks*. But if Elocution consists only in the choice of Words, and in the ornament given them by Figures, we cannot rightly call it Style, nor will the body of a Discourse be enobled by it only, as it ought. It seems to me, that Words (whether in  
their

their own nature elegant, or rais'd to a foreign sense by using them figuratively) are like Stones which are prepar'd for a stately Building. For, whether they are precious themselves (as Marble spotted or sincere) or curiously wrought by a Chissil, if they have not in the structure of the Edifice the symmetry which they ought to have, if they do not keep a due distance, or want equality of measure, they cannot compose a beautiful Palace or a sumptuous Temple. To reduce Elocution then to a perfect Form, 'tis necessary that something be added to the Words and Figures, by virtue of which their worth may appear the better in the composition; which is done by a judicious placing of them; wherein an eye must be had to the Subject which is handled by us. For, as noble and elevate Conceits occur in vain to the mind, if they do not meet with an excellent Elocution, which can fortunately display them: so a treasure of excellent Words and ingenious Figures little avail, if they are not both call'd out to their proper places by a discreet Collocation. Thus Elocution being confin'd within too narrow bounds by those, who restrain it to the propriety and ornament of Words; further inquiring into what the Masters of the best taste have said concerning it, we find that they recommend Elegance, Composition, and Dignity. Under the first name of *Elegance* is understood the *Latinism* of the *Romans*, *Hellenism* of the *Greeks*, and *Tuscanism* of the *Italians*, and so proportionately according to the Language; by which they mean certainly in the Grammar Rules of that Age; clearness, by the use of received Words, and proper to the matter they handle. The second word, *Composition*, expresses the good placing of Words and Periods amongst themselves. The third, *Dignity*, signifies the ornament which the Writing receives from Figures, which consist either in Words or regard the Sentence.

To draw now the most general virtues of *Elocution* into a Compendium: Let it be first Pure; that it does not trip in the path of Grammar. And that it not only be at distance from Vice or Errour, but as much as may be, approach that Vertue which may render the Composition without exception chaste and correct. Let it be clear and perspicuous: and this perspicuity is chiefly deriv'd from the propriety of it. We must acknowledge for an undoubted Truth, that those who Writers, refusing the way trodden by good Authors, practise unus'd Forms, do so intreague Elocution, that the poor Reader finds his path intangled, nor can free his feet from those Enigma's which retard him. An Errour common to the Writers of our times, who think then they are Witty, *Si ad eos intelligendos opus sit ingenio*. But because facility in a discourse for the most part borders upon meanness, we must look that it be clear and easie, but that discretion prescribe a measure, that it does not become low and groveling. To this we must add Ornament, which proceeds from an opportune managing of the Figures, whether they are of Words or Sentences. It must not be effeminate or lascivious; but as *Quintilian* saith, *Virilis, fortis & Sanctus*. Also that sort of Ornament must be chosen, that fits the nature of the discourse. For one kind becomes the Historian, another the Poet, another the Oratour: or rather none of these must be always uniform, but vary habit as the matter requires. In *Elocution* also regard must be had to the Sound and Numbers. For, though Number principally appertains to Verse, yet for all that, Prose hath its proportionate Numbers different from the Poetical, whereof the Ear that hath contracted a good habit is the best Judge. And in this particular it were to be wish'd, that some Modern Authors bore more respect to the Ears of understanding men: for we see a form of Discourse introduc'd, abrupt and

and loud, which like Water broke off in the midst of its course by Stones; wonderfully offends the hearing. In the last place, let it be well plac'd or dispos'd. Hence springs the dependance and joyn'ting of Members and Periods. Whence those who work their pieces *ala Musaico* may perceive, that forming a Discourse made up of bits, not chain'd together, but broken and no way correspondent, make a Garment of divers Snips ill stitch'd together, but do not weave a regular and uniform piece. Every three words a Period. Every Period a Sentence, which does not agree with what went before, nor calls for that which follows.

Whatever I have said of *Elocution*, I cannot resolve that the *Style* we are in search of, consists in it. 'Tis true we have laid a Foundation, but all the parts of an entire building are not in the Foundation. We must pass on therefore: For if to the constituting *Style* the three kinds or Characters of Writing are necessary, then *Elocution* alone is not enough. *Elocution*, though in its perfection, if it be without the Characters, forms, or Idea's of Speech, remains idle and indetermin'd. For if a discourse were to be examin'd by the foregoing Rules of *Elocution*, many things would remain unexamin'd, because they do not belong to the *Elocution*, but to the Character or Idea.

The Characters of Speech are three; the Sublime, the Humble, and the Temperate. *Homer* is said to have excellently observ'd this distinction in three principal persons of his Poem. To *Menelaw* he attributes a mode of Reasoning altogether sincere and restrain'd, without superfluity; which is the vertue of the Humble Character; whilst words, they said, flow'd out of *Nestors* mouth more sweet than Honey, and regards the Temperate. But to express the Sublime, in the person of *Ulysses* he composes such an ample and stately

Eloquence, as is compared to a Torrent inrich'd and grown proud by melted Snow.

There is no Subject which may not laudably be manag'd with diversity of Character. That Almighty God, who hath the Seat of his Glory upon the back of Cherubins; and sometimes carried upon the Wings of the Wind, sometimes in a Triumphal Chariot to which Seraphims serve for Wheels, and passes over the immense Fields of the Heavens; what matter does not this furnish to the Sublimity of discourse we find in *Ezekiel* and *Isaiah*? But the same God, whilst he gathers the Souls of the Faithful, as a Hen gathers her Chickens, and under the Wings of his gracious Protection keeps and defends them, humbles himself under the simplicity of Conceit and Character, with which, for all that, his infinite Majesty is not diminish'd or offended. Who more magnificently reasons of Divine things than the *Areopagite*? But, who more devoutly discourses of the same things than *St. Bernard*? *Nazianzen* lightens and thunders; as if having put off humanity, he strove to equal the height of his Subject with a Celestial facundity: *Anselmus* sighs and weeps, and accompanies the sense of his Soul with Humility of thoughts and words,

Let us add, that certain Authors are endow'd with a Wit and Genius of that nature, that whatever Matter they handle they do it with uniformity of Character; because they are not capable of any variety. Men who write on all Subjects with a Character so generous and high, that they cannot stoop even in the most tender and delicate affections. Let us take the Example from Painting and Sculpture. We see in the Pieces of some that are universally famous, a certain particular Manner that distinguishes them from others. One is so excellent in forming the tenderness of the Flesh, that he unwillingly encounters a Figure that is robust and

and nervous; or if he is to draw an *Athlet*, in that vastness of vigorous Members there will appear the delicateness of the Idea, which guided the hand that form'd it: Others, on the contrary, profess a way and Manner more resolute and virile; and these know not how to paint a Youth, which shall not resemble *Hippolytus* in Fierceness: they cannot paint a Lady but like an *Amazon*; and for all this, their Works are most perfect. Of the first sort amongst the Ancients was *Polidorus*, who form'd humane Statues beautiful to wonder, but never could arrive to bestow on the Images of the Gods that Majesty, or, as *Quintilian* calls it, that weight which is convenient to a Divinity. So it happens to Writers also, according to the difference of Genius, or perhaps of Habit which they contract in compoling. Some, though the Argument be low and vulgar, yet for all that, discourse as magnificently of it as they can: so on the contrary, the same variety is often caused by Circumstances which accompany the Writing. Of a glorious and heroick Exploit in War, may be form'd a Letter, which by way of Advice recounts it; a Dialogue which examines it; a History that transmits it to Posterity; an Oration that exalts it, and a Poem that sings it; and who does not see with what diversity of Character this sole Argument may be commendably handled?

*Examples*

## Examples of the Characters out of Tasso.

**B**Y all this discourse we do not reach a decision of *Style*; for, that it does not consist in these three Characters, we may consider first, that if *Style* and *Character* were one, there would be but three sorts of *Style*, as there are but three Characters; which is so manifestly oppos'd to Experience, that we find as many kinds of *Style* as there are Writers. Besides, we find many excellent Authors who write in the same Character, which compar'd are of a *Style* vastly different; and every one hath his proper excellence, which distinguishes him from those, from whom he does not differ in the kind or character of Writing. *Virgil* and *Lucretius* compos'd their Heroick Poems in the Sublime character, yet they are altogether unlike in *Style*. Let us add, that the most Famous Authors make use of all the Characters according to occasion, yet the *Style* with which they manage them is the same. Nor does *Cicero* vary his *Style* with his Character, whether he writes a familiar Epistle or forms a Dialogue; or treats of Morality, or thunders in an Oration; but by the consent of all men the *Ciceronian* *Style* is one and the same. And thus we have found, I think fortunately enough, in what *Style* does not consist, and what it is not: But because to be defin'd by Negations belongs only to the Divinity, by reason of that infinite excess in all the parts of it, which does not suffer created Understanding to comprehend it; let us see if we can in Positive terms arrive at the Truth we seek.

The



The Precepts, the Art of *Elocution*, the Forms and Characters of Discourse are common to all; but Nature, which endows men with different Genius, hath so order'd it, that every one in the use of those Precepts possesses a certain particularity, something peculiar, which springs from his proper Genius, by virtue whereof that *Elocution*, those Forms, that Character in themselves common to all Writers become in such manner proper to each one; that one mans Writing is distinguish'd from another by that particularness: and this I would call *Style*.

*Thucydides* and *Demosthenes*, according to the opinion of all Masters of the Art, form'd their Writings according to the magnifick or sublime Character. And not differing in the Character, by consequence they do not differ in the Form and *Elocution*, which are the parts whereof Character is compos'd: yet, whoever shall read their Works will find in them a mighty difference, and shall not know wherein it consists. Now this difference arises from that particularity which issues from the proper Genius of each of them, so working that though Character in the kind and the precept be the same, yet it is not the same in the use: so that from the Character in conjunction with the individual particularity springing from the use of *Thucydides* genius or wit, results the Style of *Thucydides*; and from the same Character in the application of it, and individual use of *Demosthenes*, results the Style of *Demosthenes*.

'Tis on all hands confess'd, that Arguments may be drawn from the Writing, if not infallible and necessary, at least probable and well grounded, of the affections and manners of the Writer. But this guess cannot be founded in the Character; for 'twould be insufferable falcity to infer uniformity of passions and manners in those

those that compose in an uniform Character: therefore the illation depends upon some other principle more individual and intrinsic. *Virgil* and *Lucan*, for what concerns Character, must both be ranked with the Sublime. Now he that in the Works of *Lucan* traces the manners of the Writer, will esteem him contumacious, proud, impatient of Order and Laws; of tumultuous thoughts, precipitous resolutions; agitated rather by fury than by sober Counsels; worthy, in fine, to be numbred amongst those that conspired against *Nero*. On the contrary, *Virgil* will appear always noble and honourable; of pleasing behaviour; of a generous, but temperate mind; an Enemy of all Indignity, tenacious of Decorum; bashful, but manly. Now if this diversity hath no foundation in the Character, which is the same in both, it must have it in that particular manner in the application and use of the Character, which is individual to every one, as the Wit which produces it is individual, and makes the difference of *Lucans* and *Virgils* Style.

I will add one Consideration, which, if I am not deceiv'd, serves efficaciously to display the Opinion I intend to establish. In the short space of humane face, by an unconceivable miracle of Nature the same parts concur in every one; and in all, they are disposed in the same order, placed with correspondent and uniform distance; and yet in this likeness of parts an entire dissimilitude of Faces appears. Further, let us imagine a thousand Faces equally beautiful in proportion and symmetry of parts and well temper'd colour, yet for all that each of them shall have its proper air, which shall be enough to distinguish it from all the rest. Whence we say, this hath a gentle air, this a noble mein. 'Tis certain, the Air does not consist

list in the parts so order'd and dispos'd, nor in the Colour temper'd and compos'd after a certain manner; for both one and the other are common to all of them: yea, it oftentimes happens, that a Face which is not fair according to the proprieties appertaining to perfect Beauty, is for all that of a better air, and more amiable than one entirely Beautiful. So that what we vulgarly call the Air of the Face, is a proper and individual quality of each one arising from the particular Complexion, by which it is rendred different from others, in common with which it hath the same measure and order of Parts, and mixture of Colours. And this, perhaps though understood by all men, we know not how to define or express. This Air of the Face answers to Style, as the Parts and Colour correspond with Character; and is perhaps what the Masters of the Art often name *Orationis Color*, and we may style the Air of a Composition. But it may be another similitude drawn from Art, will better express our intentions, and 'tis taken out of *Cicero*.

Four things are necessarily requir'd to render a Painter excellent in his Art: *Design*, *Colour*, *Composition*, and *Custom*; (though for Custom 'tis known of few, and observ'd by fewer :) and if a Painter fail in any of these parts, he cannot be term'd excellent. *Raphael*, *Titian*, and *Corregio* possess'd them all in a supream degree: and at this day, eminently, *Giuseppino*, &c. Wherefore in the mouths of those that understand, they pass for Painters of the first Classis, and such as fortunately contend with the Ancients. 'Tis certain for all this, that amongst themselves they vastly differ. Nor can this difference have its original in those things which have

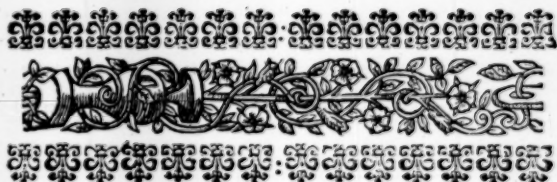
have an invariable and common Rule: for they have all a regular design; proportionate colour, though not uniform; every one of them preserves an orderly Composition, without confusion, and all of them study, as they may, livelily to express Custom; and yet those who understand the excellency of the Art, find out a particularity in their Pieces, by virtue of which they know how to pronounce this Picture is *Giuseppino's*, this *Guido's*, &c. And to this particularity, by men of the Skill, is given the title of Manner, or Way; whence they say the Manner of *Raphael* and the Manner of *Titian*. To the Manner of Painters we may compare the Style of Writers, and say as properly, this is the Style of *Salust* in *Catlines* Conspiracy, as this is the Manner of *Raphael*, speaking of a Picture.

From all that hath been said we may draw these Corollaries. First, that Style is a particular and individual manner of Discourfing or Writing, arising from the particular Genius of each Writer in the application and use of the Characters of Discourse. Secondly, Comparing Character with Style, this holds of Nature and Genius, that regards Art and Study. And by consequence this multiplies and varies according to the number and quality of the Genius's; that remains always divided into three Members, as before we have declared. Thirdly, To ask any one in what Style he writes, is foolish; because he cannot compose in any other Style than his own, dictated by his Genius: except that through imitation he may study to express with some likeness the Style of another; so that to render the question proper, we ought to say, In what Character does he write; when we do not mean Imitation.

Imitation. Fourthly, We may say, this is the Style of *Thucydides* and *Salust*; but we cannot say, this is their Character, for 'tis a thing common to all, and not proper to any one, as Style is.

The





The History of  
**ALCIDALIS and ZELIDE;**

Written in *French* by Mr. *Voiture*.

Dedicated to Mademoiselle *de Rambouillet*,  
 who invented the Subject of it.

———unfinish'd.

*Les plus belles choses du monde sont imparfaites.*



When Spain was divided, not only amongst many Kings, but amongst many Nations; and that the *Goths*, *Moors*, and *Spaniards* held each a part of it; *Aragon* was under the power of one King, who amidst the Wars wherewith his Neighbours were busied, had always maintain'd his Subjects in Peace; and who had nothing remarkable, but his being Father to him whose History we write. His Wife, when she had given him a Son, left him a Widower, much about the time that the Countess of *Barcelona*, a young and vertuous Princess, lost her Husband,

band. Though he was now old, his Council and Subjects found, that for the safety of his Person and Estate, it were to be wish'd he could leave more than one Heir; and pray'd him to that purpose, to choole a Wife to his mind in his own Countrey, or amongst his Neighbours. The Beauty and Vertue of the Countess were known beyond *Aragon*. And besides that reason of State requir'd, that an occasion of joyn'g to his Kingdom a Town so important as *Barcellona* should not be lost, the inclination of the King did entirely carry him to it. *Kesalva* (for so she was call'd) was fair enough, and Judicious as she was fair: and finding her self a Sovereign Princess, nothing less than a Scepter could tempt her to a second Marriage. But having only one Daughter, and the King of *Aragon* but one Son, she believed that it was not only to make her self a Queen, but to leave an hereditary Kingdom to her Daughter: and that being amidst many Neighbours, who design'd upon her State, she could not be blam'd for securing it by putting a Crown upon her head. She easily agreed then to lose the name of Countess of *Barcellona* to be Queen of *Aragon*; and was received with all the Joy and Magnificence possible. Being young, fair, and witty, in a short time she absolutely govern'd the King, and soon after the whole Kingdom. The most important Affairs were not determin'd without her advice: And the King had quitted all sorts of care for that of pleasing her. But in this great Power, her main design was to marry her Daughter with the Prince: and the knowledge she had of her Son in Law daily augmented in her the desire of this union. *Alcidalis* ('twas the name of the Prince) was born so happily, and with so many advantages of Nature, that one of his least qualities was to be Son to a King. He had a Beauty which gain'd the hearts of all that look'd upon it, a Wit which in the first years of his age found



no equal, and a height of Soul and Courage which gave respect and fear to all the World. The Childhood of *Alexander* was not greater nor more marvellous than his. There past no day wherein he did not say or do something which astonish'd all the Court. Those who had the art to judge of mens Fortunes by the lines of their Faces, spy'd promises of many great and incredible events in his. And those who consider'd his Actions and his great Qualities, said the Crown of *Aragon* was too small for a head like his. They foresaw that the *Moors*, who were the Neighbours of his Father, should one day be forc'd to put the Sea between him and them; and that no more time was necessary to give up *Spain* to one mans power, than was needful to give this young Prince strength to draw his Sword. All these qualities daily augmented the Queens affection towards him, who knew him better than any. She wish'd with impatience an occasion to effectuate the Marriage which she had projected: and did not esteem it so great an advantage for her Daughter to be Queen of *Aragon*, as to be Wife to *Alcidalis*. But whatever we say of Fortune, it must be confess'd there's no prudence like hers. She establishes her designs so far off, and guides them by such secret paths, that 'tis impossible for our foresight to hinder them; and in despite of our conduct she arrives at the end of what she enterprizes. She had resolv'd to combat the Prudence of *Rosalva*: and see, she brings from beyond the Seas an infant Maid, who, an Orphan and a Stranger, shall overthrow the designs of a most powerful and prudent Queen. The Prince of *Tenarus*, of one of the most illustrious Families in the Kingdom of *Calabria*, and which had formerly given Kings to *Naples* and *Sicily*, had a great and important Succession in *Aragon*, which he resolv'd to go in person and possess himself of, because it was disputed him. But extremely loving his

Wife, and both of them having a great passion for an only Daughter about the age of six years, they could not resolve to part, but pass'd with all their Family to *Aragon*. They were receiv'd of the King and Queen with all the goodness and civility due to Strangers, and to Strangers of their quality and merit. But soon after their arrival the Prince fell sick, and in few days died; leaving his Wife in a despair, wherein 'twas not likely she could live long. She receiv'd from the Queen, whose affection she had gain'd, all the consolation and assistance she could with, in her affliction, and in her Affairs. *Rosalva* had always found the Princess to her mind; but after her misfortune, pity did in such a manner increase the affection she bore her, that she began to love her as her self. She lodg'd her in the Palace, and had so much care of keeping her near her person, that it seem'd she lost somewhat when ever she parted from her; and that she was not at all her self where *Camilla* was not: 'Twas so they call'd this afflicted Princess. In the mean time, these extraordinary kindnesses of the Queen, which perhaps were capable of curing any other malady but hers, wrought no other effect in her, than to sweeten it a little, and to cause her bear her grief with less impatience and despair. And to say the truth, the death of the Prince her Husband in such an ill conjuncture was so rude a shock, and so hard to support, that all the goodness and consolation of the Queen could not hinder her being arrested, for want of nourishment and sleep, by a sickness which she presently judg'd would be the last of all her Evils. This extremely griev'd the Queen, who passionately wish'd her health. She conjur'd the most expert Physicians to practise the greatest secrets of their Art; but though at her solicitations they employ'd all their skill, and spar'd no diligence, the sickness of the Princess prevail'd upon all their Remedies: Which

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she well knew, and resolv'd to follow the Prince her Husband with all the tranquillity which could be permitted by the only trouble she had in death, of leaving her Daughter in her need, and leaving her an Orphan in an age so little capable of Reason; and in a strange Countrey, where she could not hope assistance, but from the goodness of the Queen. During these different thoughts which agitated her in the height of sickness, the Queen, who visited her as often as possible, having demanded how she did, *Camilla* sweetly turning her eyes upon her took her hand, which she kiss'd often without speaking: then on a sudden addressing her voice she told her, That she had infinite obligations to the best Queen in the World for the interest she took in her health. That seeing she did her the honour to enquire into the truth of her condition, she would please to suffer her to say, she felt her self drawing near her end. But that the most mortal thought she had in her present condition, was not that of her death; and that loving her daughter more than her life, she had more regret to leave her than to leave the World. She pray'd her then to permit she might manage those few hours that remain'd, and that she might employ them in pouring into her bosom the last and most tender Sentiments of her Soul. Which were, That she should bless Heaven with all her heart, for bringing her into a condition to follow the Prince her Spouse to his Grave, if before her death she would daign to receive from her hand the Present she was about to make of all, which in the World remain'd most dear and precious to her. That in all her miseries she could not believe Fortune was absolutely her Enemy, seeing she had given her the honour to be known to her; that, excepting the misfortune of her Husband, she esteem'd the Voyage of *Aragon* a happy one, though she easily judg'd, 'twould cost her life as well

as his. However, she thought she had the good fortune of being belov'd by her at an ealie rate; which she so esteem'd, that if the World had any thing she lost with impatience, 'twas her Friendship. But that she comforted her self with hopes, that her Daughter should succeed in the honour of her Favours. That she would have the goodness to be her Mother, and would do her the favour to have a care of her, as of a person she bequeath'd in dying. That she pray'd her with all her heart to accept the Gift she made: and that leaving her with this new quality of Daughter to the Queen, she believ'd she left her richer in it, than in the two Estates to which she remain'd Heir. That she should die content, and believe her death would be in some sort happy for *Zelide*, if it procur'd her the honour to be brought up by the wisest Queen in the World. The Queen imbracing her said, that she receiv'd with much joy the Present she made her, on condition she would not revoke it: That from that moment she would believe she had two Daughters; and that there should be no difference between them but this, that *Zelide* should be always the eldest: but, that she would take heart; and that she hoped she might live long yet, to be her self a Witness of the effects of her Promise. This extremely comforted the mind of *Camilla*, but did not diminish her disease. She liv'd two days longer, at the end whereof she went out of the World with as much satisfaction, as men go out of Prison; and left all the Court in sadness, and the Queen in an affliction which cannot be represented. Thus *Zelide* in less than three Months saw her Father and Mother interr'd in the Tomb of those persons to whom they came to succeed. See her now at the Age of six years, three hundred Leagues from the place of her Birth, in a strange Countrey, and, which is more to be fear'd by her, in the power of a person  
by

by whom the Stars threatned her with all the Misfortunes of her life. But Fortune is the best Mother in the World: and no ill can happen to the Children which she will adopt. She took this Orphan into her tutelage; and, by so unhappy beginnings, undertook to put two Crowns upon her head. *Zelide* was the most perfect piece that the Heavens ever made. As her life was to be full of Miracles, her person was so also: and this History which is every where likely, is incredible only in what it recounts of her. Since the Sun made his course round this Globe, it had never seen a Beauty more accomplish'd than hers: and in the fairest body in the World, she had a mind which cannot be imagin'd by ours: it seem'd to be of those which are not to govern other Bodies than those above, and which have been made to conduct the Stars. In an age wherein others scarce know how to pronounce words, she said things which would have been admir'd in the mouths of Sages. There was never known a Birth so happy as hers. All the Stars had conspir'd to bestow upon her what was best in them: and the Heaven had imparted so many of its excellencies, that the least part of her was what she held of the Earth, so that she seem'd a Celestial person dropt down here below by miracle. Her inclinations carried her so powerfully to good, that it seem'd she had not free-will to do amiss: and all the Vertues were so natural to her, that she must have done violence to herself not to exercise some one of them. There never was any combat in her Soul. She never was in doubt between good and evil: and she always follow'd what was right and handsom in following all her will. Besides so many perfections which were known, these hidden qualities and secret graces, which make us love a person without knowing why, were in her to such a degree, that she was always the inclination of all the World. There

was I know not what charm in all her Actions, which shed love and delight in the hearts of all that beheld them: and the tone of her voice had something which enchanted Souls. She had infinite other amiable qualities, which cannot be express'd: and the least part of her perfections were those which could be.

*See her, Madam, I think in every thing so like you, that there is no body but would take her for your Sister. And for my part, though I extremely well consider'd her when you shew'd her to me, yet there were so many things to be observ'd, that I vow I could not paint her in my memory; and should not have drawn her Picture so well, if I had not coppied her by you.*

With these Arms *Zelide* must conquer the Kingdom of *Aragon*: and there needed no other, seeing that for this purpose she was only to gain the heart of *Alcidalis*, which all the force in the World could not vanquish.

She was received into the Palace with such a general joy and affection, that an augury might have been drawn from thence, that she enter'd as Mistress, and that she should one day Command there. The Queen, who thought she could never have been comforted for the death of the Mother, could not be sad as often as she saw her: and the King scarce found a difference between the affection he bore her, and that which he had for his Son. *Alcidalis* and *Zelide* were in the age wherein we are wont to paint *Cupids*: and both of them with all the charms and all the graces, which the most excellent Painters know how to give them. They had a Beauty so equal, though extremely different, and men saw Qualities shine in them so extraordinary, that there was no body but thought they were born one for the other. Each of them had been in the World  
without

without an equal, if they had not appear'd at the same time in it. So that, to say the truth, though they gain'd the affection of all that saw them, they had never been lov'd worthily, if they had not been lov'd by one another; and there were no other Souls but theirs, which were capable of so great a passion as each of them merited. *Love*, who resolv'd to give signal proofs of his power in two such rare persons, establish'd it betimes; so that they felt it a long time before they could know it; and would not let them pass this first season of their Age in quiet, which Nature seems to have freed from Passions. *Zelide* did not fail at first view to work the same effects in the heart of *Alcidalis*, which were ordinarily wrought by her in other men: and he also at the same time did cause in the breast of *Zelide* an emotion, which she had never felt for any. The Queen, pursuing the design she had projected, had always brought up the Prince with those Artifices which might induce him to love her Daughter: from the time that he could speak, they were wont to call her his Mistress: they carried him every day to visit her: and all those which were about him lost no occasion to praise her Beauty, or her Wit. But the inclinations of *Alcidalis* were not of accord with the Queens will. And he who had sweetness and complacency for all the World, seem'd to want it only for the young Countess, and never appear'd so constrain'd as when he was with her. Whether it was that this glorious mind took it ill, that they should destine him to any thing without informing themselves of his will; or that the Stars, which had caus'd him to be born for *Zelide*, gave him a secret aversion for all those who would usurp her place. So that when she was enter'd the Palace, and that the Queen had given her for Companion to her Daughter. His mind seem'd to be chang'd all at once. He never left the apartment of the Countess, nor enjoy'd

joy'd good hours, but those he past in *Zelids* company. Love, to be welcom'd into the Soul, makes its entrance accompanied with joy and beauty: and does no evil or violence till he thinks he is Master of the place, and that he hath render'd himself so powerful, that he need not fear to be chased thence. At first these two young Lovers felt nothing in themselves extraordinary, but an extream pleasure to see each other. At their interviews they were touch'd with a certain joy and content, which they were not us'd to feel: and there was no body, but thought they imbellish'd each other as often as they met. *Zelide*, who till then had past a dull Childhood, began to be more awake than formerly. And *Alcidalis* was so gay and pleasant when he saw her, that it seem'd he reserv'd a peculiar humour and a grace to appear in before her. In this Innocent state they were some Months peaceably enjoying this pleasure; which was doubtless the most happy condition they knew for a long time after. But their minds from day to day taking new forces, their passion did so too. And Love began to be so powerful, that at last he made himself be felt, and render'd himself knowable. *Alcidalis* began to be more melancholy than formerly, and when he did not see *Zelide*, he paid for the content of having seen her by an extraordinary sadness. There were no sports nor pastime for him, but those he took with her; nor other pleasure, but that of seeing her, and if any thing could touch him in her absence, 'twas to be speaking of her. He, who in his Infancy propos'd to subject all the World, dreamt of nothing now but the conquest of *Zelide*: and if any thought of his first ambition returns, 'tis only with design to render himself more worthy of her; and to lay at her feet as many Crowns as she deserv'd. As oft as he left her, he seem'd to have fallen from Heaven to Earth; and losing her company, he could suffer nothing but solitude.



tude. And then he past exactly in his mind all her words and all her actions: and considering them by all their biasses, he drew conjectures favourable or disadvantageous. Then calling to mind all that he had said or done, he still repented him of something. Sometimes he blam'd himself for being too fearful; another time for being too bold; and still remain'd as ill satisfied with himself, as he was well satisfied with her. He began by little and little to leave all those pleasures which pleas'd him before. Hunting did not content him, if she was not present: and if he had any care of his Exercises, 'twas only that he might appear more acceptable to her. In fine, he consider'd *Zelide* as if she had been alone in the World, and all his thoughts and designs began with her and ended with her. Love, on the other side, was well enter'd in the heart of *Zelide*; but had not made so great a progress, nor extended his power so far: whether acquainted with her fierceness, he durst not make himself known to her; or whether she being younger by two years, was less capable of this passion. However, she felt some change in her self as oft as she saw the young Prince. She had more care of her Beauty and Dress than ordinary. She lov'd less the Countess, because she was destin'd for him: and the Duties which by force he render'd her, though 'twas with more coldness than formerly, did not fail to concern her. In the mean time, as she had a Soul great, strong and lively, and by consequence capable of a passion which had all these qualities; the Merit of *Alcidalis*, and the Stars which inclin'd her, wrought with time an impression there which nothing could ever efface, and form'd in it an affection as fair and perfect as her self.

Love, between persons of High condition, is like a Fire upon a Tower, which cannot be hid, and which is seen afar off. The affection of *Alcidalis* and *Zelide* was

was quickly known to all the World: and many had taken notice that they were amorous one of another, before they perceiv'd it themselves. At first, when their Childhood render'd their Actions less considerable, 'twas thought there was no other Love between them, but that of sports and pastimes, which they took together: But when with time *Zelide* became more serious, and that *Alcidalis* made appear in all his actions a Judgment which might serve to govern his Fathers Kingdom, there was no body in the Court but thought their two Souls were united by a veritable passion, and that 'twould be hard to separate them. The Queen, who was very able, and to whom nothing was so considerable as the young Prince, began betimes to suspect the Graces of *Zelide*, and was one of the first who took notice of this affection. But trusting much to her Wit and Authority, she thought she could not be troubled with them, or find resistance in two young persons over whom she had a power; she, who had bow'd the greatest and ablest men in the Kingdom. In the mean time, the Beauty of *Zelide* increased daily: and whereas hitherto it had been as it were in its dawn, she now advanc'd with so much light and splendour, that it seem'd she declar'd openly against the Queen as if in despite of her, she would gain all the hearts in her Kingdom. On the other side, the young Prince, feeling his Birth and his Power, became weary of living under the Laws of Governours, and under the conduct of a Woman. His Breast, naturally great and Royal, was also swell'd up and enlarg'd with the passion which fill'd it, and could no longer acknowledge any other Empire than *Zelides*. He began openly to let appear the affection he had for her, and granted no Favours but by her recommendation. He wore only her Colours in Turnaments; and in Dances all his devices

spake

spoke of her; and he could not endure it should be imagin'd any, but she had a part in his Soul. There was no body which did not in his heart favour this affection. Every body made secret Vows for them. Their passion was that of all the World; and their desires were follow'd with the desires of all others. The Queen now began to fear, and to perceive she had too long defer'd to oppose so great a fire; that it would cost her care to extinguish it; and that she should be forc'd to serve her self of violent remedies. But she would first try all others. She essay'd by all ways to regain the mind of *Alcidalis*, which she saw was estrang'd from her. There was no artifice she did not use to diminish the Beauty of *Zelide*, and to augment her Daughters. She instructed her in every thing she was to say or do. She appear'd always with a great deal of Pomp; always dress'd, and hid in Jewels. But *Zelide* neglected, as she was, shin'd more. Her eyes and colour took away the glittering from Diamonds, and whiteness from Pearls: and the Riches which Heaven had given her effac'd all these of the Earth. The Queen therefore, observing how much her presence was contrary to her designs, and that with one look she overthrew all her Counsels; resolv'd at last to separate them, and to carry *Zelide* farther off: hoping that Absence might blot out those impressions which Love had stamp'd in their minds, as yet young and tender; and that those she had plac'd about *Alcidalis* to gain him, might find him more capable of being perswaded, when he should no longer see the object of this growing passion. She feign'd then, that for the health of her Daughter she would go and pass two or three Months at a House she had in *Catalogna*. And having communicated it to the King, she commanded every thing should be made ready for her departure, and said, she would not be accompanied by any

any but her Women. The astonishment of our Lovers, when they heard this news, is not a thing that can be represented. Hitherto they had not felt any of the bitterness of Love, and had only had his Sweets and Roses. They had quietly enjoy'd each others presence: and except some apprehensions for the future, which could not be strong in minds so young and full of confidence, their Joy had been without trouble and without a cloud. *Alcidalis* was most sensibly touch'd with this displeasure; or at least he could worst dissemble it. There was not any thing which he did not attempt to break this design: and all things, even the most extreme, pass through his imagination. But seeing that this Evil was without remedy; and that at last the time approach'd that *Zelide* must be carried from him: he resolv'd at least, not to let it pass without openly declaring his affection, and letting her know of what quality it was. To this time he had liv'd with her without saying any thing of his Passion: and all his actions spake to her daily, though his words witness'd nothing of it. Whether it was, that shame, which is ordinary to this Age, had hinder'd him; or that being intirely fill'd and satisfy'd with the pleasure of seeing her, he did not think of any thing else. In fine, the last Evening before her departure he went to the Queens Lodgings; where, after some time, he finds the way to meet *Zelide* apart. This was the first time that *Alcidalis* had felt what Fear was. Twice or thrice he try'd to say what he had resolv'd upon: and having open'd his mouth he said something else, not having resolution enough for that. Whereas at other times, at the sight of *Zelide* he was all fire, he felt himself now all Ice. But at last, after some indifferent discourse, with a palpitation of heart, and a voice low and trembling he told her; I doubt not, *Zelide*, but you know I love you: but I am sure you do not know

know how much. And because this absence of some days ought to be to me for so many years; and that I cannot tell whether I shall live so long: I will let you know my affection, to the end, that if you find me not at your return, you may know at least how much you ought to pity me. If you consider your self, *Zelide*, and consider me too; you will easily conclude, that you cannot breed ordinary affections; and you will believe of me, that I cannot receive mean ones; and if there is any thing extraordinary in my person, you must conclude 'tis chiefly this affection I bear you. By the knowledge you have of your self and of me, you may imagine how sincere it is, how faithful and how respectful; but how great it is you cannot know. That is a thing beyond all imagination: and I who feel it cannot express it, and oftentimes I cannot comprehend it. From the moment I saw you, the passion I have for you was at a point to which after much time the greatest are wont to arrive: and from that time there hath not past one moment in which it hath not receiv'd growth and augmentation. Whilst I was a Child, I was not able to tell it you; and since, I durst not. Even at this time I tremble in saying, I adore you: and if you do not re-assure me by a favourable regard, I shall not have force to finish what remains for me to say. Here she, who had hitherto kept her eyes upon the ground, sweetly cast a glance upon him. It seem'd to *Alcidalis*, that he had seen the Heavens open'd in the eyes of *Zelide*, and taking courage he continued thus; It is true, *Zelide*, that I know the passion I have for you, is the greatest and most perfect that ever was. But how do I know that it is permitted to Men to have a passion for you? I will tell you freely, Humility is a Vertue that you only have made me understand. I ever believed, that all the Earth was too little for me. But I now believe,

believe, that I my self am too little for you: and as much as I esteem all things below my self, I hold my self below your merits. I know well, that my Fortune is the last thing which you consider in my person: and I am not so unhappy, but you may find in me some qualities, which you will esteem more than that which my Birth has given me. But if there be any thing worthy of you, 'tis this Soul which I present to you; and which I can say is great enough, and noble enough to be receiv'd by yours. I would not praise it thus boldly, if it were still mine: and I speak advantageously of it, as of all things that belong to you. Since it hath had any knowledge, it hath had but two designs: the first, and which entertain'd its Infancy, was the conquest of the World; and since it hath been more bold and more reasonable, it hath desir'd *Zelide*. If this adorable *Zelide* does not oppose me, 'twill be easie to bring about the other: and the Crown of *Aragon*, which I promise her now, and which all our Enemies cannot hinder me from giving her, shall be but a small part of that which I will one day lay at her feet. *Alcidalis* was silent, expecting *Zelides* answer; who, in the trouble wherein she was, had scarce strength enough to pronounce these few words. Sir, I am so astonish'd to hear you speak so seriously in a matter of this nature, and to see how every body considers our discourse, that I know not what to say at present, and pray you permit me to defer the Answer till our return. In the mean time you may believe, I shall be glad they do not give me much time for it. During this discourse, there was no body who did not fasten their eyes upon *Alcidalis* and *Zelide*, and who did not take notice, that he spake to her with more earnestness than usual. The Queen, who above all others had minded it, and to whom this converse gave much disquiet, rose up, and approaching them

them said pleasantly to *Alcidalis*. Sir, you speak to *Zelide* with so much action, and such a serious countenance, that it seems you have some quarrel with her. If it be so, complain to me. For I will be on your side; and before she parts, she shall do you right. *Alcidalis* having born the first brunt, and taken the boldness to speak of his affection to *Zelide*, was confident enough; and being desirous to continue the conversation, was in despair seeing it interrupted: and, scarce looking upon the Queen, answer'd fiercely; Madam, I hold *Zelide* for so just a person, that if she had done me wrong, I would have no other Judge but her self. There is no occasion, that any should mingle themselves in our differences: and whatever quarrel we have, I cannot be pleas'd with those that think it their duty to part us. Every body took notice of this Answer; and the Queen, who was most sensible of it, seem'd least to understand it, and presently chang'd the discourse. In the Morning *Zelide* departed, and left the Prince in a mortal heaviness; but she was in this more unhappy than he; for besides that she felt the like, she had moreover the pain of concealing it, and to be obliged to laugh before the World, when her Soul wept tears of blood.

Amongst all the displeasures which Love draws along with it, Absence is one of the most sensible. There are some sharp griefs, as Jealousie, which pierce and wound more: but there is none so weighty and so hard to support, and which overwhelms all sort of vigour as this. The first thing which *Alcidalis* did was to retire alone to his Chamber: there he cast himself upon his Bed, and melting into Tears and Sighs, suffer'd the same regrets as if *Zelide* had been dead, and not absent. Why do you complain, *Alcidalis*? you have all your life peaceably enjoy'd the sight of *Zelide*, and do you not know how to endure a few days absence? Love is

wont to lend all his Joys at gross usury. He makes his Subjects pay for all at last. And it is not his ordinary course to leave those that owe him any thing so long at repose. You are one of those he hath treated most favourably. Reserve then these Tears to another occasion, wherein they shall be better employ'd. The time will shortly come when you shall have more reason to lament: and the day approaches that *Zelide* and you shall be more cruelly parted, without hopes of ever meeting again. He pass'd all that day without seeing any body, and the following without speaking, except when he went to see the King, and could not avoid to answer him. At last, having pass'd eight days in all the sadness and impatience imaginable: he thought he was at the end of his life, and that it was a thousand years since he had seen *Zelide*. So that one Evening being alone in his Chamber to entertain his thoughts; without taking Counsel of any, but his desires and inquietudes, he resolv'd to go where *Zelide* was. And seeing that in this absence he foresaw an infallible death, he concluded there could not worse happen to him from his attempting to see her.

After that the *Heber*, which is one of the most celebrated Rivers of *Spain*, hath pass'd along the Walls of *Saragosa*: as if there were nothing more worthy of him in *Aragon*, he takes the way of *Catalogna*; where having receiv'd in his passage many small Rivoli to enter more magnificently into the Sea, at last he renders himself to it half a League from *Tortosa*. All the ground which he waters is extremely fertile, and cover'd with Trees; and by so much the more pleasant as the rest of the Countrey consists in dry and naked Plains, or in Mountains black and scorch'd with a fervent Sun. Fifteen Leagues from its mouth, it passes by a Valley of two Leagues in length, and two in breadth; and which is incompass'd on one side and on the



the other with Mountains. In this place the River glides very peaceably by the incounter of certain Rocks, which four Leagues further oppose its course, and makes many doublings in the Plain, as doubtful of the way it ought to take through those Mountains. Its Banks are extremely shady and flowry. And its Waters so clear and neat, that there is not a Tree near it, nor scarce a Flower which is not seen twice; and which does not appear in the Water as fair and distinct, as upon the ground. The ordinary Plants of this Country are *Oaks*, *Olives*, and *Pines*: and besides that it is not cold, there are none of these Trees that fear it. The Mountains of *Catalogna* defend the Valley from the North-wind, so that at all times 'tis cover'd with green; and the Winter, which they always see on the Neighbour Mountains, is not felt there. 'Twas in this Paradise that *Zelide* made her Hell, and where the House to which the Queen had carried her stood. One would have said, that the River, Flowers, and Plants were imbellish'd by her presence. She only was sad amidst so many objects of Pleasure, and lost daily that lustre and beauty, which she seem'd to impart to all things. The absence of *Alcidalis* afflicted her extremely. But above all, the designs of the Queen cast her into perplexities: and her imagination so well represented to her all those Evils which were to befall her; that often the fear of what was to come, took from her the feeling of the present. She saw that her Goods, her Fortune, and her self were in the power of the Queen; and, that which she dreaded most, that *Alcidalis* was so too: he that was more dear to her than her self, than her Goods, or than her Fortunes. She consider'd that the Prince's Affection was not ordinary; that his Courage was extraordinary; but that his power was as yet but weak. That he would never be suffer'd to despise the City of *Barcelona*, which For-

tune offer'd him so happily with the Queens Daughter ; to take an Orphan and a Stranger who had no Riches, Friends, or support, but beyond the Seas. That he alone could not resist the King and Kingdom. That the Queen absolutely govern'd both. That whilst they were Children, all men lik'd their affection, but that no body would approve of their Marriage. And, that some already look'd upon it as the Enemy of the State, and the Torch which should one day fire the Royal House. These thoughts, and others like them, fill'd her mind with a thousand Troubles. And as far as she carried her sight into futurities, she saw no day for her Hopes: and without knowing, in this Labyrinth, what end her Adventures might take, she easily judg'd it could not be a happy one. One day amongst the rest, accompanying the Queen, who walk'd in a Wood extremely shaded, whose Alleys led to the Meadow, which serv'd as a border to the River, she found opportunity to leave the Company, follow'd only by one of her Maids. And it was not a small consolation to her, that she found her self at liberty to be sad, and to appear so. Representing to her self the Fortunes of her life; running over the past Misfortunes, the present, and those which threatned her; her thoughts had entertain'd her so well, that not thinking of the way she had made, she found her self upon the Banks of *Heber*, and in a place so pleasant as might have diverted any other Grief, but hers. The Sun, which in this Countrey lies down in the Ocean, and appears fairer than in any place of the World; was now ready to hide it self in those clouds of Gold and Azure, wherewith 'tis envelop'd when it goes to visit the Nymphs of the Sea. But having seen nothing from its rising so fair as *Zelide*; it seem'd, that to behold her longer, he made no haste to descend into the Floods: and cast so much Gold upon all the Leaves of the  
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Trees, and Waves of the River, that he seem'd to rekindle his Rays to continue a day in favour of this Princess; invironing her in such a manner, and according so well with the rest of her Beauties, that it was doubtful whether those Rays were the *Suns* or *Zelides*. The charms of this delicious place the sweetness of the Air, and the pleasure she took in being alone, intic'd her to continue her walk in the Meadow. After some time, taking the Path that led to the Queen, the sound of a Horn, which seem'd not to come far off, made her turn her head toward the neighbouring Mountain; where, having arrested her sight, she saw as she thought, two men struggling together, who roll'd down from the height of a Rock: But afterwards she perceiv'd that what she took for two men, was a man and a Bear which wrestled together; but with that disadvantage, which we may imagine in a combat so unequal. At the same time she saw, near that part of the Mountain from whence they fell, a young Cavalier advantageously mounted, carrying a Horn hanging in a Ribband, and a Lance in his hand. Who stopping a little, and seeing the danger in which the man was, who seem'd to be of his company; put on his Horse, or, to say better, precipitated him to the bottom of the Mountain. But such was the strength of the Horse, the skill of the Cavalier, or the fortune of both, that, as if he had run in a plain field, without receiving any hurt, he found himself near the Bear, and thrust the Lance he had in his hand so far into his entrails, that at the same time he lost his life and his prey: All this too, to thunder down the Mountain, kill the Bear, and deliver his Friend, was done so in an instant, that one might say, Lightning does not fall more swift, nor more readily work its effects. It displeas'd *Zelide*, that any but *Alcidalis* had given this blow: and she was vext to have seen in

any other but him something that might please her. But the Cavalier making towards her, and wading over the River, she began to doubt if it was not he: and as he drew nearer, having finish'd to know him, but not daring to remain certain, she turn'd back to her Maid and ask'd her, if she knew that Cavalier. Madam, replies she, when he was further off, we ought to have known him by what he did, but now we see that it is the Prince. He was now twenty paces from them. Wonder, fear and joy, at once seiz'd upon *Zelide*; so that she could not find words for the first Complements. The Prince, who was prepar'd for this encounter, though with much difficulty on his side, was more assur'd than she; and said to her, If I had not known, Madam, that this was the place where you were, by the Pleasures of it 'twas easie to divine, that *Zelide* was not far off. None but you could cause the birth of so many Flowers in so desert a Soil, or could have wrought this Miracle in the Mountains of *Catalogna*. Sir, says *Zelide* to him, who now had leisure to recollect her Spirits, you are ingrateful to the *Heber*, on whose Banks you are, and which seem'd to stoop under you to favour your passage over, to give me a glory which is due to the fertility of its Waves: which water and imbrace this Valley with so much care, that when you shall have well consider'd the beauty of this Meadow, these Woods and this Park which we are entring, you may confess, that the Palaces of *Saragosa*, and the Magnificences of the *Moorish* Kings, may be left for this solitude. But, after all this, I assure you Sir, saith she smiling, we have seen nothing in this Valley so handsom, as what you shew'd upon the Mountain. And I, says the Prince, who was minded to change this discourse, that when from the Mountain we had the prospect of all about us, nothing appear'd so fair, as what you let us see in this Valley.

Valley. Now they had taken the path which led to the Queen, and the Maid that follow'd them, staying a little behind, *Zelide* with a low voice said to him; Sir, you have perform'd two things of a great deal of boldness; one, to precipitate your self from the Rock to combat such a savage Animal; the other, to give the Queen a visit in a time she so little expected it. Madam, answer'd *Alcidalis*, it had been a greater boldness for me to have staid in *Saragosa*. For that had been with a firm foot to attend that death I could not shun, if I had remain'd longer without seeing you. So that what seems to you a rashness, is rather want of Courage: seeing I am come hither to avoid a greater peril, than either of those you say I have engag'd in. I could not have imagin'd that, says she to him. And for my part, I vow to you, I durst not have fought the Bear, and I durst as little have displeas'd the Queen. But I think I have courage enough to suffer an Absence. To know what an absence is, replies *Alcidalis*, we must know what affection is: and you cannot suffer here, you Madam, who ought to love none but your self; and who carry always with you whatever is amiable in the World. *Alcidalis*, answer'd *Zelide*, you do not believe what you say: and if you thought me so ungrateful and so vain as not to love any but my self, you would not have so much impatience to see me. But to the end that you may be better inform'd, give me the hearing and leisure to make that answer I promis'd you at our parting. And because in saying this, she felt she blush'd extremely, and saw that he took notice of it, she began thus; The colour which mounts up to my Cheeks, proceeds rather from my being about to speak something which I am not wont to speak, than from an apprehension of doing any thing in it contrary to my duty. I know not, if it be always a shame for a Vir-

gin to confess the Loves; but I know, if any may be excus'd, 'tis I more than another. I will not say, that the Stars have done me violence, or that your qualities have oblig'd me to it: 'tis a cloak and pretence under which all others may throw'd themselves. I will only alledge what is particular for my defence. Before I knew that 'twas not lawful to love, I knew you to be amiable: and I received your affection in a time, when I did not know those Laws which forbid our Sex to entertain any. I cannot be blam'd for indulging a passion, which I may say, I found in my Soul rather than let it in; and which hath been so long its Guest, that I can no more remember its birth than my own. The first Sentiment I had in the World was, that which concern'd me for you: and Self-love, which we feel betimes, and which is so natural to all the World, enter'd my mind later than that Friendship I bear you. My Reason, which appear'd long after, found it so well establish'd, that it took it for a part of my self: Besides, it seem'd so innocent and so just, that she hath rather strove to fortifie, than to destroy it. I say all this, to excuse me with you and with my self; and to let you see, that a mind the most strong and most just in the World, had been taken as mine. If you are glad then, that I love you, do not thank me for it; but thank the gods that will'd it. And if you are oblig'd to me in any thing, 'tis for that I have been willing to confess it. For if I had not strength enough to extinguish the affection I bore you, I had enough to hide it: and it was in my power to dissemble it all my life; or as some do, to drop out a confession after you had long attended it. But if it be unreasonable and unworthy of you and me, it would never be time to discover it: and if on the contrary, 'tis such as I ought to have to be worthy of *Alcidalis* and *Zelide*; why should I not give you now  
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the content of knowing and being assur'd of it? I tell you then *Alcidalis*, I love you; and though I speak it with a blush, yet I speak it without shame; I accept of that heart which you say you give me. For what concerns the Crown you promise me with it, Fortune shall dispose thereof. I esteem more what you have given me, than any thing she can offer; and I prize your heart more than your Kingdom. I am glad to see there is not a quality in you which is not Royal. But I wish your Birth were not. This Crown which you promise me as the Crown of my felicity, will be the cause of all my misfortune: and to get from me that which I least esteem in you, they will use all ways to ravish from me the rest. I see, at this hour, but with an assured Brow, all the evils that threaten me. I know your Love will procure me all mens hatred; and because you wish me well, I shall suffer much ill. But she, who with the heart of *Zelide* has also that of *Alcidalis*, ought to fear nothing. I will resist all with a resolution shall astonish you: and seeing the Heavens will have me bear an affliction; I will accompany it with so much Constancy, Courage, and Vertue, that what is ordinarily blam'd in our Sex, shall be in me a subject of esteem and praise. *Alcidalis*, who at the beginning was dead with fear, as a man who was to hear the Sentence of his life or death; perceiving after what manner she spake, and that it was much more favourable than he durst wish, could scarce believe his ears. But at last, seeing he was not deceiv'd, he found himself in such a ravishment, that he was a long time without saying any thing, and could not find words to thank her. Indeed, there were none to be found; and his seeking for them was an effect of the present perplexity. He answer'd better by Silence and tears of Joy. But having turn'd into another Alley, and seeing himself out of the sight of her  
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which followed them, he put one knee to the ground, and as he began to speak, he spied the Queen at the other end; who knowing of *Alcidalis* arrival came to receive him. The Alley was not so long, but what was done in it might be seen distinctly from one end to the other. *Alcidalis* rose up as speedily as he could, and *Zelide*, extremely troubled at this encounter, told him, Sir, your undue humility will cost you dear, and see a beginning of my Prophecies. Madam, answer'd *Alcidalis*, I can fear nothing seeing you are for me: and we shall be too strong for all the rest of the World, so long as we are of a side. Therefore, replies she, they will soon find ways to part us. They said all this with an action wherewith we speak things indifferent, still having an eye upon the Troop which came towards them. The Queen was now advanc'd, and *Alcidalis* being near her, she receiv'd him with a face so open and pleasant, that *Zelide* could not have done more. When the first Complements were finish'd, and that the Prince had told her, his Sport having led him within six or seven Leagues off the house, he believ'd himself bound to come and kiss her hands; the Queen said, she was beholding to Fortune for conducting him thither. But Sir, says she, I believe you are well paid for the trouble. For 'tis to be imagin'd, that the favour *Zelide* hath granted you is not ordinary, seeing you were oblig'd to thank her on your knee. And truly at first I could not know you, but thought it was one of your Servants. However, I am glad no other than your self receiv'd this satisfaction. Tell us, I pray, what is the matter, and what she hath promis'd or given you, that I may share in it, or joyn with you to thank her. *Zelide* did not blush, for, from the time she began her discourse with *Alcidalis*, she had not put off that Colour. And fearing he could not come off in this discourse; as indeed Womens wits are more



at hand, and serve a surprize best; she advanc'd to answer for him, and said, Madam, I ask'd *Alcidalis* news of *Saragosa*, he who doubtless thought of his Hunting did not reply; I reproaching his heedlessness and silence, he put his knee to the ground to satisfy me; believing by an irregular and immeasurable civility to repair the small care he had of answering me. That is to be very civil, says the Queen coldly. And because you think the Prince dreams still, you step up to answer for him. *Zelide* began to falter; seeing the Queen press upon her in this manner, and believ'd, she would not be able to suppress the evil-will she bore her, but that now 'twould break out before all the World. But *Alcidalis* perceiving her perplexity came in to her succour, as she had done to his, and broke off the discourse with that of his Hunting. He was so possess'd with Joy for what *Zelide* had said, that he entertain'd the Queen all that day with a marvellous complacency, and was more careful to discourse with her Daughter than ever before. But these two young persons were not crafty enough to deceive her. She soon took notice of this change. By the pleasantness of *Alcidalis*, and the extraordinary assiduities which he render'd to her Daughter, she thought he must be well content and assur'd of *Zelide*. She saw by this, that there was no time to lose, and from that day took up the resolution, which afterwards cost our Lovers so many tears and dangers. Prepare your self *Alcidalis* for the misfortunes which threaten you: and take the contentment you have this day receiv'd, as the last-kindness of Fortune. Expect no more Friendship from her, and content your self with that of *Zelide*. The next day the Prince went for *Saragosa*, and the Queen eight days after. *Alcidalis* suffer'd this Absence with more patience than the former; his thoughts being now so sweet and satisfactory, that with them he could not but be happy.

happy. But as a fair day is always more fair than the fairest night, and as there is no perfect contentment in darkness: it seem'd, that the presence of *Zelide* brought a new Joy to his Soul, and gave new force to those pleasures which without her he could not intirely relish. He pass'd some Months with an extream content, and so perfect a one, that from thence only 'twas easie to guess it could not last, and that this great calm would be follow'd by a violent tempest. The satisfaction and assurance which he had, made him live with more discretion than formerly, and with more fear of displeasing the Queen. He serv'd her Daughter with more care, and entertain'd *Zelide* but seldom, and contented himself with the liberty of seeing her. She also, who was serious from her Infancy, began to be more so; to speak to the Prince with more respect; to give him fewer occasions of approaching her, and to tear more, lest they should imagine any thing of her affection. But this discretion, as for the most part that of Lovers, came too late. The Queen would not be abus'd by it: and with much care, secrecy and diligence took order for the execution of those designs she had projected. As those who are in a Cittadel which is secretly undermin'd, have ordinarily more fear of any other peril than that which threatens them, and are quiet whilst their Grave is digging, and whilst that ruine is preparing that must in a moment overwhelm them: so these two Lovers suspected nothing of the Treason which was hatching against them, but were in a profound tranquillity; and if the ill-will of the Queen made them apprehend some misfortune, they did not imagine it so great, so present, nor of such a nature as that which was to happen to them. Here begin those Misfortunes which seem to be endless; and adventures so strange and involv'd, that if it be scarce credible that they did really happen, it is no less hard

to believe, that they could be invented, or be the effects of the strongest imagination.

It seem'd to Fortune, that *Aragon* and *Catalogna* were too narrow Theaters, to represent the fairest piece she had ever acted in the World: she would take one more spacious; and changing the face of that we have hitherto seen, instead of *Saragosa* and *Barcelona*, Meadows and Walks; she will let us see the Sea and *Africa*, persons unknown, people scarce heard of, Ships taken and burnt, Duels and Battels. And what is more strange, at the same time and in the same Subject, Chains and Crowns.

Four Months after the Queen had left *Catalogna*, she took occasion to return; but did not declare her mind till the day before. *Alcidalis* and *Zelide* were so surpriz'd, that they had scarce leasure to bid adieu. But when the Prince declar'd his grief for her departure, she told him, Sir remember what you said in *Catalogna*, That there was nothing in the World you could fear so long as I was of your side. We have other manner of Evils to suffer. But in all your misfortunes remember, that you cannot be unhappy, being assur'd I love you. You cannot doubt of that, seeing I say it. If that be not enough receive this Ring, which in the presence of the Gods I give you together with my heart. *Alcidalis* took it, and having given her another with the same words, they parted. The Queen the next day pretended she had receiv'd News from *Barcelona*, which oblig'd her to go thither; so she left her Daughter with part of her Train, and carried *Zelide* along with her. They came to that fair City, which no less for its situation, than for the fertility of its Territory, is one of the most famous in *Spain*. *Zelide* wonder'd, that the Queen having left her Daughter, did not leave her too. And having well consider'd the Novelty, she judg'd it was not done without some reason.

reason. But on what side soever she cast her eye, she could not imagine any thing; and seeing nothing which she could particularly fear, she fear'd every thing. The Queen having employ'd the rest of that day in beholding the Magnificences of her reception, gave the next to those affairs which 'twas thought led her thither.

The day after 'twas told her, a Ship which bore her Name enter'd the Port. She said, she would presently go and see it. In their way they beheld all that pomp of the Sea, which is so pleasant to see when we are on the Shore. But nothing could be a divertisement to *Zelide*; her heart told her, that the Evils she had foreseen began to tread upon her heels, and on all sides she fear'd Ambushes. The Queen put her self into a Boat, and bid *Zelide* follow her. She found the Captain aboard and his Wife, and after she had taken a view of the Vessel, she shut her self up with them in the Cabin. This augmented the Suspicions of *Zelide*: and with tears in her eyes she cast a look upon the Land, and began to doubt, if she should ever return thither. An hour after the Captain and his Wife came out and told *Zelide*, the Queen call'd for her. All her Blood at this instant froze in her Veins. The Queen bid her shut the door, and thus deliver'd her self.

'Tis long since, *Zelide*, that we lost together, you the best Mother in the World, and I the best Friend. The affection I had for her will never be lost in me, nor the memory of her last words, wherewith she pray'd me to have a care of you. If this consideration had not engag'd me, yet your Beauty, Parts and Virtue would have oblig'd me to it. And having nourish'd you thus long, and found in you with advantage all those qualities which endear'd her to me, I should not be reasonable, if I had not a kindness for you too. And I may say, that in this I have done more than she

the desir'd. She pray'd me to love you as her Daughter, and I have always lov'd you as mine. She, whom the Heavens only gave me in the World, lost the name of only, from the day I took charge of you. I have had the same affection, and the same tenderness for you, as for her: and I have consider'd the one and the other, as if you were equally mine. It being so, and not one of your actions, or any thing that concern'd you having been indifferent to me, you may believe it hard, that I should not have some knowledge of that passion which your Beauty, without your consent, hath bred in the mind of *Alcidalis*; and that, as well as you, I have been often troubled about the wrong it might do you. You know what trust is to be given to persons of his age and condition, who have equally the privilege to deceive and to deny. And I make you Judge, if it be possible the affection he hath for you can ever be advantageous to you. You see, as well as I, all the reasons that will not permit it. You are too wise ever to have hop'd it: and though it should be in his power and yours, you are Just enough, and grateful enough not to desire it. I know your Vertue, *Zelide*; and I know there is nothing in the World which can endanger it. But, as great as it is, you cannot take from the Prince occasions of visiting you, nor from others of speaking of you. All that your Vertue can do in this is to hinder the evil, but it cannot hinder the fame: and I know of what prejudice this report is to persons of your Sex; and particularly, what displeasure it causes to persons of your wisdom and honour. I thought therefore, 'twas my part to come in to your assistance: and that 'twas time to perform the Promises I made your Mother. The Duke of *Tarant* is a Prince wise and vertuous; considerable in *Italy*, and esteem'd of all his Neighbours: He, by his Letters and Messengers, hath long since declar'd to me

me a great passion for you: I would not tell you of it till the matter was certain and fully ripe. This day I understand he expects you, *Zelide*, to give you possession of his Estate and Person. He that Commands this Vessel left him but fifteen days since, and promis'd him, on my part, to carry you thither in as many more. Diligence and Secresie, for reasons I cannot now acquaint you with, are so important, that 'tis needful you depart this minute. I doubt not but your good nature will cause in you some regret to leave us. But though we are separated by the Sea, our affections shall not be less united. In fine, you ought to be glad of returning into a Countrey, where you will find your Estate, your Kindred, and the place of your Birth. But though this should not be your will, 'tis enough to let you know that 'tis mine. Besides the power that my quality gives me over you, I have that of a Mother which lends me more authority. Consent then, and willingly agree to a thing, which besides that it is just, is also necessary: and by a ready obedience to what I counsel and command you at once, make appear that modesty you owe to your self, and that respect you owe to me. This you may easily resolve to do, for he you think so faithful to you, and who ought most to oppose it, is the first that consented to it. With these words she imbrac'd her; and pretending she would not take a long adieu for fear of afflicting her too much, left the Cabin.

Grief, despite, shame, rage and the excess of the Misfortune, did so oppress the Spirits of *Zelide*, that not being able to speak a word or stir a foot, she remain'd in the condition wherein the Queen left her: and doubtless, 'twas the best wherein she found her self for a long time after, seeing that at this first brunt she felt nothing. All our powers are so weak and so limited, that we are not capable of any thing extraordinary: and,

as a great light blinds us, and a great noise deafens us; great Grievs are not felt, no more than great Joys are. She had remain'd thus without motion a quarter of an hour: when at last her Spirits, buried under this sudden ruine of all things, beginning to return, she thought there would be no remedy to this evil, if she did not find one in this instant; so she runs out of the Cabin, intending to cast her self at the Queens feet, and to try if she could change her mind. But when they told her she was gone, and that she saw they were got out to Sea, she cast her eyes upon the shore, and her thoughts upon what she had left there, and on a sudden took up a resolution which seem'd to quiet her. Then, with a serene countenance, turning towards those about her, she spake some few words, and seeming to receive the Consolations they tender'd, she went to her Bed, and pray'd them to leave her to her rest. Miserable *Alcidalis*, thou art now counting the moments as they pass: and when thou thinkest of the eight days in which thou shalt not see *Zelide*, this term appears infinite. Whilst she is remov'd from thee for many years. In a few days the Sea shall be between thee and her. The Wind hurries away all thy Joys and all thy Hopes; and is about to put into the power of another the only good thou desirest in the World, and the only one that is worthy of thee in it. Fear and Hope are the two Winds of our Soul, which never cease, and there are no Tempests in it which are not made by one of them. The present, being only a point, would not be considerable to us, if one of these two passions did not make us feel the future. *Zelide* believ'd, that Fortune had put her in a condition, wherein it was not in her power to hurt or succour her. So that she was in that fatal tranquillity in which those are who neither fear nor hope, and who only expect the end of their miseries in the end of their life. And amidst so many

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miseries, at least she had not that of seeking remedies, which is one of the greatest torments to wretched persons. Being well resolv'd of what she had to do; and knowing, within a little, how long her Misfortunes could last, she pass'd the night in thinking of *Alcidalis*, and flatter'd her self with some content, when she consider'd that signal proof she was about to give him of her affection and courage. Though the Queens last words, whereby she would have made her believe, that the Prince betray'd her, caus'd in her some violent transports.

When the Captain and his Wife thought she was awake, they enter'd the Cabin, and asking her, if she would not eat; she reply'd, that not only she would not eat now, but that she would eat no more. They were startled at the Answer, and thought she was relaps'd to her first sadness, and that it requir'd more time to digest it. But, some hours after, seeing she did not call, they return'd and us'd all Arguments to perswade her to eat: To all which she did not answer, but by an obstinate silence, and by so cold and resolv'd a look, that she did not seem to hear them. They went out the second time extraordinarily troubled, and began to fear some tragick end of this strange resolution. At night they return'd, and with a Niece they had of the age of *Zelide* they kneel'd about the Bed, conjuring her by all things, to have a care of her life. They could not for all this obtain an Answer, but withdrew at last, that they might not rob her of her repose, which seem'd to be the only benefit left her. Three days past in which they were not able to change her mind by prayers, tears and remonstrances, or draw one word from her. The fourth day they came again to try their utmost, and getting about her upon their knees, melting into tears, offering her every thing, conjur'd her to have pity of her self and of them. When *Zelide* had  
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hearkned to them, fetching a sigh, with much pain she sat up in her Bed. Then they knew the extremity to which she was reduc'd. In the fairest face of the World they saw an affrighting image of despair, and approaching death; and something which struck them with fear and pity at once. When they had look'd upon one another for some time, at last she broke that Silence which she had so long kept, and spake to them after this manner :

My Friends, you ask me a thing which none but you can give me. You pray me to live. I pray you, that I may. And 'tis in your power, not in mine. I have resolv'd I will not be carried alive to the shore of *Italy*: and I swear it again by the gods above, by the Fire and by the Light; by those below, and by the shades of my Parents. It is not then in me to dispose otherwise of my self. And seeing you can carry me, or not carry me thither; you must pronounce the sentence of my life or death: Can you now refuse me that, which you have beg'd of me with so many tears? And will you be my Murtherers, that were chosen for my Conductors? The Duke of *Tarent* expects me; but hath never seen me. Here's your Niece, of my age, my stature, and not much unlike me. You may put her in my place; and procure her this good Fortune, and deliver me from the greatest misfortune in the World. 'Tis true, you will deceive the Duke by another person than he expects: but if you could conduct me in the condition wherein I am, would it be *Zelide*? And is not this Maid more like to what I was, than I am to my self? Will not the Duke be more happy to have a Wife that will be content, and who wishes for him, than one that long consider'd, whether she should choose death or him? and which at last prefer'd death to his person? But 'tis not mine he loves, seeing it is unknown to him; 'tis my Fortunes,

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which

which I now make over to your Neece, with the name of *Zelide*: and call the gods to witness, that for me no person alive shall know of it, and that I will never repent of it. 'Tis true, the Queen hath commanded you to convey me where I am expected; but are not you bound to follow her will rather than her words? And don't you think that if she were now present, and saw the danger in which I am, she would not rather provide for my safety in any place, than send me dead for *Italy*? Did she bid you put me into the hands of the Duke, alive or dead? Don't you think she intends this Marriage for my good and advancement? and that she, who hath had a care of my Fortune, would have a care of my life? When all the World shall reproach her with this cruelty, will she not discharge her self upon you? But who can oblige you, except you will, to return to *Barcelona* and give her account of what you have done? With this Ship you may go any where, where the Winds go, and you have all the World before you. Then drawing out a small Cabinet the Queen had left her, containing her Mothers Jewels, she told them; These Jewels are of infinite value. The Queen would not give you more if she presented you *Barcelona*. I present them all to you, for the ransom of my life and liberty: and as these two surpass in value what I present; and that Liberty alone is worth all the Riches in the World, you may give me more than I give you, and I shall still be your Debtor. With these you will find Friends, Kindred and Countrey any where. Many would be tempted to take away my life, with what I offer you to save it: and I incite you to a good action, by a reward capable of purchasing others for a bad one. If you are touch'd with a scruple of obeying the Queen; are you not more afraid of murdering an Innocent? Can you more easily resolve to kill one of  
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her Friends, than to break one of her commands? Are you not more afraid of provoking the gods, than of offending men in the person of a Woman? And if a dread of her hatred or revenge restrains you, ought you not to consider, that there are some in *Dragon*, as powerful as she, who will seek you throughout the World, and make you give account of my person and life? But after all, if these Reasons should not appear so; I adjure you by that compassion you seem'd to have of me, and by the tears you lately shed, to deliver me out of this misery: and by a ready complying shew, that it is for the love of me, rather than for your own consideration, that you do it. But if my Reasons, my prayers, and my offers cannot prevail; and if I cannot persuade you to an action which is just, safe and profitable: I shut my mouth never to open it again; and in despite of you, death shall one day give me the liberty you have refus'd. Ending this discourse she open'd the Cabinet and let the Stones sparkle in their eyes. Which indeed was not one of the weakest means wherewith she serv'd her self to persuade them. They were mov'd with what they heard; but more by what they saw; and 'twas hard for them to resist so many violences at once.

The Captain was much a Souldier, and of great Courage: who had pass the half of his life upon the Sea; and who had run many Fortunes, but made none. He thought that now she would pay him all at once: and was astonish'd to see in so small a space, more riches than he had ever beheld in the *Indies*. He presently began to think how many Ships he would build and Man out with a part of it. All *Zelides* Arguments appear'd good ones. He thought that generosity oblig'd him to succour a Princess so amiable, and so unjustly afflicted: and thought besides, that if he could bestow her in some place, whence he might afterwards render

her to *Alcidalis*, he might return to *Spain* with more favour than ever ; and had ground to hope as great Reward hereafter, as that which he saw before him. When he had attentively hearkned to *Zelide*, he remain'd silent a long time : and resolv'd upon what he would do, he only studied what he should say. She believing he doubted what resolution he should take , added so many prayers and promises to what she had said , and knew how to press him in such a manner, that at last seeming to render himself up to her Reasons and to pity , he swore by solemn Oaths to do what she desir'd. *Zelide*, who hitherto in the height of her misfortunes and despair had never dropt a tear , felt her self now stirr'd with joy, and a pity she had of her self, reflecting on her condition, and began to weep abundantly, as miserable persons are wont to do , when in their griefs some glimpse of hope darts in upon them. She did not think so much of her being snatch'd from the arms of *Alcidalis* , as of her being deliver'd from falling into the Dukes. With the help of this Joy she soon recover'd her strength ; and re-establish'd her health in as few days as she had lost it. They agreed then , she should not shew her self : and *Erminia* their Neece was shut up in a Cabin, and receiv'd Lessons to act well the part of *Zelide*. At last they came near the Shore , and they suffer'd her, being well instructed , to be seen by the principal Officers of the Gallies , and she rehears'd before them the part she was to play upon a more noble Theater. Though *Zelide* saw things well dispos'd, and the extream passion her Guardians had to bring about their design, her heart fail'd her when she saw the Land. In the mean time , that they might not expose the false *Zelide* to the eyes of the Croud , which cover'd the Shore , as soon as she was Landed they put her into a close Chair, pretending her indisposition, and so convey'd her to the Palace : and they advis'd her,  
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with the same pretext to shun the sight of People, and to keep her Bed till she had fortified her action and countenance, and was well accusom'd to be a Dutcheſs. So that she was seen of none but the Duke; who, though he did not find in her that great Beauty which had made so much noise; was content, and attributed something to her sickness and a Sea Voyage: or at least to the deceitfulness of Fame. The Captain and his Wife, laden with Presents, took leave and went to Sea. When they were return'd, and that *Zelide* saw the Ship was under Sail, and she at distance from this fatal Shore, which she had so much fear'd; she was fill'd with such a Joy, that it wanted little but the pleasure of leaving *Italy* made amends for the grief she felt in leaving *Spain*. But what serves it for an unfortunate person to scape one Misfortune? And what safety for those that Fortune pursues? All the Earth, without doubt, is of her Empire. But the Sea seems to be her proper Inheritance. 'Tis there she is most to be fear'd; and there are wrought her greatest miracles and greatest perſidies. In the mean time, as if there were nothing to be fear'd, *Zelide* thank't the gods: and being upon the most unfaithful Element of all, in a weak Vessel, and amongst people from whom she could expect nothing, having no more to give them, she is in the same assurance as if she were upon the Land, in a Palace, and amongst her Friends. They made for *Sardinia*, to which place the Captain design'd to carry the young Princess, and commit her to the care of a Sister of his, till he could find means to put her into the power of *Alcidalis*. After a few days sail with a favourable Wind, one Evening they descry'd three Sail.

There is no place where men live with so much distrust, as upon this Element. The Water, Air, Earth and Fire are enemies to Voyagers. But men are more so, and amidst so many dangers there is nothing a Vessel

fears more, than the encounter of another. This News rous'd them all, they made all sail possible, and the Night came on, but in the Morning they found them by their side. Then astonishment seiz'd upon them; the most fearful betook themselves to Cries and Tears, and the most resolute to their Arms. And the wisest judg'd the one and the other were equally in vain. Though the Captain had experience enough to judge that he could not defend himself, nevertheless a regret to loose so much Riches, and to see that Fortune would snatch out of his hands what she but now gave him, put him in despair, and made him resolve to die rather than yield. In this general alarm and confusion *Zelide* only was unaffrighted: and whilst others fear'd for their Goods, Lives and Liberty; she, to whom all these things were indifferent, thought of preserving that she esteem'd most. After she had fac'd the danger with a firm and resolv'd mind, she shut her self up in the Cabin with the Captains Wife. The first thing she did was to throw the Cabinet of Jewels into the Sea, lest she should be discover'd by them. After that she pray'd her to cut her Hair: and then with Tears in her eyes, seeing what Fortune constrain'd her to, made her bring a Sute of her Husbands Clothes, which she put on. In the mean time the Ships, now known to be of *Africa*, were within Canon-shot, and finding that our Ship pretended to defend her self, discharg'd a Broad-side; ours did the same, but with different success; for having done no hurt to the Enemy it lost Mast and Sails. At this noise *Zelide* came out, and put her self amongst the most resolute, and where there was most danger: believing by this means she should find her death, or better disguise her self. The Combat was so unequal it could not last long. The *Corfsairs* quickly boarded the Ship; where having kill'd ten or twelve of the stoutest, and amongst them the Captain, the rest ask their lives. The Commander of these

these Vessels was of of the Kingdom of *Bareba*, a part of *Africa* which confines on one side with *Egypt*, on the other with *Nubia*. These people, extremely Savage, know not what Commerce is; and have no other way of communicating with Strangers, but by vanquishing of them, and carrying away Merchants and Merchandize: What we call Stealing, they say is to gain upon the Enemy; and call that Valour, which we style Piracy. What they can have at the price of their Blood, they would be asham'd to get otherwise: and to take a thing by force and with danger, is amongst them the most honest sort of acquisition. This man being of the noblest and most powerful of his Nation, had been for a long time the terrour of the *Grecian* and *Italian* Coasts, able and extremely valiant; pitiful and humane, more than his Countrey or Trade permitted; good and generous, without knowing what goodness or generosity was. As in the coldest parts of the North there are found some veins of Gold as fine as that of the *Indies*, though not in so great quantity: so in all sorts of Climates, Nature is pleas'd sometimes to produce rich dispositions, which she instructs and dresses up herself; and bestows upon them, without their study, all necessary lights. When *Orchant*, which was the name of the *Corfaire*, view'd his Captives and the prey he had made; the Beauty and Majesty which sparkled in the face of *Zelide* struck his sight: and asking who she was; she said, she was a *Spaniard* by Nation, and nam'd her self *Zelidan*, Cousin to the Captain of the Ship he had taken; that she was sorry she could not follow him; and that she esteem'd him happy to have lost his life rather than his liberty. She said this with a Countenance that held nothing of the Captive; without tears, without prayers, without submissions. But in spite of her self her face and good grace pleaded for her; and her Constancy and Courage were recommen-

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dation enough. So that *Orcban* esteem'd her Pride; and what would have invited the anger of another, bred admiration in him. He exhorted him to be of good courage; that his Servitude should not be harsh; that he should taste more liberty than before; that he might hope 'twould not last, seeing he had a Master who kept no Slaves, but those who deserv'd to be so: that for his part, he did not practise the Sea as a Merchant; that he rather sought Fame than Gain; that he took more pleasure in making Free-men, than in making Slaves: that for his part of the Booty, he would content himself with *Zelidan*, and leave the rest to his Souldiers: that he might ransom himself when he would; that one gallant Action would be enough to do it; that if the rest of him answer'd to his face, he might believe he should be longer his Friend than his Slave. *Zelide*, who expected nothing like this from a Barbarian and a Pirate, was glad, and wonder'd at his discourse, esteeming her Captivity much more supportable. And now having shun'd an odious Marriage, see her the Slave of a Pirate: and she thought this Accident less afflicting than the other, because it had more remedies. There was no good fortune for her, but to be *Alcidalis*'s; nor ill, but to be anothers. Besides this, she knew no good nor evil in the World; and all things were indifferent to her. Thus she who deserv'd to command the Universe, resolves to serve: and that heart which was so vast and elevate, that the Heavens are not more, stoops to the lowest of Misfortunes, with more patience than the meanest Mariner taken with her. But it was impossible for *Zelide* to serve long. This disorder and violence could not last in nature. It had been easier to submit the sphere of Fire to the other Elements: and it was impossible but those divine qualities which were in her, should be known and admir'd. Besides that the Heavens had bestow'd



bestow'd on her all Beauties in perfection; and the charms of body and mind, together with all the graces which breed love and respect: she was born under such a strong Constellation of Empire and Command, that she would have been obey'd by the most Savage Animals, and easily gain'd Authority over reasonable Souls. So that *Zelidan*, for we must accustom our selves to call her so, became the Master of his Master. Slaves, Mariners, Souldiers equally lov'd her, and he absolutely Commanded in the Vessel where he was Prisoner. Considering the passion *Orchant* had for him, he guess how easily this Friendship would convert into Love, if he were known; and that in this case, that affection which might be some way a succour to him, would be the inevitable cause of his loss. He took care then to conceal himself: and the better to do it, resolv'd to oppose his Courage to all sorts of dangers, and to inure himself to those things whereof this Sex does not seem capable.

They pass that Summer without making any Port, except for Water; often changing course and design; following the Winds, and the way they thought they might furnish prize. In which time *Zelidan* signaliz'd her self in all occasions that offer'd; running where danger was most appatent without Armour, and the most rash remain'd behind her. There are no enchanted Arms like those of good Fortune, nor Buckler which covers like hers. Those she defends may run naked upon Swords points; but for those she bears ill-will to, Armour of proof will be faulty. Now, the hopes *Orchant* had conceiv'd of her became a confirm'd opinion, and an esteem solidly establish'd.

'Twas necessary we should leave *Alcidalis*, and necessary we leave him no longer. For his first grief could not be describ'd; and at first 'twas impossible to represent all his sighs, tears, rages and furies. Having  
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ſcen the Queen return without *Zelide*; and having been eight days without being able to diſcover what was become of her; he paſt that time in a mortal ſadneſs and inquietude. But when he came to know the hiſtory of her Miſfortune, and knew the Evil was without remedy; when he conſider'd her in the arms of another, and that his Imagination had preſented to him whatever might torment him: Then his tears ceas'd, and deſpair ſeiz'd him; then he loſt all ſorts of reſpects and fears; he lowdly threatned the Queen; and teſtify'd all thoſe reſentments, which higheſt wrongs can breed in the greateſt heart in the World. He was two days deliberating, if he ought firſt to revenge himſelf on the Queen, or go and raviſh *Zelide* from the hands of him that poſſeſt her, or rather rid himſelf of his miſeries by a voluntary death. But at laſt his body, which for ſome time had as'twere nourish'd it ſelf with poiſon, funk under ſo many evils, and put an end to the tranſports of his mind. A Feaver ſeiz'd him, which at firſt was accompanied with ſuch furious fits as gave fear to all the World: and thoſe who knew the cauſe of his diſeaſe, believed this would be the end of it. In few days he became forceleſs; and, which was well for him, without knowledge, without ſenſe. So all thoſe thoughts, which his different paſſions croud-ed into his mind, were damp't; and he that would paſs the Seas and run through the World, was detain'd in his bed for four Months. A Feaver, Love and Jealouſie, that is, the greateſt Evils of body and mind equally conſum'd him: and each of them were in him to ſuch a height, and with ſuch circumſtances, that there was no probability any one of them was capable of remedy. But Nature would not loſe the faireſt piece that ever paſs'd her hands: and ſhe had in him ſo much force and vigour, that againſt all reaſon and againſt his own mind ſhe return'd him to health. And  
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now having less of Sickness he had more of Sorrow : and not being able to stay till he had recover'd his strength, he left *Saragosa*, and imbarcking at the first Port went for *Italy* with some shadow of Joy, in thinking he escap'd the hands of his Enemies and follow'd the footsteps of *Zelide*.

The false *Zelide* had Fortune more favourable than the other; and her designs prosper'd better. She had a midling Beauty, and that sort of Wit which is proper for Craft. Seeing the danger of her attempt, she endeavour'd by all ways to gain the heart of her Husband, and to fortifie her self against all Accidents that might happen. He was in that season of his life wherein the approaches of Age begin to give men distrust of themselves, and wherein they ought not to hope for love from any Women, but those who are by duty oblig'd to it : so that the Beauty, behaviour, and kindness of his Wife easily gain'd him. As Flowers are never so acceptable to us, as at the beginning of the Spring or end of Autumn; those for their novelty; and these because we think we shall quickly lose them: the pleasures of Love do not in any Season touch us so sensibly as in the first youth, or decline of our Age. 'Tis so great a satisfaction and rare a pleasure for an Old man to be belov'd, that there are none which upon this opinion do not become young, and kindle their ashes again. But likewise, as the Sun shining far off us makes the longest shadows : when Love shines in this Age, from which 'tis naturally distant, it causes largest Shadows. As soon as the Duke felt himself amorous, he became Jealous. This passion, which is elsewhere a fortuitous effect of Love, is an inseparable Accident in all men of this Climate. They do not believe a great desire can subsist without a great fear : and Love and Jealousie are the two Twins, which are always here born together. Whether then the excess of his affection

tion wrought the effect, or the Air of the Countrey, or the suspicious humour which years brought along with them; or whether he had notice of *Alcidalia* passion: his distrust arriv'd to that point, that he was not safe but when the Dutcheſs was in his ſight. And beſides, 'twas with impatience, that he ſuffer'd her to be ſeen by any eyes but his own. She, who for another reaſon fear'd nothing more than to be ſeen, eaſily met his humour: and pretending to pleaſe him, ſaid, ſhe equally lov'd all the effects of his paſſion; that his fear for her pleas'd her, ſeeing 'twas a proof of his Love; however, ſhe would try all ways to ſatiſfie him, and that he need not take care for any thing but his own quiet. For her part, ſhe would be always content if he were: and ſeeing that he was to her inſtead of all things, ſhe would believe ſhe poſſeſt all, when ſhe poſſeſt him. He received theſe offers with much content: and uſed the liberty ſhe gave him in taking away hers. So that daily paring away ſomething, from a great Palace and an infinite number of Servants, ſhe is reduc'd to a few Chambers, a Gallery, and five or ſix Women. As the Duke gave her proofs of his Jealouſie, he would alſo give her ſome of his Love: and ſatiſfying himſelf, he ſtrove likewiſe to content her. There was nothing rare either in *Europe* or the *Indies*, which he did not cauſe to be bought for her. Whatever was precious in the World, the richeſt workmanſhip of Nature, the moſt accompliſh'd Maſter-pieces of Art adorn'd her Cabinets. She had, in ſine, the faireſt Priſon we can imagine, if any Priſon can be ſaid to be fair: and ſhe ſaw whatever ſhe could deſire, except men. But becauſe the moſt pleaſing Solitude has always ſomewhat of Melancholy, he would remedy that too. With great care and expence he ſought out the handſomeſt and ſtrongeſt Slaves. And having got a great number, he cauſ'd them to be inſtructed

instructed by the best Masters of *Italy*, in all exercises wherein the Nobility are wont to excel. These were call'd the Dutchess's Slaves, and wore her Livery: they had no other mark of Servitude but a Ring of Gold about their necks, with a Chain fasten'd to it, and a Medal of their Mistress's Arms. Three times a week they enter'd a spacious Court, which answer'd to the Windows of her Gallery: and there they exercis'd. The Duke invented this for two ends; one to entertain the Dutchess, who was extremely belov'd by him; the other, to make her despise all men by letting her see in Slaves, that is, in the vilest persons among them, the same qualities which are found in those most Nobly descended, and which render them considerable.

*Alcidalis* coming to *Italy* understood all this; and having consider'd some time, he thought no quality could become him better than to be *Zelide's* Slave; and that the greatness of his Fortune having caus'd all his Misfortunes, he could not cure them better than by putting himself into the lowest state. He imparted his design to him that accompanied him. Who feigning himself to be a Merchant, went to those who govern'd this Troop. They seeing in *Alcidalis* all the qualities they sought, quickly set a price upon a Person invaluable, and with a small sum of Money bought for a Slave the Son of a King, and the most accomplish'd person on Earth. At first he was a Scholar to them to whom he might have been Master; and suffer'd himself to be taught what he knew better than they, or any body else. Thus pretending every day to learn something of them, he made such a progress in a short time, that he was admir'd by all. Whether he did Ride, Wrestle, or Jump; he shew'd every where so much address, strength and disposition, that it proceeded to a prodigy. Horses seem'd naturally to obey him,

him; and that without any motion he made them understand his mind. If he were challeng'd at Wrestling, or at the Course; he so easily cast one on the ground, and got ground of the other, that it seem'd he was born to be their Master, and that they ought always to be at his feet or much behind him. When he run on foot, Horses had not such speed; and when he was on their backs, they were swifter than Birds. In time, no prize was propos'd which was not his: and there was no way to make an equal match, if he were in, except he were on one side; and yet so, he did not fail to vanquish. In the mean time, amidst all these Praises, he felt some shame in himself to contend with Slaves. He had a heart to ask Kings for his Rivals. But this was necessary for his design. Though he perform'd every thing with a marvellous grace, yet it was with so little attention, and in so careless a manner, that 'twas ealie to perceive he thought of higher Victories. As oft as he enter'd the Course, and could be seen by the Dutcheffs, he came first and went away last. In all his Exercises his eyes were still fixt upon the Grates, whence he believ'd she beheld him, and whatever himself did or others did, could not divert them. To what blindnesses are Men subject? The most faithful of Lovers Idolizes a Beauty he never saw. He sighs for her, he sends her his heart by his eyes: and having a Mistress he loves a hundred times more than himself, he voluntarily sells himself to another. *Alcidalis*, who would have been remarkable amongst the most accomplish'd Princes in the World, was ealily so among Slaves. The first day he enter'd his Beauty and Behaviour drew the Dutcheffs eyes upon him. Soon after he gain'd her esteem, and admiration: and having consider'd him better, she thought she beheld in the gallantness of his port, something extraordinary, and which was not of his present condition. She minded  
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the attention with which he look'd toward her. She mark'd his sighs, the paleness and grief which dwelt in his face: and how amidst general applauses, nothing could affect him. All this begot in her first Curiosity, then Pity, and at last Love.

*I have always heard you say, Madam, she was not touch'd with this last passion; and that she had only the curiosity to know a person, who in so low Fortunes shew'd such high Indowments. But you shall permit me, not to be satisfied with what you say. I have heard you sometimes excuse persons less excusable than she, and I know you are scrupulous to a degree of fearing to offend a person that never was. If you consider the Duke was Old and Jealous; the Dutcheß young and a Prisoner, and the Prince the most amiable person in the World, you will find, it is not a very rash suspicion to think she was amorous.*

One Evening, as this Slave left the Palace, he felt himself pull'd aside into a dark Entry by a Woman he did not know; who told him, Sir, if you are the gallant Man you seem, go to morrow two hours in the Night to the foot of the Greek Tower: where, if you seize your self of the occasion that will present, you shall be happier than ever you hoped to be. She said this in haste, and left him without expecting an Answer.

*It could never be imagin'd how the Dutcheß, shut up and watch'd as she was, could find a way to let Alcidalis understand her mind. You, Madam, never gave good account of it: And I remember, Madam, your Mother, who never lost an occasion of saying a handsome thing, prais'd you for having fail'd in Invention at this part of the History. And truly 'tis very remarkable, that when you could save Alcidalis in so many Accidents, and keep Zelide untouch'd amidst Pirates, and bring them both to their Kingdoms after so many wanderings; your imagination fell short in this occasion,*

*sion, and you could not find a way to send a man a Message.*

Since *Alcidalis* began to be unfortunate, he had never seen the least glimmering of Joy but at this instant. He presently thought this Message came from *Zelide*; and with tears in his eyes thank'd Heaven, which seem'd to begin to take compassion on him. However, whether the Souls of great men see something in the darkenesses of the future; or whether the miserable dare not trust the Promises of hope, wherewith they have been often abus'd: he durst not be confident of his good Fortune; and beginning to hope he began to fear too.

*Here, Madam, a more eloquent Writer than I would not fail to say, That all the hours seem'd days, and all the days years: And that his amorous impatience made him count the moments; blame the slowness of time, and of the Sun; and accuse all the Heavens. But without saying all this, we may easily imagine the Inquietudes of Alcidalis by the causes he had for it.*

The Day, or rather the Night of the assignation came at last. And before she had well thickned her shadows, he was at the foot of the Tower. 'Twas an Old building joyn'd to the Palace. Its foot was wash'd by the waves of the Sea. The Prince had provided himself of a Fishing-Boat; which he fastned to some Rings in the Wall, and attended that success which Fortune would give to this Adventure, in the darkness and silence of the Night, which was not interrupted but by the waves of the Sea. He staid an hour without seeing any thing: diversly agitated with hopes and fears; which being two contrary passions are, for all that, often found together.

*He form'd all those Imaginations which another may conceive; but which neither you nor I, Madam, who never knew Love, can relate.*



At last, when he began to despair, and had thoughts as black and dreadful as the Night and Sea, which environ'd him, a noise he heard from above restor'd him his lost hopes. He thought he heard some words, which he could not understand; to which having answer'd by a noise he made below, he heard something fall into the Sea, and perceived it white upon the Water: which having reach'd to him, he knew 'twas a Ladder of Cord, to which a piece of Linnen was ty'd that he might the better see it. Now *Alcidalis* suffer'd himself to be deceiv'd by the apparences of his good Fortune, and believed she would give him back something of *Zelide*. Presently, without considering the danger, and in spite of the Darkness, and Winds which blew horribly, he undertook by this dangerous way to mount to an extream height; without knowing whether he went, of whom, nor how he should be receiv'd. He at last finds a Window, where he perceiv'd a person who gave him her hand, and by many turnings and windings conducted him to a Chamber, enlightned by three Lamps of Gold, and richly adorn'd. The Woman bid him sit down a while, and left him. Now considering what had past, and what he saw, he confirm'd himself in the opinion he had, that he was sent for by *Zelide*. And in the midst of so many perils which he might imagine to himself, by a secret presentiment of his Misfortune, he fear'd nothing so much as not to see her. I cannot tell you the divers thoughts he had; his impatiences, desires, fears, distrusts, suspicions, surprizes, alarms. All which cannot be represented upon Paper: and nothing but humane mind is capable of this confusion. He remain'd thus an hour. At last the same person enter'd; You will pardon me by and by Sir, saith she to him, for making you stay; the Honour you are going to receive, deserves to be staid for. The Prince having thank'd her, and

pray'd her to let him know what that Honour was; after some pause she told him. If it were not easie to conclude the greatness and force of your mind by what we have seen of you, it would not be fit to tell you your good Fortune all at once, but give you time to use your self to it, and to try how you could bear it. But it is to be believ'd of you, that you will not be surpriz'd, and that your thoughts are no less high and noble than your actions. Know then that you are in *Zelides* Lodgings, and in a moment you shall be in her Chamber. The Dutchess hath taken notice of all those qualities which render you esteemable: and seeing that there is nothing low in you but your Fortune, she will take care of that her self and make it better: and to this purpose she would know who you are. Hereafter shew as much discretion and conduct, as you have hitherto shewn art and valour. With this she led him to her Mistresses Chamber.

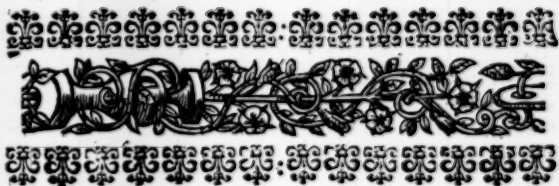
The weakness of our minds is very strange. *Alcidamides*, whom death and all that is horrible could not affright; who in spite of the Wind, the Night and the Sea, by a weak Ladder of Cord was got so high; and who durst at Noon-day have ventur'd to deliver the Dutchess from the hands and power of the Duke; trembled here, where he knew there were none but Women. That heart which would fearlessly have confronted a World of Enemies, is fill'd with fear approaching the only person he loves, and by whom he knows he is belov'd. The Chamber was enlightned only by a Torch, and the Dutchess was in her bed, with that little light which such enterprizes, the shame and astonishment of a young unexperienc'd person demands. So that if the Prince had been more himself and less surpriz'd, scarce could he have known his error, and the cheat which Fortune put upon him. At first he put himself upon his knee; and having begun to say some words, which were

were ill pronounc'd and worse follow'd, he stopt in the middle of his discourse. The trouble of his mind and a troop of passions press'd him so, that he could not proceed: and half beside himself, he fell with his head upon the Princes Bed. Who putting out her hand to remove it, he took it, and coming to himself, he said, At last, *Zelide*, the Heavens have had pity of *Alcidaiis*; and however they have oppos'd me, I must thank them for permitting me to see you before I die. Here his Sighs broke off his discourse. And as he was beginning again, he heard a great noise in the Palace, and she that led him in, enters amaz'd, saying it was the Duke, and that he was now in the Dutchesses Lodgings. The good Man, little imagining what pass'd in the Palace, had left it with design to stay three days abroad a Hunting. But whether his Love or Jealousie call'd him back; or whether he thought it a piece of Courtship to shew his impatience and his affection to the Dutchess, he returns the same day, and presently hastens to see her.

*I am extreemly vext he came so unseasonably. For I would fain have understood, what the Dutchess could answer in that astonishment she must needs be in, bearing Alcidaiis speak as he did. I find him very troublesome to arrive just now, and if I had made the History, in spite I would have——*

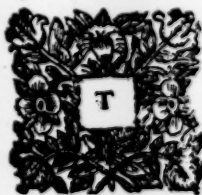
The Dutchess was so affrighted, she could not speak one word. The Lady that brought the Prince in, taking him again by the hand and conducting him by the same way he enter'd, carried him to the Window; whence, seeing the treasons of Fortune, he had a mind to precipitate himself, rather than descend.





*F I E S C H I S*  
**Conspiracy,**

*Out of Italian.*



He War raging in *Italy* between the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth and *Francis* the First, King of *France*, *Andrea Doria* an experienc'd Commander in Sea Affairs, follow'd the Banner of the *French*. With his Valour and Counsels he sustain'd the reputation, and notably promoted the Interests of that Crown; satisfying at once the Faith due to his King, and the fierce hatred he bore the *Spaniards* for the cruel Accidents hapned in the Sack of *Genova*. But as it is the fatal infelicity of Princes, not to esteem eminent persons whilst they are engaged in their Service, the King

by ways little discreet exasperated the mind of *Andrea*, a Minister so necessary to him at this time. He did not pay him his assign'd Stipend; and after he had taken from him the Prince of *Orange*, his Prisoner of War, and set him at liberty, thereby defrauding him of his due Ransom, he demanded with importunity and insolent threatnings the Marquis *Vasto*, and *Ascanio Colonna*, taken in fight by *Philippino Dorea*, Lieutenant to *Andrea*. But that which most pierc'd the Soul of the good Old man, was the small faith of the King in complying with his Promise, touching the Interest and Reputation of the *Genoueses*. The City of *Savona* had withdrawn it self from the obedience of the Commonwealth; expecting, under the protection of *France*, to meliorate its condition by the commodiousness of the Port, which furnish'd them with extraordinary emoluments, to the irreparable damage of the City of *Genova*.

*Andrea* had often complain'd of this to the King, praying him, that in recompence of his Services, he would restore to his Countrey what by all right was due to it. The King overcome by the honesty of the Request, had promis'd *Doria* to satisfy him; but his regard to Justice being combated by the hopes of Interest, he at last inclines to the worst choice, and resolves to detain that City. He had seen by experience how inconstant the *Genoueses* were, and how little he could depend upon that Commonwealth for his War in *Italy*. For tyranniz'd by factions it easily chang'd its form of Government, according to the different prevailing humours: therefore esteeming it necessary for his designs to have a Port at his devotion commodious for the Affairs of *Lombardy*, he chose *Savona*, and gave the charge of it to *Momorancy*. Conceiving, that with this determination he had at once bridled the inconstancy of the *Genoueses*, and greatly advantag'd  
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the course of his Enterprize; because the City of *Savona* being near to *Piemont*, *Monferrat* and *Lombardy*, it became an opportune Scale, no less for Merchandize than for War. Hence 'twas fear'd, that in a few years growing in Reputation and Riches, it might not only divert the Trade from the Port of *Genova*, but rival it with them for the principality of that Sea. Of this *Doria*, as a singular lover of his Countrey, sharply complain'd. But at last seeing it was in vain, he turns his mind to other Counsels. In the mean while growing cold in his devotions to the King, he by degrees slackned his wonted diligence in serving him: and directed *Philippino* how to comport himself in the future. The *French*, who besieg'd *Naples* under *Lautrech*, quickly found the damage they receiv'd by the voluntary negligence of *Philippino*: for he who but little before had with incredible Valour worsted the Imperial Navy, now could not hinder a few Barks from entring into *Naples* with Provisions: And this was the beginning of the ruine of that design. Pope *Clement* the Seventh understanding how *Doria* was alienated from the Crown of *France*, seriously admonish'd the King by his Legat, to provide speedy remedy for this Evil, by giving satisfaction to a Captain of so much reputation and so powerful at Sea, lest being provok'd to pass over to the Service of *Cesar*, he should carry with him all hopes of the approaching Victory. He sent likewise to *Doria* his Secretary *Sanga*, to mitigate his resentments. They now deliberated in the Kings Council on this important affair. Some amongst them painted *Doria* as a man too proud in the use of his Authority, and esteeming it impossible to gain him counsel'd, that he should be cut off; preventing by a sudden violence those designs, which by gentler ways could hardly be impeded, so depriving *Cesar* of that Aid, which in the present conjuncture would be of much avail to him.

him. Accordingly necessary Orders were given to *Barbigios*, who pass'd into *Italy* with the charge of Admiral. *Doria* in the mean time having notice hereof, and detesting that ingratitude and perfidiousness with which the *French* Ministers would have recompens'd his Services, treated with the Marquess *Vasto*, his Prisoner, about serving the Emperour; by whom being gladly receiv'd, he openly renounc'd the Friendship of the *French* King, and return'd him the Collar and Order of *Sr. Michael*. The first Conditions he made with *Cesar*, were such as might be hoped for from a Citizen, who dearly lov'd his Countrey; to wit, the liberty of *Genova* under the Imperial protection, and the reducing *Savona*: the rest respected principally his own profit and reputation. The resolution of *Doria* did in such a manner startle the drowsie King, that willing to correct his past neglects with present solicitousness, he begins to study how he might bring him back on Honourable terms. But his Repentance came too late. For *Doria* altogether intent upon the freeing of his Countrey from the yoke of Strangers, would admit of no Conditions that might retard the execution of his designs. The King notwithstanding as impatient to recover, as he had been careless in keeping him, with diminution of Decorum and Majesty, descended of his own accord to offer him all that satisfaction which he had formerly deny'd; and, which was worse, without first secretly trying by means of Friends how *Doria* stood inclin'd, he prostituted the Royal dignity to the ignominy of a Repulse. Which being return'd most precise and resolute, it is not to be imagin'd, how it fill'd the Kings mind with vexation and shame.

*Doria* now in the Service of *Cesar*, with twelve Gallies apply'd himself to procure the liberty of his Countrey, which had ever been the sole Object of his thoughts. The Commonwealth at this time was be-

come



come a prey to the will of the Common people; who putting no difference between private License and publick Liberty, under the name of the Common good fomented with continual tumults the passions of particulars. And when one Faction found it self weak in its own Forces, having recourse to Strangers, they introduc'd a new form of Government. Thus one while the *Adorni* drove out the *Fregosi*, and anon were driven out by them: Governours from *Millan* were call'd, and sent away again: the *French* yoke accepted, and shaken off. So that the wounds in the body of the Commonwealth were still kept open by change of Plaisters, which had need of being well clos'd by Concord. All which *Doria* considering came before *Genova* with his Gallies, to give heat to the good will of those, who together with himself desir'd the Common good: nor was he deceiv'd in his thoughts. For divers Citizens tir'd with the calamities of past Discord, apply'd themselves to more wholsom Counsels, desiring a good and firm Union. The City was now govern'd in the name of the *French* King by *Triulzio*, who having before acquir'd the reputation of a valiant and prudent Captain, it begot the more wonder in all mens minds, when they consider'd how little this action of his corresponded to that praise which was due to the rest. For though he understood that the discourses and designs of the *Genoueses* did tend to Peace, he took no care to disturb them: either because he esteem'd it a meer reconciliation of private Enmities between the Nobility and People; or because he rely'd too much upon the Kings Forces and his own Valour: not considering, that *Genova* put into his hands by civil Discord, might be snatch'd from him only by Union. *Doria* thus valuing himself, both upon the good disposition of the Citizens, and the opportunity presented him by *Triulzio*, attempted to conduct his Enterprize to its end: which he did

did so happily, that without bloodshed he got the City, driving thence the *French* Garrison. Being receiv'd by the *Genoueses* with incredible demonstrations of Joy, and perswaded by several to open his bosom to the favours of Fortune, which offer'd him the Dominion of *Liguria*, with a mind superiour to Worldly happiness, he refus'd it. Afterwards by a weighty Speech, and worthy the Father of his Countrey, he exhorted the Citizens at last to know themselves, and for the future to maintain that Liberty which he freely bestow'd upon them. The City of *Genoua* oblig'd by so many benefits desir'd to shew efficacious signs of a true gratitude; wherefore, granting to him and his posterity large Priviledges, they erected a Marble Statue, and by certain words ingrav'd in the Base thereof, declar'd him the Author of the publick Liberty. He now grown Old retires himself, and enjoys in the bosom of his Countrey the fruit of that Victory and quiet which himself had procur'd. He had with him *Giannettino* his Cousin, a young Man of great Spirit and known Vertue; and who had merited by his Valour to be his Adopted Son and destin'd Successour in his Charge at Sea, with the consent of *Cesar*. Thus, by reason of the quality of this Excellent person, esteem'd by all Princes, rich, no less in Fame than in Fortune; and for the Reverence the *Genoueses* bore him as the publick Benefactor, his House was frequented, not as that of a simple Citizen, but as of some great Prince. These things thus summarily describ'd, were the true causes of *Fieschi's* Conspiracy. With a memorable Example to all Free Cities of the incredible dammage which the Greatness of an eminent Citizen, though never so Vertuous and discreet, is to the Publick; and of that necessity, which mov'd the *Athenians* to publish their Law of Ostracism.

Pope

Pope *Paul* the Third and the King of *France* were they which envy'd *Genova's* publick, and *Doria's* private happiness; because by that, Cities being withdrawn from the Service of the *French*, and put under the protection of *Cesar*, sprung up extraordinary obstacles to the Affairs of *Millan*, which the Pope would gladly have seen favourable to the King; as well to curb in some measure the power of *Cesar*, now formidable to all; as to vindicate himself for the impediment he receiv'd, in advancing one of his Family to that Dukedom. Nor could they endure, that *Doria* the only Author and promoter hereof should remain in an Honourable repose a Spectatour of others Misfortunes.

They now expected some Accident which might minister an occasion to their designs. But that opportunity which they could not find, was put into their hands by Fortune, not yet intirely reconcil'd to the *Genoueser*. *Gio Luigi de Fieschi*, a young man of great Spirit and turbulent humour, was at this time compassing how he might better his Reputation and Degree. He was descended of Noble Parentage; rich no less in Adherence and Followers, than in Vassals and Estate. Not contented for all this with that Honourable condition which descended to him from his Ancestors, he suffer'd himself to be hurried by the heats of his Age and by Ambition, the ordinary disease of the Nobility, to dangerous hopes. From a Boy he gave manifest signs of an immature fierceness, from which wise men collected, that he grew up for the disturbance of his Countreys Peace. To these pernicious Incentives of his Nature was added a bad Education, the incurable pest of Youth; for though his Master, *Paolo Pansa*, was both Learn'd and Vertuous, those with whom he most freely convers'd were dangerous persons, who employ'd their skill by Flatteries to nourish in his mind perverse and

and novel designs, styling them Noble and Generous. Nor (as 'twas said) was his Mother wanting to add Fuel to this growing flame. For, more ambitious than considerate, she often wounded the mind of her Son with bitter Reproaches, as if he poorly contenting himself with a private Fortune did degenerate from his Ancestours, who in their Countrey and out of it, were wont to sustain the greatest Dignities. And to make all sure, he (by the Advice of his Friends) gave himself to read and study the Life of *Nero*, *Catilines* Conspiracy, and *Machiavels* Prince. From which Books he did suck in principles of Cruelty, Perfidiousness, and love of Private Interest, above divine or humane Reason. So much force hath good or ill to change even the will of the Reader, when convey'd by a powerful Pen, and apt to perswade.

Those who watch'd over Advantages to ruine *Genova*, had penetrated the Qualities of *Gio. Luigi*, and believ'd him a fitting Instrument for their important design. They endeavour'd by all ways to put him upon the action, setting before him the Profit and Honour of it. Amongst others, *Cesare Fregoso* attempted him in the name of the *French* King, whereof *Doria* had notice, but the Advice did not find belief with the Old man, who was preoccupied with an affection to *Gio. Luigi*, and with his own opinion, founded upon the incertainty of vain Conjectures. Nor was the Pope wanting to invite him to it, and he being then in the Popes state caused four Gallies to be sold him by the Duke of *Piacenza*. Where likewise Cardinal *Trialtio*, Protector of *France*, gave him a Visit, and knowing him a man greedy of Fame, spake to him after this manner:

If Fortune were propitious to your Vertue, Noble Youth, I might be happy to see you in a condition far above that of a private Citizen. But seeing through  
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the Iniquity of the Times your rewards do not go equal with your merits, take in good part that I pity your condition, and joyn with all good men to wish you better Fortune. Your Birth and Parts have made your Advancement the subject of all their Vows, who desire the Common good: and I, who by the height of my place have a fair prospect into the Affairs of the World, cannot but wish you had a larger Theater open'd for so much Valour. You are born in Times so calamitous, that in your own City 'tis not lawful to aim at Eminency: because it being reduc'd to a Civil equality, will not endure you other than a meer Citizen. Besides, that *Andrea* and *Giannettin Doria* have, under pretence of publick Liberty, so firmly rooted their Power, that the greatest publick Concord consists in serving their Wills. Thus the *Genoveses* have chastis'd themselves for that blind resolution, which withdrew them from the dominion of a Potent Prince, by their so tamely subjecting themselves to the tyranny of two private Men. They, upheld by *Cesar*, and formidable by a good number of Ships, will not suffer a noble and generous Spirit; but will look upon the Vertue of an eminent Citizen, as dangerous to the growing Fortunes of their Family. They will value themselves upon the specious names of Fathers of their Countrey, and Restorers of its lost Liberty, to oppress the bravest Men under pretence of the Common good. So that under their Empire you shall be more sure of Injuries than of Life: and if all this hath not hapned hitherto, impute it to the unripe Greatness of *Doria*, and the moderation of *Andrea*, who gives check to the rashness of *Giannettin*. He being of a proud and impotent nature, when he shall see himself girt about with his own Forces, and for the importance of his Charge reverenc'd by all the Nobility, what is it which he will not make lawful for his Power? Do you think that  
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his thirst of Rule, provok'd by his approaching hopes, will be extinguish'd by any thing but the Blood of the Innocent? Do you believe, that content with the Greatness which his over partial Fortune and Folly of the Citizens hath invested him with, he will die with the bare name of *Giann. Doria*? I for my part cannot think so. He is not of that moderation, that either he should know how, or be willing to stop the course of his extream felicity. He expects, I imagine, the death of *Andrea*, and then by a wicked Invasion staining all his famous Actions, done in behalf of his Countrey, he will usurp the Command of it. But let us suppose the Divine goodness prevents these designs, can his present height be endur'd by a well-born Citizen? If you have not hitherto tasted of his Insolencies, you are oblig'd to the tenderness of your years, not to his good Manners: but hereafter you will find your self involv'd in the Common misery. You, you I say, amongst the rest shall be seen to visit, accompany and serve him; *Giannettin* shall be able to number amongst the Trophies of his intolerable Insolence, that *Gio. Luigi de Fieschi*, Earl of *Lavagna*, and Lord of so many Vassals, courted him, reverenc'd him, and bow'd to him. How much better were it, that awaking your mind to Resolutions worthy of your Countrey, Family, and Vertue, you should deliver all others and your self from this Servitude? And can you want Forces, when you please to use them? Before you leave *Rome*, you shall be furnish'd with all necessary Aids. I can promise you the assistance of the King of *France*. In *Genova* the Common people ever at variance with the Nobility, shall be to you a Sword and Shield. *Giannettin* sleeping in the arms of his good Fortune, will fall an easy prey into your Nets; your own Subjects, and those of the Duke of *Piacenza*, will be able to defend you against any Force that can be rais'd. In short, all things invite  
you

you to Victory: only wants your own determination, not to fight, but to triumph. Consider, 'tis necessary you command or serve; either render your self formidable to others, or live in perpetual fear.

*Triultio* could not have touch'd his mind in a part more sensible: for having long envied the Greatness of *Doria*, he look'd upon *Giannettin* as a reproach to his own tameness: So that having his Will well prepared, he soon took fire from this spark the Cardinal administred. When he had greedily hearkned to the Conditions propounded in the name of the King, he did not think them despisable; and they were the following, That he should presently receive money for the maintaining six Gallies; That he should be secur'd of Pay for two hundred men, to be put into his Castle of *Montobby*; That he should receive twelve thousand Crowns *per annum* for his provision. Which Conditions were soon after confirm'd to him by the Kings Order. He gave now good hopes of himself; not only by that alteration which *Triultio* quickly spy'd in him, but by words; yet reserving his last Resolution to his return for *Genova*. Where being arriv'd, he began more diligently to observe the proceedings of *Giannettin*: for though the splendour of the Family deriv'd it self chiefly from the person of *Andrea*; yet because most worship the rising Sun, the eyes of all were turn'd upon *Giannettin*. He having increas'd his natural pride by a Military education, and being reverenc'd for the Command he had of 20 Gallies, and for the succession in the Admiralship design'd him by *Cesar*, heightned also by several Proofs he had given of his personal Valour, had drank in Conceits far beyond the condition of a private Citizen: whence, not caring to acquire by Courtelie those men, which he believ'd were oblig'd to him by Interest, he studied more the ostentation of his own power, than others good will.

For all this, he was much hated by the popular Faction : and the young Nobility which follow'd him, were drawn by the profit they hop'd to reap from him, and not invited by his manner of treating them. He also us'd *Fieschi* but coursly, which provok'd him in such a manner, that he was so far from seeking his Friendship by the ordinary servilities, that he rather indirectly betray'd some signs of his evil-will : and to shew that he stood in no need of him in that very particular which made him so Famous, he bought the four Gallies of the Duke of *Piacenza* to the infinite vexation of *Giannettin*. In the mean while *Triultio* would not by omitting his diligences corrupt the hopes he had conceiv'd of gaining *Gio. Luigi* ; and knowing that in important Resolutions the nature of Youth must be taken warm, that the heat of his past Negotiation might not cool, he sent *Nicolo Federato*, a Kinsman of the Earls, to *Genova*. He, by renewing the Treaty and enlarging the Cardinals Promises, drew *Gio. Luigi* at last to an exprefs declaration of his readiness to assist the *French Army* in reducing *Genova* to the Kings Obedience, upon some Conditions favourable to his own greatness. The Earl now puts his design to Consultation, and three Persons there were which he call'd to it ; *Vincenza Calcagno*, an old and faithful Servant of his ; *Raphael Sacco*, his Lawyer ; and *Gio. Battista Verrina*, a Citizen of *Genova*. This last being a near Neighbour of *Fieschi's* easily obtain'd his acquaintance, and by the Earls Liberality sustain'd his declining Fortunes : and had insinuated himself into a participation of his greatest Secrets. He was of a vast Spirit, and bent to the greatest Exploits : an implacable enemy of the Nobility, as well through Faction as for particular Injuries. Nor could he be content with the present Government, which being in  
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the hands of the Nobility, excluded him from all hopes of sharing in it. Add to this his slender Fortunes clog'd with Debts, a powerful spur to Sensitive minds, which puts them upon a desperate imbracing any strange design, as well by consideration of their present wants, as the memory of their past abundance. *Verrina* then perceiving he could no longer conceal his broken Fortunes in the serenity of a publick Peace, desired to hide them in the universal confusion of his Countrey. For if the designed wickedness were accompanied with Fortune, he should marvelously better his condition: and if it were fatal, he should miscarry, be ruin'd in the common ruine, and expire in the heat of a great Enterprize, he comforted himself with the famous infamy of having provided for his Name. So mad a thing is Ambition, which makes no difference in Fame, whether good or evil, so it be Great. On the other side *Calcagno*, one of a ripe Judgment, but a timorous nature, being us'd to the delights and ease of a plentiful House, hated to think of those dangers into which he saw *Gio. Luigi* about to precipitate himself: Besides, that sincerely loving the Person rather than the Fortunes of the Earl, in whose Service he had grown up from a Child, he had no Interest of his own which he desir'd should flourish at the expence of his Master. *Sacco* seeing the matter every way dangerous stood Neuter, not declaring his Sentiments, that he might accommodate himself opportunely to that Resolution which should be imbraced by the Earl. *Gio. Luigi* now lays open his mind, with a short, but vehement Speech, declaring, That he was absolutely resolv'd to attempt some great matter, and that he ask'd their Advice only about the manner. Notwithstanding which, *Calcagno* bearing himself upon the tender love he bore to his

Master, and long Familiarity, with singular liberty spake to this purpose:

If in your Resolutions of attempting this design you are as obstinate as your words seem to declare, I may rather weep over the Common misery, than hope to effect any thing by contradicting you. But if prudence and your better Fortune have left place for Second thoughts, which are wont to be most matur'd, you shall this day have proof of my fidelity in freely speaking to you, as you have hitherto had in my faithful acting for you. You have hitherto liv'd in a constant tenour of happiness, and have not seen the threatening face of Fortune: so that according to the manner of the Fortunate, you dream of nothing but Victory, increase of State and Lordships. But I fear much, that these gay Figures which revel in your Imagination, will be defac'd by some disastrous event; which will be so much the more intolerable, by how much the less 'tis fear'd. To introduce a change in the Government of this Commonwealth is a work of so much difficulty, and expos'd to such evident danger, that I cannot do so much violence to my own thoughts, as to fancy it secure and easie. For you either design to value your self upon the Forces of Strangers, or you hold Intelligence with the Citizens. I see no Forein Forces ready; and if they were, they can neither be so speedy or so secret, but it may come to the notice of the City, *Doria* and *Cesar*. *Italy*, for our Misfortune, is at present the Stage of such important Actions as keep open all mens eyes: and *Genova* being the only Frontier of this Province, is the more jealously look'd to. The State of *Milan* (both the Field of Battel, and the destin'd prey to the Fortune of the *Imperial* or *French* Arms) causes *Cesar* to watch over *Genova* as the Bulwark of his Power in *Italy*.

*Italy.* *Doria* assists him with twenty Gallies; and the Citizens hating the tyranny of the Duke of *Millan* and King of *France*, loath the name of Foreigners. You may indeed with a small Force discover your intention, but not bring it to effect; and whence you should hope great I cannot imagine. The King of *France* hath enough to do to secure his own Frontiers; or if he should assist you, will not *Cesar* oppose him with Superiour, or not unequal Force? In such a case at least the uncertainty of the event will take place, which depends on the doubtful success of a Battel. After which you will be forc'd to accommodate your self to that Fortune which shall be prescrib'd you by the Conquerour; and nothing remain with you but the infamy of having ungratefully depriv'd your Countrey of its liberty, and put it under the yoke of Strangers. If you expect assistance within the Town, either I do not know the nature and condition of the *Genoueses*, or you have a slippery foundation for your hopes. Tell me, from what order of Citizens you attend Succours; perhaps from the Nobility: But they are the Creatures of *Doria*, and bound to him by notable Interest. They live in an honourable Peace, and possess the Command of the Commonwealth: so that if the least mutation will endamage their condition, how can you expect they consent to a turbulent Revolution, which must cast them into worse Calamities than the past? Will they, think you, to please your will, put in oblivion their Countrey, Liberty, Fortunes, Wives and Children? Will they, for your Friendship, slight the Protection of *Doria*, now reverenc'd as their Father by so many particular and common Titles? Nor can you make better Judgment of the Common peoples inclination towards you. For, the greater the hatred is they profess to

the name of the Nobility, the less can they hope that you, one of the chief in that Order, will without any appearance of reason endeavour to extinguish it. But if you design to compass to your self the Command of the Commonwealth, what Action less popular than this, or more unlike to gain the People? But perhaps you pretend to restore the first Form of Government chang'd by the violence of *Doria*, in which flourish'd the popular Power, and by declaring so much you think to stir up the People in your favour: nor am I obstinate in believing the contrary, but rather imagine those who are at present ill-satisfied, will greedily imbrace an occasion of renewing the past Tragedies. To which they will be more easily mov'd, whilst they shall reap the profit, and you the infamy of the Action: unless you can perswade your self, that the *Adorni* and *Fregosi* will yield to you that preheminance in the popular administration, which they have so long and so often sought for themselves. They will praise your rashness, and call it Valour: they will follow your Ensigns as their Deliverer: they will be glad to see the Nobility crush'd by a Noble man; the bowels of the Commonwealth wounded by your Arms; the Common Peace overwhelm'd by your Fury; their Tyranny restor'd by your Folly; and keeping aloof from the wickedness you set on foot, (let every thing be call'd by its right name) they will take their time to enter upon the harvest of your Labours; to share in the honour of your Attempts, in the triumph of your Combats. In what condition shall you then find your self? odious to the Nobility you have betray'd; scorn'd by the Commonalty, who enjoy the fruits of your Artifices; hated by your Countrey, which through your means hath lost its Liberty; an Enemy to *Cesar*, under whose protection we are; not trusted by the  
King

King of France, who aim'd at the absolute Command of *Genova*; abhorr'd by the whole World, which justly detests all Treasons. And further I must tell you, and 'tis necessary you hear it; for the fidelity I owe to your Service, and the love I bear your Person, makes me thus bold: I fear (and God grant my Fears be vain) I fear I say, that these unquiet and tumultuous Thoughts are the instigations of your evil Fortune, which hath destin'd you to the loss of Reputation, Life and Estate. You know that *Doria* looks upon you with an envious Eye; and you have complain'd to me, that you dread his Malice; Why then will you put Arms into his hand, wherewith he may justly oppress you? With how much eagerness will he incounter an occasion to satisfy his Hatred to you, under pretence of Love to his Countrey? He will secretly be glad of that resolution which thrusts you forward; and openly taking Arms, with what reasons may he not justify to the World his opposing you? You shall be the Enemy of the publick Peace, the Tyrant of publick Liberty, the Betrayer of your Countrey, a Rebel to the Commonwealth, the *Catiline* of *Genova*. With these magnificent and plausible words, who amongst the Commonalty, Nobility, Citizens; what Stranger, what Private man, what Prince will not Arm himself against you? I am astonish'd to think, much more to speak of it. At last, you shall remain oppress'd by a Common force conspiring your destruction. Your Lands confiscate, as those of a Traytor; your memory stain'd and dishonour'd in the Annals of *Genova*; and *Giannettin* acknowledg'd the Second Deliverer of his Countrey and Restorer of Liberty, will build his Glories upon your ruins. The gratitude of the *Genoueses* will raise up a Statue to him, to accompay that of *Andrea*, in whose Inscription

tion shall be inserted the Name of *Gio. Luigi Fieschi* the publick Enemy, o'rethrown by *Giannettin Doria* the publick Benefactor. Do not then suffer your self to be hurried by the impetuoufness of your Youth, or resentments to such dangerous Attempts. Be content to be restrain'd by a pity to your Self, Family, and Subjects. Compassionate the infelicity of your Mother and Wife. Deliver those that love you from so just and necessary Fears. This your Youth accompanied with so much worth, does not deserve to be prodigally cast into the hands of Fortune: Enjoy, enjoy those Riches, which in such abundance your Father left you; for you are plac'd in a degree every way so eminent, that you may live envy'd by *Giannettin*.

These words were not heard by *Fieschi* without some trouble of mind; for having receiv'd other proofs of the tender affection of *Calcagno*, he saw it now accompanied with so many and so powerful Reasons, that he remain'd not a little alter'd; which *Verrina* observing, and considering, that if he let his Thoughts gather force, all was in danger; handsomly, but with a detestable Impiety, he thus oppos'd *Calcagno's* Arguments:

I would to God that the Affairs of the Commonwealth were reduc'd to such terms, that the Citizens might quietly enjoy their own; you could not then wish your self in a better condition: for as *Calcagno* hath well consider'd, for largeness of Territory, Nobility of Birth, and for Riches you have not your equal in *Genova*: nor ought a Wise man in the height of his felicity to provoke his Fortune, which cannot suffer change but for the worse. But Destiny, the Enemy of your welfare, hath so intangled matters, that you must attempt great things, or perish. *Giannettin Doria*, who for so many years hath destin'd to his Covetousness the

the Command of *Genova*, will never endure you. If you do not plainly read in his Forehead the implacable Hatred he bears you; if in his Behaviour you do not discover his Pride, the Gallies bought by you speak loud enough, that you are a Thorn in his side. That Insolent man does ambition the free and absolute Dominion of these Seas, nor will he endure that any body should dare to disturb or divide it with him. How can you imagine he will long suffer you to share with him in that Power, when the Jealousie of Rule does not spare the Blood of Brothers, Sons, or Parents? Either you must then by a shameful flight retire to your Castles, and leaving your Gallies leave the Field; or else you must awaken that Courage which shall be sufficient to oppose him. If you resolve to redeem your self from the approaching danger with your Infamy, and lead your life as receiv'd in gift from him, go, I will not stop you: a more wretched condition the hate of *Giannettin* could not wish you. But your Vertue bids me hope something more generous, and that I shall see the vain Pride of that rash man broken by your Valour. You are then to embrace such an Enterprize as *Giannettin* himself shall envy. Fortune hath plac'd between you two the Empire of *Liguria*, nor can one of you attain it without making way for the wheels of his Triumph over the breast of the other. He can best secure himself of Victory, that knows how by prevention to cut off his Enemies way. the necessity of securing your own safety is common to both; he will appear wisest, who by the celerity of a resolute execution shall be beforehand with tardy and immature Counsels. Either assault, or expect to be assaulted. Either prevent him, or fall into his Nets; or kill, or die. Perhaps my words may appear too sharp; but Necessity, which in desperate cases

cases is the Whetstone of Fortitude, is likewise the Shield of Innocence. Let the folly of *Giannettin* be accus'd; the Cowardice of your Countrey and the iniquity of Fortune, which have reduc'd you to such inevitable straits. You are not injurious to any, whilst to defend your self you follow the order of Nature. It is part of prudence to divert that Tempest upon the head of our Enemy, which threatens our own; and if this cannot be done without appearance of evil, it is not your fault, but Destiny's, which left no way to maintain your life but anothers death; and grants no other defence for your Vertue, than Vice. But why do I say Vice? this is your word *Calcagno*, and you have learn'd it in the School of the Vulgar, Strangers to the doctrine of Rule. The Actions of Private persons are styl'd by this name, not the Enterprizes of Princes. If your Rule were right, all Empire should be wicked: for it all proceeds from the force of the stronger over the weaker. Nature produc'd Mankind in a perfect equality, and left it to Vertue to attain Supremacy. Whence those are call'd Princes, who by their Wit and Force knew how to compass a Command over others. I deny not but some will joyn with *Calcagno* to chide your Resolution before it be conducted to its end: for dangerous and bold Actions are not celebrated till they have attain'd their effect; but when the Fortune of the execution shall have authenticated the nobleness of the Attempt, that blaming shall be converted into wonder, and what was first call'd Rashness shall be honour'd with the Title of Valour. Whilst *Cæsar* himself had his Arms in his hand, and fought for the Empire of *Rome*, not only *Pompey*, but the greatest part of the Nobility obstinately oppos'd him; but when he had overthrown his Enemy in the *Pharsalian* Field,



Field, and master'd the Commonwealth, Civil hatred ceas'd, and he was so sincerely belov'd by the *Romans*, that they severely reveng'd his death. Let the *Genoveses* for a time call you Tyrant, and don't think that Name injurious, but imagine only that dying Liberty talks idly. They will by degrees be brought to acknowledge you a legitimate Prince. You see how I confide in your Fortunes, designing you Empire before you are prepar'd to fight for it. But such is the disposition of Affairs, that you may rather be wanting to your self, than Empire to you. For if the difficulties are great in the opinion of *Calcagno*, you have Force enough to master greater. And grant that 'tis a hard and knotty Enterprize; what Famous Action do you meet with in Ancient or Modern story, that was conducted by smooth and flowry ways? Great Enterprizes were ever accompanied with great Dangers, and the greatest heights confine upon Precipices. A man of elevated thoughts will not for all that let an uncertain fear of eminent Calamity deliver him a prey to certain Misery. In a Private condition 'tis prudent Counsel to stick to Mediocrities, but in occurrences of State middle ways are most pernicious; especially when the business must begin at execution: For not being able to put bounds to things that are once a foot, and out of our hands, we must reach our proposed ends, or fall into ruine. But let us not give to our Affairs such unhappy Auguries. Let us take a view of Misfortunes by a necessary foresight, not to torment our selves in the expectation, but to prevent their bad effects by prudence; let us walk warily, but let not too much Caution render us fearful and irresolute. Let something be left to the disposal of your Fortune; and Fate, who having chosen you for *Genova's* Deliverer, and Restorer of the Ancient *Italian* Valour, will find ways

ways to unravel all difficulties; only consent to be Absolute, and imbrace with largeness of heart those Favours which Fortune freely pours into your bosom, without dividing them. To what end should you call the *French* to share in your Fortunes, who having lost what they possess on this side the Mountains, together with their Reputation, are not secure of *Cesar* in their own Territories? Besides, you ought to consider the natural Hatred that Nation bears to the *Italian* Name. That King, 'tis true, is indu'd with Qualities truly Royal, but for all that he hath his weakneses, inseparable from great Princes. And what Recompence can the *French* give you worthy of your pains and dangers? perhaps leave you in the Government of *Genova*, with dependance upon them? But this were to make your self mercenary in that Countrey, where Nature hath invested you with part of the Principality: 'tis better you value your self on your own Subjects, Friends, and Confederates; and not let that Crown be put on your Head by others hands, which is so worthy of you, and you of it. When you shall have establish'd your Power in *Genova*, and thereby keep even the Key of *Italy*, the best Princes of Christendom will ambitiously court your Friendship. Then, when you shall have overcome the envy of Competitors, your Family shall be plac'd in a height to which none of *Genova* hath attain'd. *Giannettin* shall fall at your feet, reverence you as his Lord, and fear you as his Prince; with a beck you shall regulate his Actions, and your will shall give Law to his desires. Let the *French* alone then in their Countrey, and there let them hear the sound of your Victories. To you it belongs now vigorously to incounter what stands in the way of your design. Do it with a Resolution worthy of your Birth and Courage. Deserve that Triumph  
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which the Heavens have destin'd you. Let the World see you know how to build your own Fortunes. Let my mighty Hopes be surmounted by your Vertue. Secure a Kingdom to your Family, and eternity to your Name.

*Gio. Luigi* had never apply'd his mind to get *Genova* for himself, but for the Crown of *France*; contented to lessen the excessive Power of *Doria*, and to better his own condition under the Kings protection: but being covetous of Fame, and in his nature inclin'd to vast Pretences, 'twas easie for *Verrina* to take him off from the *French*, and put him upon his own Advancement. So that no longer weighing the Reasons of *Calcagno*, he was as it were fatally carried to the execution of the most dangerous, and least honest Advice. But for all this he was much perplexed with an apprehension of the difficulties wanting the *French* assistance. In which doubt *Raphael Sacco* confirm'd him, who being of the *French* Faction prais'd the Conditions offer'd by *Triulzio*, as fit to be imbrac'd. But *Verrina* detesting all mixtures as dangerous in a business which call'd for extream Resolutions, endeavour'd by all ways to remove this obstacle which cool'd the fervency of *Gio. Luigi*. So he replies with much vehemency, That 'twas a meanness unworthy a Noble mind to be frighted off a design with Phantasms. That in the Garrison of *Genova* were no more than two hundred Souldiers; *Doria's* Gallies though many in number remain'd useles, for by reason of the Season improper for Navigation they were disarm'd; *Andrea* and *Giannettin* far from all suspicion of Violence, liv'd abandon'd without Guard publick or private; *Gio. Luigi* might in an instant bring in a good number of Souldiers from the neighbouring Castles, which should surprize the *Doria's* in their House; at the same time  
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'twould be easie to master the Gallies: the rest would happily fall in of it self, through the inveterate hatred the Common people bore the Nobility: He offer'd himself to stir up the Commonalty in favour of the Enterprize, whose minds he had by his endeavours already well dispos'd. These, and other particulars urg'd by *Verrina* with great subtlety, especially a superiority of Genius which he had over *Gio. Luigi*, gave the last shock to his wavering mind. So now fully descending into the opinion of *Verrina*, he began to consider how he might proceed to carry the design prosperously. The first and joynt Resolution of them all was, that seeing the safety of the *Doria's* was inseparably link'd to the present Government, to change this 'twas necessary to take those out of the way: and, to be secure in their Revenge, to kill likewise *Adamo Centurione*, Father in Law to *Giannettin*, and some others of the Nobility.

From the first day that *Gio. Luigi* gave way to these thoughts, after he had bought the Gallies he retir'd to his Castles, where he was wont to exercise the Militia of the Countrey, pretending to fear the Duke of *Piacenza* his Neighbour; but really with intention of fitting his Subjects, that they might become proportionable Instruments to his designs. Returning to the City at the beginning of Autumn, he us'd great Art to purchase the Friendship of those among the Nobility, which were styl'd Popular. He insinuates himself into their Conversation with wondrous facility: to some he gave; others he assisted in their occurring Interests; to every one he offer'd himself with great demonstrations of Courtesie. And being of a lively Wit and a bending Nature, 'tis scarce credible how fortunately he gain'd their confidence. When he saw that he had master'd their wills, he began as occasion offer'd,

offer'd, to mock at the Tyranny of the Nobility, as he call'd it; at another time he would seem, by abrupt discourses, to pity the condition of the Common people; sometimes he would hint, that there was a way to suppress the Arrogance of the Nobility, if they were not wanting to themselves; sometimes exhorting them by a bitter Irony to patience, and ever with perplexed words leaving some sting in their minds. But above all, exaggerating the iniquity of the Government, if by chance any thing fell out displeasing to the Common people. Nor did he omit his diligences even with the dregs of the Commonalty; ready in his Salutations; pleasant in encounter; splendid in his Habit; Courteous to all. In this Nature helped him not a little, being of exquisite Form, in the flower of his Youth, and of a Jovial complexion; whence by a sweetness of air in his Face, and an elegant Behaviour, he was belov'd even at first sight, and verified in himself what was said of *Abfalon*. Besides, he frequently exercis'd Horsemanship, and did it with infinite grace and becomingness. But because an opinion of Liberality is the strongest Chain to bind the Multitude, 'tis said, that he one day call'd to him the Consul of the *Silk-weavers*, of which Trade there are a great number in *Genova*, familiarly asking him the condition of his Company; and understanding that they liv'd in great misery by reason of the badness of Trade, he shew'd signs of a most tender Compassion toward the Poor men, and said, they were not to be abandon'd in a time of so much need; he therefore orders him to send secretly to his House such whose necessity was most manifest and urgent. The next day comes a great number of them one by one, and he as one of singular Charity, divides amongst them a certain quantity of Corn; telling them withal, that it being  
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the Ancient Custome of his Family to relieve necessitous and afflicted Persons, he could not degenerate from his Ancestours, therefore when they wanted Means to sustain their Families, they might confidently value themselves on his Substance, which they should always find expos'd to their Relief, provided they were silent; Secresie being a main circumstance in Alms. They departed no less comforted by the Relief, than amaz'd at the Liberality, reputing their Benefactour worthy of all good Fortune. He in the mean time would not in such a manner cast himself into the arms of the Commonalty as to fall into Jealousies of the Nobility; but studied to use such a temperament, that the confidence of the one should not destroy the Friendship of the other. Wherefore he betook himself to a profound Simulation, and began to frequent *Doria's* Palace more than before: and dissembling well the mortal hatred he bore *Giannettini*, behav'd himself with all Familiarity, craving his Advice and assistance in all his Affairs. In the meanwhile he corresponded with the Duke of *Piacenza*, who promis'd him two thousand Foot to joyn with what Force he could raise in his own State. He likewise causes one of his Gallies to come to *Genova*, pretending to send it for the *Barbary* shore. Nor was *Verrina* idle all this while, but cunningly gain'd divers persons to promise him their aid in a certain occasion. With these Preparations they thought a sufficient foundation was laid for the building up of their design, and met once more to consult of the execution. The first opinion was, that they should intimate a new Mass in the Church of *St. Andrea*, to which *Andrea*, *Giannettini*, and some of the principal Nobility, whose lives they design'd upon, should be invited. But this seem'd no less wicked than unsafe; for *Andrea* would have excus'd himself  
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by his Age: Besides, it seem'd too horrid to give beginning to their design with the Sacrilegious prophaning of a Temple and Sacrifice. But because the Reins once let loose we are hurried precipitously to all sorts of wickedness, though shame gave check to the last determination, it broke out afterwards in a most detestable Impiety. For upon occasion of a Marriage to be celebrated between a Sister of *Giannettins* and *Guilio Gibo*, Marquess of *Massa*, and Kinsman of *Gio. Luigi*, they resolv'd that the Earl should invite the *Doria's*, and those of the Nobility which they thought stood most in the way, to Supper with the Brides Company; and that all of them (violating the right of Hospitality) should be murder'd by certain Men conceal'd in the House for that purpose; and that the Earl should immediately issue out with his Followers, and call the people to Liberty; and that at the Palace *Verrina*, by a plausible Speech shewing the necessity of reforming the Government, should prepare the Commons to accept of *Gio. Luigi* for their Prince. Hereupon order was given, that from *Gio. Luigi's* Castle should enter into the City one by one the best of his Souldiers, and the Duke of *Piacenza* was solicited to send his promis'd Succours. These diligences, especially of lifting Souldiers, could not pass so secretly but the Governour of *Millan* had some notice of it, and sent to *Genova* to give it *Doria* and the Emperours Embassadour. *Andrea* notwithstanding, deceiv'd by those flattering demonstrations of affection, and that serenity of Countenance which he continually found in *Gio. Luigi*, was a second time incredulous to those pregnant Circumstances which lay against him. Nor did he change opinion, when the same Government of *Millan* having a confirmation of it from the Court of *France*, advis'd him once more seriously to take it

into consideration. And certainly, if we did not read of several Great persons, who have been hardly induc'd to give credit to what they heard, was plotting against their safety, the simplicity of *Andrea* were sharply to be blam'd; who in a matter that concern'd his life, and the safety of the Commonwealth, lent more belief to the dissembling looks of *Gio. Luigi*, than to the thing it self; as if it were an unusual thing to put on a Face to serve the Scene; or as if for the safeguard of our Countrey and Life any kind of Vigilance were superfluous. But seeing the Stories of all times do furnish a hundred Examples of prudent men, who have suffer'd themselves to be bewitch'd by this fatal Incredulity in things of the greatest importance, we must needs say, that the Accidents order'd or inevitably permitted by the Providence that governs them, require to bring them to effect this momentary Folly in the brightest Intellests, as the assault of a violent fit in the most healthful Bodies, to mortifie Worldly wisdom, which in Affairs of greatest weight appears lightest. More quick-sighted was *Paolo Panfa*, who with a loving as well as a prudent Eye, studying the Actions of *Gio. Luigi* from the time that he bought the Gallies, did much suspect some important Action depending, and by the Authority which his condition gave him, reprov'd him. After that, weighing exactly what he heard and saw, he found occasion to augment his conceiv'd suspicion. For *Gio. Luigi*, who was wont before to impart to him his most secret Affairs was now silent, and withdrew often to private Consultations with others. And though riding about the City, or in conversation with his Friends, he marvellously conceal'd his inward thoughts; yet when he came home he was chang'd into another man, full of profound thoughtfulness, and little less than astonish'd. Nor did



did he hide his designs from *Pansa* for any other reason, but because knowing him a Man of singular integrity, he concluded that he would by all means endeavour to divert him: or at least, as one that was a Stranger to Military noises, and educated in the pleasing idleness of the Muses, examining every Circumstance with too much Caution, he would measure the Enterprize by terms of security, impossible to be had in such cases. One day *Gio. Luigi* coming home more than ordinarily Melancholy, by an unquiet motion and uncertain countenance gave signs of some great alteration; so that *Pansa* resolv'd to speak to him, lest by deferring it, the Remedy might come when the Disease was past cure; and withdrawing into a Chamber with him, he thus began:

To pry into anothers Secrets is as unworthy a gallant man, as the faithful keeping of them, when deposited, is laudable; and I, who would have promis'd this, if it were not known to you by so many proofs, have abstain'd from that, not to do a thing that might displease you: Your unwonted Silence speaks to me notwithstanding loud enough, and signifies Matters of so much the more weight, as they are deeply conceal'd. I read in your disturb'd Face the necessity of my Cares, and I learn from your Fears to fear. I fear *Gio. Luigi*, I fear, nor do I know what: I know well, that this is the fervency of the Love I bear you, and one of the Raptures of my Fidelity. And how can I perswade my self that your mind is bent upon a fitting Subject, when it hath the power to disturb its serenity? The execution of your design cannot be peaceable, when the bare thought of it works such a change in you: and you give too unhappy augury of that Enterprize, which you commence with inquietudes. To what end do

those Counsels tend, which leave you floating in a thousand perplexing Cares? These secret Assemblings of men Violent and Crafty, I fear much, will lead you astray from the path of Honesty. (Suffer me to handle the Wound in order to its cure,) they are not of so Innocent life, or such sincere Piety, that I dare promise my self from them an honest and religious Advice. Perhaps they abuse your Years, and finding you generous, propound Actions in appearance Magnificent, but indeed rash. Open your eyes *Gio. Luigi*, for one fool may thrust you down that Precipice, from which the arts of a thousand Wise men shall not recover you. 'Tis ealie to set a House on fire, but with how much sweat, and after how much dammage is it extinguish'd? Look to it, that they do not use you as the way to their end, or that your loss does not profit those that deceive you. Those Counsellors are too rarely sound, which aim at what is right separate from Interest; and yet by this Touchstone you ought to try them. I cannot believe, that he who leads his life amidst a thousand Debaucheries, will invite another to Vertue: for though what he saith contradicts what he does, yet the principal part of perswasion lies in the Example, not in the Tongue; at least the Mouth and Hand must go together. What do they desire of you? what Novelty would they have you attempt? Your condition hath no need of motion to change it. That Fortune, so propitious to your House, may be easily provok'd. The least alteration which can succeed must be worse than your present state. Envy hath long sought to enter amidst your happiness, and will soon get in, if you put it in disorder: for many of those which are Inferiour to you for Birth and Place, go in quest of occasions to traduce you. Youth hath not a sweeter food than  
Hope

Hope, 'tis true; but 'tis as true there is nothing more slippery than Prosperity: Look to it then, that by reaching at what you hope for, you do not lose what you have in your hands. Those who are of your Counsel have nothing to lose. Tumults, Seditions and Ruines, by which bad Men rise, make for them: he does not fear to fall that is not plac'd on high. You ought to walk warily; for you are oblig'd to furnish Fame with matter worthy of your Birth.

This Discourse was heard by *Gio. Luigi* with impatience, for his mind was elsewhere: He answer'd him notwithstanding confusedly, That he intended nothing but what was Noble and worthy of his Birth, which at convenient time he should understand from him. Whilst the day appointed for the Feast, being the fourth of *January*, was expected by the Conspiratours, there happen'd an Accident which put them on a necessity of hastning the design; to their infinite vexation, seeing their hopes of seizing on a good part of the Nobility at the Creation of a new Duke frustrate. For *Andrea* taken with unwonted and excessive pains of the Gout could not come according to his Promise, and *Giannettin* was to leave *Genova* upon some urgent Affair; so that considering a Conspiracy hath not a greater obstacle than Delay, they resolv'd to execute it the night of the second of *January*. And now *Gio. Luigi* gives out, that he will send abroad one of his Gallies against the Pirates. And under this colour he brought in the Souldiers sent him from *Piacenza*, and some of his own Vassals, pretending an Election out of them. And to the end that the Number of them which came from his own State, beyond the occasions of one Gallie, might not give suspicion, he caused some of them to be brought in fetter'd, as Criminals destin'd to the Ore: others enter'd singly at several Gates, and

Arms were provided for them all. Afterwards, the better to deceive *Giannettin*, under pretext of Confidence he imparts his design, praying him to interpose with *Andrea*, that it might not be impeded; seeming to be fearful, that because a Truce was made between the Grand *Signior* and *Cesar*, he might stop the Galley. The first of *January*; which preceded the Night fatal to *Genova*, *Gio. Luigi* call'd home to him certain Souldiers of the City Garrison, whereof some were his own Vassals, others had obtain'd their Places by his means; then he goes to *Andrea's* House, where he staid late, shewing signs of a most tender love and respect: and meeting with the Children of *Giannettin*, which were playing in the Hall, with a tender and curious flattery, in the sight of their Father he kisses them several times, and takes them in his arms: At parting he renews his instance with *Giannettin*, to take care his Galley, which that Night was to set sail, was not hindred by his Men. And further, he advises him not to be surpriz'd, if by chance he heard Guns shot off, or other noise; for a business of this nature could not be effected without some disturbance. When it began to be dark, he brings into his House those Souldiers he had need of, and set such as he esteem'd most Faithful and Valiant at the Gates to admit all that came, but not to suffer any go out. He dwelt in the highest part of the City, in a place as it were divided from the rest, which was opportune for his design. When the Centinels were to be set, he who commanded the Garrison miss'd some of his Souldiers, and found they were gone to *Gio. Luigi's* House; so that suspecting some pernicious design, he advis'd the Senatours who were at the Palace. And now began to appear the fruit of *Gio. Luigi's* Dissimulation and Caution: for *Giannettin* posselt with what he had heard concerning  
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the Galley, stifled their growing Fears by telling them, That those Souldiers, or Vassals, or Servants of the Earl, were employ'd by him about the Voyage for the Lieutenant. So short sighted is Humane understanding, that then men build up their own Mistortunes, when they think they have put all in security. *Gio. Luigi*, after he had given necessary Orders at home, went abroad to visit the *Vegli's*, which the Nobility are wont to keep at their Houses in Winter Evenings. About four hours in the Night he came to the House of *Tomaso Afereto*, where *Verrina* had cunningly drawn together three and twenty of the young Nobility of the Popular Order. He treats them with much kindness, and invites them home with him to Supper; praising the stillness of the Evening, enlighthned by a pure ray of the Moon. When he was come home, he carries them into a certain remote Chamber, and orders *Pansa* to entertain his Wife *Leonora* in another Room till he return'd. In the mean while *Verrina* goes up and down to the Palace, to *Doria's* House, and other parts of the City, to see if there were any Rumour. The young Gentlemen were not a little astonish'd to see the House full of Arms and Armed men, and look'd upon one another, when *Gio. Luigi* his Countenance altogether chang'd (whether with horreur of the approaching Parricide, or with rage against *Giannettin*, which hitherto violently smother'd in his breast, now began to attempt a passage through his eyes and mouth) leaning upon a Table, and striking upon it with his hand, he thus deliver'd himself:

So it is gallant Gentlemen. He that hath but one drop of ingenuous Blood cannot suffer it. The constancy of my Thoughts receives too great a violence from the unworthiness of those who go about to ruine me. Too sad a Spectacle is drawn in my mind

by the fear of my falling Countrey, and oppress'd Countreymen. If the Evils which mortally afflict the Commonwealth could hope a remedy from Time, I would willingly submit to any delay that might be useful to the Common good: but seeing our Affairs are arriv'd at their last Precipice; 'tis necessary we go meet our misery to sustain it. Dangers generously encounter'd, lose their force; patiently expected, gather strength. *Giannettin Doria* satiated with the idle Felicity that pursues him, wearies himself in following that Ambition which torments him; and now ready to gather the fruits of his bad designs, threatens you with loss of Liberty, and me of Life. Not content to see the People of *Genova*, who were lately absolute Moderators of all *Liguria*, now stript of their Dignity, and a scorn to the Pride of the Nobility, he dare subject it to a Tyrannous Principality, which he is erecting for himself. To this effect, not enduring a Private Fortune, become in a Free Countrey more barbarous than Strangers, he arms his heart with such a contumacious Pride as cannot be overcome by Modesty, nor escap'd by Humility. He keeps, as you see, your Sea besieg'd with twenty Gallies; he passes up and down the City surrounded with the Nobility, who by *Andrea's* favour, possess'd of those Dignities which were yours, render to *Giannettin* a Servile respect, as a Reward for his crushing the Common People: and that which more afflicts me, I have invincible Proofs, that by the assistance of a Great Prince he prepares a cruel Yoke for the Publick Liberty. And because I alone being partial, not so much to your Order as to Right, have never consented with the rest of the Nobility to the oppression of the People, my life is aim'd at. Why then do we lie buried in Sloth, my Countreymen? why do we remain fearful Spectators of our  
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own Miseries? For what Enterprize do we reserve our Courage, if in the utmost desolation of our Countrey we unhappily abandon our selves? It is no longer time to complain of them, but to be reveng'd upon them; let us leave the Tongue-War to Women, and he that is a Man let him use his hands. We have too long born their Insolence, who call our Modesty Cowardize. The impunity of past Crimes is pregnant of new, and too much dissimulation of the Oppressed provokes the minds of Oppressours to greater Injuries. And what do we expect further from them? Having lost the Government, and all place of Command in the Commonwealth, can you be content to see your Goods snatch'd from you by *Giannettins* Officers, your Families destroy'd, your Lives betray'd, your Wives and Children dishonour'd, and all those Villanies committed, which may justly be fear'd in a Tyranny bred out of the ruine of your Countrey, nourish'd with the Publick hatred, grown up with the Injuries of the Citizens, establish'd by the death of Good men? Are our minds so low, and our Bloods so Spiritless? Are our Arms so blunt, that we cannot by a Revenging hand cut off their infamous Lives, who honour themselves with our Disgraces, triumph in our Misfortunes, and feed on our Miseries? Shall we not tear from the Breast of *Giannettin* his wretched Bowels? Shall we not rend that Heart from its fibres, which is the nest of such enormous Treasons? Shall we suffer a Citizen with an Insolent foot to trample on us, and to have over us, as over Slaves born to serve, the arbitrement of life and death? I for my part esteem a Liberty bought with great Danger more glorious, than a Servitude flatter'd with Idleness: and as I count it my Honour, that the Common Enemy designs to joyn my death with the destruction of the  
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Commonwealth, so I willingly consecrate my life to the conservation of its Liberty ; and I should be unworthy of it, did I prize it above my Countrey. Only I would discover in you such a freeness of Soul as is, if not worthy of your Vertue, at least correspondent to your danger. Wherefore either Captain or Souldier, which you will for my part ; if you lead, I'll follow ; follow me, if I lead. I consign you my Mind fearless in all Accidents, my Body shall be always in your hands. But you, whether Honour be dear to you, or whether you desire to be safe, 'tis necessary you be Couragious, and betake you to your Arms : for such a Resolution which as to Valiant men is glorious, as to Cowards is profitable, and every way necessary. Nor do I call you to an indigested and rash design ; for several Months since I have not only foreseen, but provided for this hour, by assembling sufficient Forces, which distributed in fitting places invite you rather to a Spectacle of certain Victory, than to the danger of a doubtful Combat. When you shall reduce to your memory the Abuses of the Nobility, and the Pride of *Giannettin*, I am confident, that awakening in your selves the desire of an honourable Revenge, it will make you so bold in the manage of your Arms, that our Enemies to their loss shall be forc'd to admire Valour in those whom they despis'd ; whilst you on the contrary shall make experience, whether they have so much force in feats of War, as softness in the encounters of Peace. Along then my Companions, this shall be the end of my Speech, and the beginning of your Conquest. Let us go out into the City, where we are expected, to put a speedy end to an Enterprize so well begun. The Gates are in the power of Souldiers by me corrupted : the Gallies, at a sign given, will fall into the hands of  
such



such as are bold and able to keep them: In the City fifteen hundred Artizans ready Arm'd expect us: In the Suburbs by this time are arriv'd two thousand Foot from *Piacenza*, and as many more of my own Souldiers. Let us call the People to Liberty: Let us return to the sweetness of the Ancient Government, and root out the Tyranny of *Giannettin* and the Nobility. Generously, my Companions, in one sole Night, more bright than a thousand Days, let us restore to the obscur'd Name of the Populace its Ancient splendour, and cancel all memory of past Cowardice. But if any of you shall be so stubborn as to think of opposing so Noble and Pious an Action, let him behold this horrible Scene of Arms and Armed men, and think the point of every Sword is levell'd at his breast. I vow, Companions, 'tis necessary to fight, or die: That Blood which ungratefully is deny'd to the succour of the suffering Commonwealth, shall be spilt in this very place to wash off the stain of so much perfidiousness; and he as the first Victim to be consecrated this Night to the love of our Countrey, shall fall here by my hand, if any dare oppose me.

Those who were present startled at this terrible Speech, and frighted to see themselves encompass'd on all sides with Arm'd men, were silent awhile; but at last, sway'd more by the fear of the present danger, than by the horror of the future wickedness, appear'd willing to apply themselves to the will of *Gio. Luigi*. In the mean while rather a short Collation than a Supper is brought in; which while they were eating *Gio. Luigi* goes into the Chamber where his Wife *Leonora* was with *Pansa*, and discovers to them in a few words what he was about to do. The Lady wonderfully astonish'd at the wickedness of  
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the Fact joyn'd with the extream peril of her Husband, all in Tears fell at his feet; By what is most dear to you in the World (saith she to him) and by that tender Love I bear you, let me beseech you *Gio. Luigi*, to have a care of your own Life, and do not stain the Honour of your Family by so unworthy an Action. By these my Tears I conjure you, not to forget your self, me, your Countrey, and God. To what Precipice are you hastning? and me, where do you leave me? Must I stay here with a trembling heart, expecting the cruel News of your death, and remain a disconsolate Widow, pointed at by all for having been the Wife of a Traytour? Can you find in your heart to abandon me a prey to the Licence of Souldiers, and of the Common people, who flocking hither to sack this House, as the nest of a Rebel, shall satiate their Cruelty, and perhaps their Lust in this my Body? Stay *Gio. Luigi*——. She could not proceed, hindred by her Tears, and interrupted by the Earl, who seeing *Pansa* prepar'd to second her, cut off all in saying, Do not, my Dear Wife, lend so bad Omens to my Enterprize, but sustain your mind with better hopes. I go whither I am call'd by my Fate. Prepare your mind for all Events. My Affairs are reduc'd to that point, that I am not at liberty to retire. A few hours will let you know my Death, or your Happiness: Rest in peace. And now comes in *Zerrina*, and tells them no opposition could be suspected in any part of the Town, and that the Galley stuf with stout Souldiers was ready to stop the mouth of the *Darsena*, and as it were to besiege those of *Doria*.

Now *Gio. Luigi*, Arming those he had assembled, goes out at Ten of the Clock at Night, sending before him an hundred and fifty of his best Men. He follows

lows accompany'd with the Nobility, taking great care that none of them slipt away. Being come to the Town, he sent *Cornelio* his Natural Brother with a Squadron of Souldiers to possess themselves of the Gate *del Arco*; which they did, the Guard consisting but of a few, being easily oppress'd. Heartned by this favourable success he goes on, and sends *Girolamo* and *Ottabrino* his Brothers with *Calcagno* to seize on the Gate of *St. Tomaso*: but himself hearing the sign from the Gallies, hastens to the Bridge *de Catani*, and finds his way made for him by *Borgognini*, who had by Water got into the *Darsena*. And now 'twas not difficult for him to enter *Doria's* Galley. The Mariners and Slaves awakened by the unexpected Violence of Arm'd men in the Port, did wound the Air with a confus'd and horrible noise of Chains and Voices, crying *Liberty*. The Slaves all striving to break their odious Fetters. But *Gio. Luigi*, whose intentions and occasions could not be serv'd by naked Gallies, to hinder the damage which might result from their escape, ran hastily toward the Captain, and getting upon a Plank which was laid to pass from the Poop to the shore, the Galley having some small motion, he fell together with the Plank into the Water; being Arm'd at all points, he could not help himself by Swimming; and by reason of the noise of the Tumult, and the darkness of the Night, he was not seen nor heard of any body, but miserably perish'd rather in a puddle of Muddy water, than in the Sea, oppress'd by those very Arms to which he had trusted the safety of his life. Thus the unerring Providence of God sports with the foolish prudence of unhappy Mortals, and by a light and casual motion, like the Stone cut out of the Mountain in an instant, destroy'd the proud Machine of a Conspiracy, which had been long

long building with a great deal of Artifice, and secur'd by so much Force: driving back upon the heads of the guilty those Thunderbolts, which they barbarously darted at the bosom of their miserable Country, and so many innocent Citizens. For all this the Galley was taken and secur'd by the Conspiratours. Nor was *Girolamo* and *Ottabrano* wanting to their charge; for hearing the Gun shot off, as was agreed, they assaulted the Gate *St. Tomaso* with sixty Souldiers, not only to reduce it into their hands, but to pass by it to the Palace of *Doria*, which stood a little without the City. Here they found some resistance, but in a short time became Masters of the Gate. The noise in the *Darsena* was heard to *Doria's* Palace. And *Giannettin* rising from his Bed, thinking some quarrel might have hapned aboard the Galley at Play, or by some other Accident, rapt by his Destiny to encounter death, accompany'd with one Servant and a Page, goes toward the Gate, which he believ'd was kept by the wonted Guard, and with his usual fierceness increas'd then by his anger, he calls to have it open'd. The Voice being known by the Conspiratours they readily open'd it; but he was scarce step'd in, when with a tempest of Blows he was cruelly murder'd. At the very same point of time (as some observ'd) that *Gio. Luigi*, the sole Author of his death, perish'd unfortunately in the Water: The Revenge issuing from the hand of God at the same instant the Crime was perpetrated by the order of the Earl. It was a thing that did beget wonder, that the Murtherers did not go presently to *Andrea's* House, conform to their first resolution, to secure themselves at the same time of his life, who might once more give life to the Publick Liberty, and from whose wrath they might justly expect a signal Revenge, not only for his private In-

juries,

juries, but their publick Rebellion. But they abstain'd perhaps by reason of the Confusion, which a wicked Action is wont to cause in the minds of Bad men; or perhaps hindred by *Girolamo* the Brother of *Gio. Luigi*, who having thus dispatch'd *Giannettin*, a young Gentleman, fierce and of resolute Counsels, and his Companions having, as he believ'd, seized the Gallies and subdued the City, did not much fear *Andrea*, a man of Eighty years, infirm of Body and stript of his Forces; nor perhaps, on the other side, was he willing the Souldiers greedy of Rapine, and altogether intent upon the prey, should dissipate and spoil those precious Moveables, which he would reserve intire for the needs and covetousness of his Brother. In the mean time the Rumour increasing more and more, and *Andrea* not knowing whence it might arise, enquir'd often for *Giannettin*. At last he was told by a Servant, that the City was fallen into the Power of *Gio. Luigi de Fieschi*; that the Commonwealth was in extream danger, the Gallies in the Power of the Conspiratours, the People seditiously crying out *Liberty*, and calling upon the name of *Fieschi*; nothing any where to be seen, but Slaughter, or heard, but threatnings of the Nobility, and his own life. *Andrea* not astonish'd, but overcome by a pity to his falling Countrey, resolv'd to remain a voluntary prey to those Furies; saying, It was not fit he should live after the ruine of his Countrey, but readily sacrifice the poor Remains of his years to the last gaspings of *Genova's* Liberty. But his Wife with vehement Prayers accompanied with Tears, and with the loving violence of his Domesticks hastned his flight, telling him, 'Twas necessary he should withdraw; that he ought to reserve the last act of his Honour'd life for the Common Service; that he should therefore be content to live, to get new  
Glory

Glory by renewing his Service to the Commonwealth, which again might be delivered by him: That now 'twas a time to authenticate his past Valour by Constancy, and to take Counsel of his own Vertue: That he ought to consider, that upon the safety of his Person did depend the Hopes of his Countrey; which oppress'd for a while by the Fury of Bad men, could not despair of rising again, as long as their Deliverer was free: That he should go elsewhere to prepare Remedies for the Publick wounds, which he could not hope to do now in *Genova*: And that it was not a flight, but a charge his afflicted Courtrey laid upon him for it's own Relief: So much was said and done, that he at last was carried to *Massoni*, a Castle fifteen miles from *Genova*.

Amidst these many and fortunate Atchievements of the Conspiratours, *Gio. Luigi* being missing every one call'd upon him; but through the obstinate Silence of every body in giving Tidings of him, there enter'd into their minds a necessary suspicion of the fatal Accident. But for all this they did not abandon the course of their Victory; for leaving a good Guard at the Gates and upon the Gallies, two hundred of the stoutest among them joyn'd with *Girolamo*, and went up and down the City, stirring up the People to take Arms: but with little fruit; for though at the first the name of *Gio. Luigi* did invite a great number of the Meanest sort to follow, yet those of any Account did not stir. Whether it were, that desirous of the Common quiet they abhorr'd that disorderly Insurrection; or whether they did not like, that a Nobleman backt by the Common people should promote his own particular ends; or, that they held themselves ill treated by *Gio. Luigi*, who without their participation had put his hand to such an important Enterprize; or lastly,

lastly, remembering the continued and grievous Excesses lately committed, they hated that manner of *Plebeian* Government, which casting the Supream Dignities upon the Vilest of the People, the Publick business was manag'd with small Decorum; and the most difficult matters falling into the hands of persons rough and uncapable, Resolutions were form'd upon them always violent and precipitous.

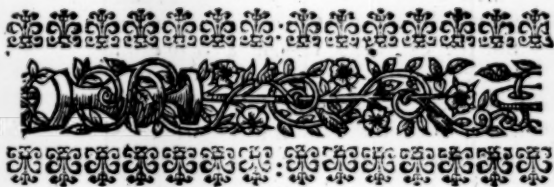
The City in the mean time was all in disorder; every one madly running about, not knowing whither: enquiring mutually what might be the occasion of such a terrible uproar, without finding any body to answer: The Women at the Windows with Cries and Tears calling back their Husbands, Brothers and Sons: The amaz'd Nobility would have run to the Palace, but fear'd the plundering of their own Houses: *Cæsars* Embassadour would have left *Genova*, lest he should in his own person expose the Dignity of his Prince to some outrage; but being perswaded to stay and assist the Commonwealth so devoted to *Cæsar* with his utmost Forces, he went presently to the Palace, where he found divers of the Senatours, and concluded with them to send fifty Souldiers to secure the Gate *St. Tomaso*, which they valiantly attempted, but were beaten back. All this while *G. Luigi* could not be heard of; and *Verrina*, who saw the plot (hitherto well conducted) was in danger without him, betook himself to the Galley, resolving, if he saw things miscarry, as 'twas to be fear'd, to withdraw himself from the danger by flying to *Marseille*. The rest of the Conspiratours seeing neither him nor *G. Luigi*, one the Head, the other the Heart of the Conspiracy, were not entirely satisfied of *Girolamo*, who unexperienc'd and foolishly heady, guided the matter rather with Impetuousness than by sound Advice. Nor did they find in themselves that motive to Reverence, which is ordi-

narily born to persons of great Valour, and who for long time have been in possession of a good opinion; whence they began not only to cool in their first fervencies, but to look out for an opportunity to flie. Of so much moment is that good conceit which a Captain acquires amongst his Souldiers. But an Accident, which in reason ought to have mortified the rashness of *Girolamo*, extreamly heightned it; though not long after having inspir'd him with an inconsiderate Ambition, it serv'd to ruine him. The certain News of *Gio. Luigi's* death was spread amongst the Conspiratours, and *Girolamo* considering he was left the absolute Head of that Faction, would be likewise Heir to the Earls projects, and devouring in his imagination that Principality for himself, for which hitherto he had fought in the behalf of *Gio. Luigi*; with so much the more vehemency he attended to mature the fruits of his Victory, by how much he was flatter'd at hand with unexpected hopes; and by how much sharper the Spur is that puts us upon acting for our own profit, than for anothers benefit. The Senatours and other Citizens assembled in the Palace, were not wanting to assist in this extream necessity of their Countrey: but not having Forces, nor knowing the designs of *Gio. Luigi* they could not betake themselves to any determinate resolution. However, they would have sent Cardinal *Doria*, Kinsman of *Gio. Luigi*, to speak with him, and to try if the eminency of his Dignity, sometimes more prevalent than ties of Blood, or force of Eloquence, were enough to withdraw him from his rash Attempts: but being advis'd by divers prudent persons, not to cast the Respect due to his place into the hands (always indiscreet, but now tumultuous) of the *P'ebians*, but to reserve the use of his Authority for a private Conference with *Gio. Luigi*, when it might be had; he refus'd to go. So that they



they now made election of other Gentlemen, who met with *Girolamo* and enquir'd for the Earl, that they might deliver to him what they had in Commission. To which *Girolamo* answer'd, they were to expect no other Earl than himself, but should presently deliver up the Palace to him. From which imprudent and unseasonable Answer they collected the Earl was dead, and the *Genoveses* began to take heart: for they returning to the Senate with the News of *Fieschi's* death, and the contumacy of *Girolamo*, twelve of the Nobility were order'd to assemble as many of the Common People and of the Guard as they could, to drive the remainder of the Conspirators out of the City, or to suppress them in it. But there was no need of fighting, for the Common people, which at name of Liberty were call'd forth, desirous to plunder the Houses of the Nobility, seeing the vanity of their hopes, and repenting the Sedition, did dissipate themselves by degrees; and the Morning approaching none would be known for a Complice in the Conspiracy; and others now fainting, turn'd their thoughts rather upon that safety which they might owe to their own flight, than to the gain of others Victory. *Girolamo* now seeing the weakness of his own, and the strength of those Forces which were pick'd up to oppose him, knew not which way to turn himself; but as the best, bent his course toward the Gate *del Arco*. But in the Palace every one took heart, and some advis'd that they should set upon the Squadron of *Fieschi* already put into disorder, and not vilifie the Majesty of the Senate, by introducing Capitulations of Accord with Armed Rebels. But others more mature, opposing profitable to specious Arguments, would not consent: as well to spare the Blood of Citizens (of which a Prince or Captain is laudably covetous) as not to leave room for some unforeseen event, which might over-

whelm the Affairs of the Commonwealth, now as it were in harbour. For by Publick Authority to put Arms into the hands of Citizens now in motion, and in the Night, whilst many of them were ill satisfied of the present Government, and many now declared Rebels, was to disturb by motion the humours of an infirm Body, which had need of being settled by repose. To *Paolo Panfa* then the honour fell, to heal by prudent Advice that Evil, which he could not hinder by the preservatives of his Exhortation. Brought therefore into the Senate, and having briefly given a satisfaction not necessary concerning his own Actions, he was sent in the Name of the Senate to command *Girolamo* depart the City, leaving his People behind him, on which condition the Senate would grant a General Pardon. *Girolamo* by the industry of *Panfa* was brought to condescend, and left *Genova*, going with his Servants to *Montobbio*. *Verrina*, *Calcagno* and *Sacco*, seeing the Affairs of their Companions totally ruin'd, set Sail for *Marseillia*. The Body of *Gio. Luigi* not being found for four days, it wrought in the minds of the Common People a firm opinion of his flight for *Marseille*: So that many thought the War rather deferr'd than extinct; which they believed would in its time be so much the more cruel, by how much *Gio. Luigi* would be more resolute in moving and conducting it, after he had by so enormous an action put off the Mask of a Citizen, and openly implor'd help of the *French*. But this suspicion did not last long; for the Body being found, after some time was again cast into the Sea, which put an end to the Common Fears.



A N

Historical Transition varied :

B Y

M A S C A R D I.

**T**He History this.

At the same time that *Hannibal* wasted *Italy* with his Army, and threatned the fall of the *Roman* Empire; *Scipio*, the Pillar of the declining Commonwealth, by a memorable Victory ruin'd the *Africans* in *Spain*: and recovering by his Arms the lost Province, open'd his way to the Conquest of *Africa*, and the desolation of the *Carthaginian* Empire.

The Historian, having recounted the Successes of *Hannibal*, is to pass over to the Actions of *Scipio*.

(1) In the mean while, *Scipio*, who knew how to fight *Hannibal* even in *Spain*, left no way untry'd, by which he might forceably draw him out of the bowels of *Italy*. So that, &c. (2) The *Carthaginians*, who

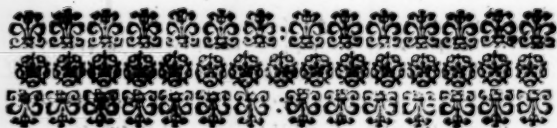
for so many years had been us'd to hear good News from their Armies, were the more astonish'd at the tidings which came from *Spain*. For *Scipio*, &c. (3) But the confidence which the *Carthaginians* drew from their continual Successes, lessen'd every day by reason of News which came from *Spain*. Seeing that *Scipio*, &c. (4) But the Reports of *Scipio's* Victories abated the force, and drown'd the noise of *Hannibal's* applause in *Carthage*. (5) In the mean while, the Advice which came from *Spain* to *Carthage* did not only terrifie the City, but divided the minds of the Senators: for, some of them, considering the marvellous progress of *Scipio* so near to the bowels of their Empire, &c. (6) All *Hannibal's* Victories could not give perfect consolation to the Commonwealth of *Carthage*, seeing a powerful Army of *Romans* hovering over them, commanded by *Scipio*, a valiant Captain. Who in *Spain*, &c. (7) But the Commonwealth of *Rome*, amidst so many calamities did not lose their hopes of rising: For the Conquests of *Scipio* in *Spain* weighed down the losses they sustain'd in *Italy*. (8) Never was there a time wherein the power of Fortune more clearly appear'd in matters of War: for when the Affairs of *Carthage* over the *Romans* appear'd best establish'd, then they began to totter by the Vertue of *Scipio*. Who in *Spain*, &c. (9) The Commonwealth, taking their eyes off the losses they had received by the fury of *Hannibal*; and considering the Actions and Vertue of *Scipio*, assum'd new Courage. For the valiant Consul, &c. (10) Fortune at length reconcil'd to the *Romans*, on a sudden return'd to favour their Empire, which hitherto she had wounded with such mortal strokes. For *Scipio*, &c. (11) In the mean time, *Scipio*, knowing that the burthen of the falling Empire lay upon his Shoulders, did in *Spain*, &c. (12) But the calamities of the *Romans* in *Italy* were as so many sharp spurs to the mind of

of *Scipio*; who, resolv'd to sustain his Countrey by his Valour, did, &c. (13) In the mean time, the felicity of *Hannibal* being arriv'd to its highest point, threatned (according to the course of humane things) a sudden fall. For *Scipio*, &c. (14) Amidst so many and fatal losses of Armies and Territories in *Italy*, the *Romans* were succour'd by the Conquests of *Scipio* in *Spain*. Who, &c. (15) *Scipio*, in the mean time, resolv'd to snatch out of *Hannibal's* hands the rich prey of the *Roman* Empire, did in *Spain*, &c. (16) The *Roman* generosity never appear'd more manifestly in any occasion: for, not discourag'd with so many losses sustain'd at home, they design'd the destruction of their Enemies even in the utmost parts of *Spain*. Where *Scipio*, &c. (17) The fall of the *Roman* Empire seem'd inevitable through so many dreadful and repeated strokes, if the Valour of *Scipio* had not come in to its relief. Who in *Spain* did, &c. (18) But because Worldly accidents have not perpetuity and constancy in their nature, the glory of the *Carthaginians* in the happy progress of *Hannibal* was interrupted by the Vertue of *Scipio*. Who in *Spain*, &c. (19) In this miserable state of Affairs, the oppressed City comforted it self with the News brought them from *Spain* concerning the proceedings of *Scipio*. Who, &c. (20.) The fierceness of *Hannibal* could not have been restrain'd by a more potent Bridle than that of the notable progress of *Scipio*. Who in *Spain*, &c. (21) In the mean time *Hannibal*, us'd to the sweet sound of Victory, had his ear wounded, but much more his Soul, with the bitter News of the loss of *Spain*; where *Scipio*, &c. (22) *Hannibal* could not so perfectly rejoyce over his Acquests in *Italy*, but that he found a greater occasion of displeasure in the loss of *Spain*. Where *Scipio*, &c. (23.) But *Spain*, which had been to *Hannibal* and all his Family a large Theatre of Fame, became

became now to them a necessary occasion of grief and infamy. For *Scipio*, &c. (24) But it was fatal to *Hannibal*, that the same Provinces, which serv'd him as a Ladder to climb up to the possession of the *Roman* Empire, were the occasions of his precipice by withdrawing him from *Italy*. Seeing that *Scipio*, &c. (25) In the mean time, *Spain*, which was to *Hannibal* the beginning of his Reputation, being possess'd now by *Scipio*, was consider'd by him as the beginning of his ruine. (26) But *Hannibal* could not now hope his felicity should be lasting, whilst *Scipio* with a fortunate current of Affairs victoriously overran *Spain*. (27) Amidst these fortunate events of *Hannibal* in *Italy*, *Scipio* courageously reveng'd the publick Injuries, as well as his own private Losses in *Spain*. (28) But if *Italy* wept under the yoke of the *African* Arms; *Spain* in the mean time had no cause to rejoyce, being conquer'd by the Valour of *Scipio*. Who, &c. (29) In the mean while *Scipio*, who design'd to vanquish *Hannibal* in *Africa*, proceeded in his Conquest of *Spain*, thereby to smoothe his way to an intire Victory: (30) The People of *Rome* now understood effectually the worth of a generous and prudent Commander. For *Scipio* by his Valour in *Spain* serv'd to beat down the Pride, and afterwards the Reputation of *Hannibal*, gain'd by the slaughter of so many Consuls, and defeat of so many Armies. (31) Experience now taught the *Romans*, that in accidents of War there is no condition so desperate, which the Vertue of a good Captain cannot mend. For in the extream peril of the Commonwealth, *Scipio* carrying his Victories through *Spain*, was the occasion of, &c. (32) But in fine, so long as the War lasts, the Conquerour cannot be so secure, as not to fear a Revolution, which oft comes from whence we least dream of it, as it hapned to *Hannibal*,  
who

who securely reposing upon his Conquests in *Italy*, saw his Fortune equal'd and overcome by the Valour of *Scipio*. Who in *Spain*, &c. (33) At this time *Hannibal* thought he had secur'd his Affairs, keeping a victorious Army in the very heart of *Italy*; and did not foresee, that in *Spain* (as in the parts most remote from the vital) the body of the Commonwealth should receive vigour and breath from the Valour of *Scipio* to contend with him. For that Valiant, &c. (34) But *Hannibal*, bewitch'd with his own good Fortune, foolishly measur'd things by his late Prosperities; and could not foresee by prudence those Miseries, to which he was destin'd by the Valour of *Scipio* Warring in *Spain*, &c.

T O



T O

## C L E O P A T R A,

Perswading her to kill her self.

*Out of Italian.*

**I**F your Misfortunes were more supportable, or your heart less generous, I would not prompt you to those Remedies which, being extream, are due only to extream Evils. Nor would I counsel you to forego your life, if you had not lost all that which made it dear to you, and were now to encounter all that which will render it hateful. Things are come to that pass, a little delay will deprive you, as of the liberty of living, so of the liberty of dying. Nay, your evil Destiny hath not left you free to thought: 'tis not for *Cleopatra* to consult whether she ought to die, when 'tis resolv'd she must no longer Reign. They who can outlive Empire, never deserv'd it. And what motives are wanting to determine you? You have hitherto own'd a Fortune more fruitful than your *Nile*; your Genius invok'd more than the gods of *Egypt*; your height of happiness more astonishing than that



that of your *Pyramides*; and for you *Africa* hath been monstrous only in Pleasures. If you have fought, you have been victorious: when you have fled you have been follow'd; as if your flight were more worthy to be attended than others Triumphs. You have reign'd, and *Cæsars* have got Trophies only for you, whilst your *Antony* hath thrown into your bosom the hopes of the Universe. What can you wish, but to have died then? What can you fear, but to lose the opportunity of dying now? Perhaps you would have expir'd Commanding, and so abandon'd Fortune, rather than now leave the World when Fortune hath left you: some have chosen to put a period to their life, rather than see the end of their happiness. But what we do that we may not become miserable, we ought to do that we may cease to be so. The best of Fortune is not to taste of miseries, next to that is to know how to end them. If you be not follow'd to your Sepulchre with the pompous train of your Subjects, at least you shall not make one of that ignominious troop, which must sacrifice to the pride of your Enemies: Though you do not triumph in death by a Royal Funeral, at least your self shall not make up a part of the *Roman* Triumph; and though you do not die Queen in *Egypt*, you shall not live a slave in *Italy*. And though you could dismiss that fear, and entertain a hope from the generosity of your Conquerour to be re-instated in your Throne, would you accept from his hand that which before you ow'd only to the bounty of Heaven, and so become twice a slave, to your Enemies force, and to his courtesie? Would you re-ascend, to fall again from that height whence you have already falln? What can you enjoy, which you have not enjoy'd? Can the wit of Fortune or Nature present you any new happiness? Would it not pose your most exquisite desires to fancy more? Hath not the Sea produc'd new Treasures, not only for  
your

your ornament, but for your luxury? Is not Nature weary in distilling strange pleasures for you? What kind of honour is there, that hath not paid Tribute to your Scepter? and are you not cloy'd? How many have kill'd themselves, being wearied in a tedious repetition of the same happiness? He hath liv'd enough, that hath perfectly enjoy'd. What should we do, when we can meet nothing new but Mischiefs? You live not now to live, but because you have not courage to die. And suppose a return of your first good Fortune, shall your *Antony* return again? But I flatter you, O Queen. Nor *Antony*, nor Kingdom, or ought of your first estate remains for you: only rests those miseries, which are not to be allay'd with thoughts of not deserving them; for who would not accompany, or will not follow *Antony*, merits worse. Perhaps you rely on the kind offers of *Augustus*: But reflect upon the vast Treasures you have hid, and consider, that those feed with hopes who desire possession. Perhaps his courteous Visit in your sickness comforts you, but the veil with which he would have shadow'd his Pride was too transparent: he was content you should fall at his feet with the tremblings of a sick, as well as of an unfortunate person: he suffer'd you to imbrace his knees with those hands, whose beck once commanded the same petitionary posture in a Kingdom. He was slow to raise you up, and under a feign'd sweetness cloaking an imperious gravity, with scant speech he bid you to hope well. But he that would have you hope for what is in his power to give, would obtain somewhat himself; but means not, you should ever obtain what he bid you hope for. Consider what cunning that man is master of, that could resist your powerful charms: and since you could not draw him into the snares of your beauty, take heed you fall not into those of his ambition. Consider, that life cannot be

be good for you; since your Enemy desires it: and he bids you live, that gives you nothing but hope, and could give you what he would.

You are too fair a Spoil for a Triumph. Nor can *Augustus* better repair his loss (seeing *Antony* hath scap'd his hands by death) than by leading you in triumph, who have triumphed over *Antony*. Prepare then to grace the *Tiber* with a new spectacle: To shew your self, not as once your *Antony* design'd to present you, but in Servile habit, a slave amidst a throng of Slaves; your Hair dishevel'd, perhaps shav'd; Bare-foot, going before or following the Chariot of your proud Lord; pointed at by Children, mock'd by the Licentious Souldier, thus scot at by the *Roman* Matrons, There goes the great Queen, not of *Egypt*, but of Whores; There's the mighty *Amazon*, who overthrew Emperours——upon a Feather-bed; See, how with down cast eye she is come to teach our Virgins modesty. And is all this supportable? Have you the heart to expose your self to the outrages of the wrong'd *Octavia*? No breast more true to hatred than a Womans, no Woman more cruel than a Rival. How often hath she prefer'd her Vows to Heaven, that she might with her own hands tear out those eyes of yours, whose wounding influence murder'd affection in the heart of her Husband? How often hath she covenanted with the gods at the price of her own life, to rip up that bosom which hath so long usurp'd possession of her *Antony*? And will she not now use her good Fortune? will not her fond Brother *Augustus* bellow you upon her, that she might share in his Victory? Unhappy Queen! methinks I see those base Services she designs you. Those taunts with which she will wound your Soul: upbraiding you with dissolv'd Pearl, when she appoints you a draught of Wormwood: commanding you to put her  
into

into that dress which catch'd the heart of *Antony*. In fine, I see, and with horreur consider the Scorns, the Abuses, with which a great, a provok'd Lady and a Mistress will take revenge of past wrongs. Call to mind then, what becomes you as a Queen. Behold the magnanimous *Dido* opening her bosom with a generous blow. She might by living have reveng'd her self on him that betray'd her; you in not dying, betray him that lov'd you: She remain'd a Queen, you have lost your Crown. Or if you would take a lesson of freedom out of that *Rome*, whither you are a destin'd Slave; consider *Lucrece*, and see if the loss of a Kingdom requires as much as the loss of an opinion. If that publick shame which attends you weighs with her secret disgrace. But why do I muster Examples, when you have before you that of your dead *Antony*? If his memory be not enough to steel you with resolution, what Argument is sufficient? If this be not enough, unhappy *Antony*! thou art deceiv'd. Thou didst never believe, that the Lady thou esteem'dst worthy to receive Kingdoms in gift from thee; whom to follow when she fled, thou thought'st no less glory than to pursue a flying Enemy; in whose bosom to recover thy self, seem'd a sufficient recompence for the loss of half the World; thou never thought'st, I say, that she had a heart capable of Servitude. Thou hast not escap'd by death, but art still subjected to thy proud Rival, who triumphs over thee in *Cleopatra*. See, a noble testimony of a grateful heart! *Cleopatra* considers not which is best, to live or to die; but whether in Chains by the violences of the inrag'd *Octavia*, or whether she should now snatch an Antidote from Death against the malice of her Fortune, and unite her self for ever to thy blessed Shade. Call to mind your *Antony*, when stain'd with the blood of those Veins his own bold hand had open'd; when he threw himself  
into

into your imbraces, and seem'd to live no other life than what you breath'd into him by your last kisses; when with an undaunted courage he fronted his Fate, and taught you those steps which the unfortunately Magnanimous ought to tread. You then fill'd his breast with mighty hopes, imprecated the worst of *Roman* Slavery, if you did not follow him, whilst he imbrac'd you as if he had hugg'd Victory in his arms, and with an inviting smile bid you hasten after him, and expir'd. And will you deceive the honour'd Ashes of that mighty Hero, which from their Urne seem thus to summon you? There advances but a few minutes, O *Cleopatra*; you may die when you will, but you cannot die free when you will: If you kill your self now, you do it to bestow your self on me; if afterwards, 'tis to steal your self from others. Give that life up to your Love, which shortly will be usurp'd by your impatience. But if thou wilt live, withal remember when thou shalt be in *Rome*, that the Body of thy *Antony* is in *Egypt*. Now what remains, but that I conjure you by these private walks, the Secretaries of both your Fortunes, where you have liv'd free, and may die free; by your Household gods, and more by the genius of *Antony*, your Sovereign *Jove*, (which without doubt hovers in the Air about us) that you will not by your weakness make *Egypt* blush, where you have been Queen, and may by your Courage be number'd amongst her Deities?

FINIS.

*The Sublime Character; Out of Taffo, Lib.4.*

**T**He dreary Trumpet blew a dreadful blast,  
And rumbled through the Lands and Kingdoms under;  
Through Wastness wide it roar'd, and hollows vast,  
And fill'd the Deep with horror, fear and wonder.  
Not half so dreadful noise the Tempests cast,  
That fall from Skies with storms of Hail and Thunder:  
Nor half so loud the whistling Winds do sing,  
Broke from the Earthen prisons of their King.

*The Temperate. Lib. 14.*

**S**O in the Twilight doth sometimes appear  
A Nymph, a Goddess, or a Fairy Queen :  
And though no Syrene, but a Sprite this were ;  
Yet by her Beauty seem'd it, she had been  
One of those Sisters false, which haunted near  
The Tyrrhene shores, and kept those Waters keen.  
Like theirs, her Face, her Voice was, and her sound :  
And thus she sung, and pleas'd both Skies and Ground ;  
Ye Happy Youths, whom *April* fresh, and *May*,  
Attire in flow'ring green of Lusty age ,  
For glory Vain, and Vertues idle ray,  
Do not your tender Limbs to toyl ingage.

*The Humble. Lib. 7.*

**M**Y Son, quoth he, this poor estate of ours  
Is ever safe from storm of Warlike broyl :  
This Wilderness doth us in safety keep,  
No thundring Drum, no Trumpet breaks our sleep.  
Haply just Heavens defence and Shield of Right  
Doth love the innocence of simple Swains.  
The Thunderbolts on highest Mountains light;  
Seldom or never strike the lower Plains :  
So Kings have cause to fear *Bellona's* might;  
Not they whose sweat and toyl their dinner gains ;  
Nor ever greedy Souldier was intic'd  
By Poverty neglected and despis'd.

### Errata.

Page 2, line 27, read *Pericles*, p. 31. 34. attack, p. 12. l. 20. *Chamelson*, p. 17.  
l. 1. *thar*, p. 19. l. 2. *toß*, p. 23. l. 6. *Titian*, p. 29. l. 7. *Chapelein*, p. 58. l. 14. *Abidos*.  
p. 101. l. 29. *Sjralfand*, p. 130. l. 9. *Writers, who*.

